

IN THE DAYS  
OF JEFFERSON  
BY  
HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH



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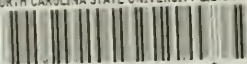
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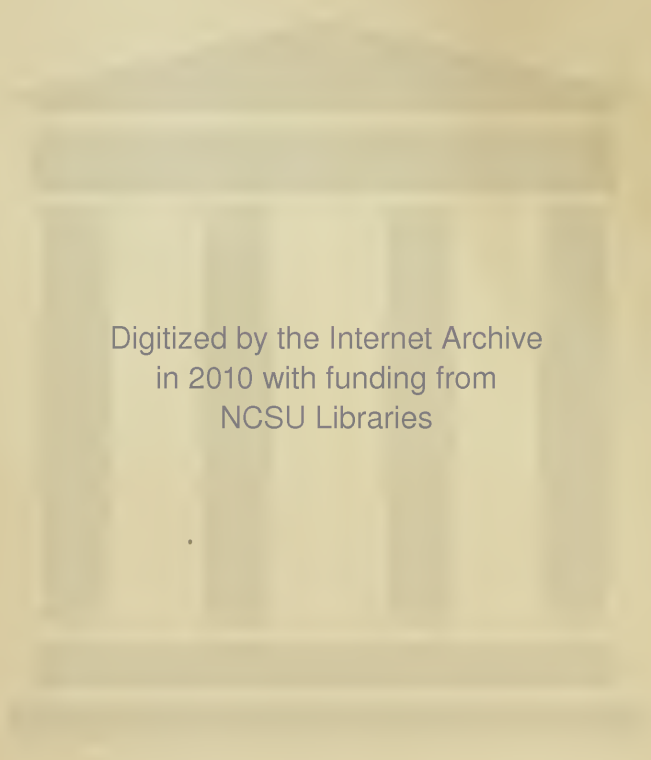
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BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

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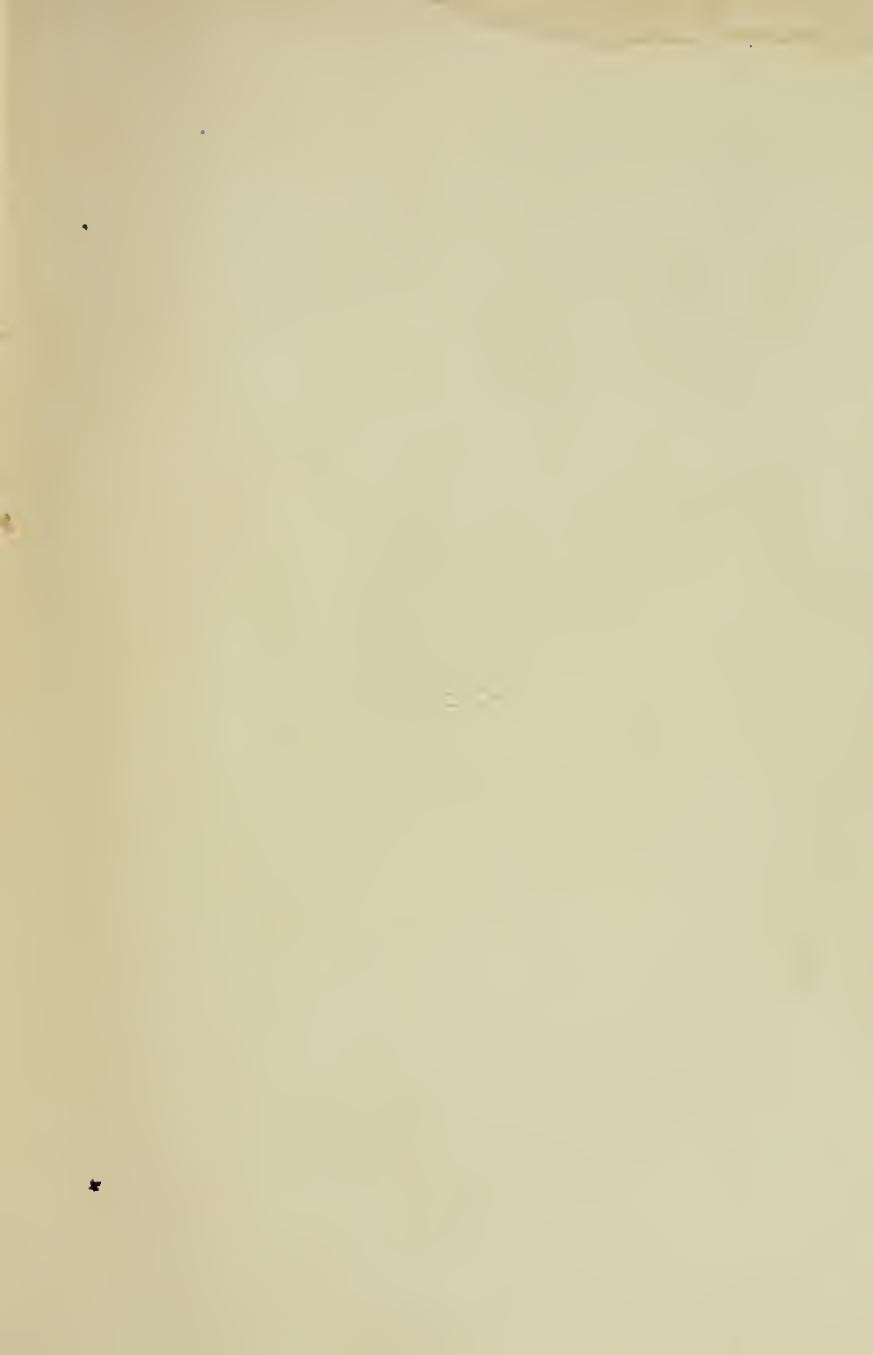
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He played a minuet for the Indian chief.

(See page 12.)

# IN THE DAYS OF JEFFERSON

OR, THE SIX GOLDEN HORSESHOES

*A TALE OF REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY*

BY

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH

AUTHOR OF

THE STORY OF MAGELLAN, IN THE BOYHOOD OF LINCOLN,  
THE LOG SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE COLUMBIA, THE PILOT  
OF THE MAYFLOWER, THE TREASURE SHIP, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK T. MERRILL.



NEW YORK  
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1900



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“Mr. Jefferson’s life and deeds are now the best textbooks to be studied and re-studied by the old and young. The preservation of *individual* liberty in this republic is the only assurance we can have of our nation’s permanence.”

THOMAS DONALDSON.

“Taken as a whole, history presents nothing so grand, so beautiful, so peculiarly felicitous in all great points as the life of Thomas Jefferson.”

Judge DABNEY CARR.



## P R E F A C E

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IN the last book of the Creators of Liberty Series of historical fiction for young people I told the story of Sir William Phipps and some of the remarkable tales of old Boston at the intercharter period. In this volume I relate a story of a friendship formed by Thomas Jefferson in his boyhood, which greatly influenced the opinions which he gave to the world in the preamble of the Declaration of Independence. Thomas Jefferson's friendship with the young political enthusiast Dabney Carr was ideal, and is one of the most inspiring examples of noble association in boyhood which we have ever known.

As a means of interpretation I have retold the wonder tale of the Wild Man of the Shenandoah, one of the most curious and remarkable stories of early pioneer history in Virginia. This mysterious Algerine doubtless illustrated to Thomas Jefferson the nobility that is born in all men, and also the truth that he and his boyhood friend had learned together under their favorite oak at Monticello that "all men are created equal, and endowed with certain inalien-

able rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

To the noble friendship of Thomas Jefferson and Dabney Carr the world owes a debt of gratitude, and it is a pleasure to tell this story of true-hearted life. Quite as attractive is the character of "Elder" John Leland, the forest preacher, who is said to have made Madison President by an act of magnanimity, and who presented President Jefferson the "great Cheshire cheese."

My purpose in this book is so to tell the story of Jefferson's early life as to illustrate two decisive points of American history:

1st. The early experiences and habits of thought out of which grew the twelve immortal lines of the preamble of the Declaration of Independence: 2d. The events that led to the purchase of the great Louisiana Territory and to the principles of the Monroe doctrine.

The book, like the other volumes of this series, presents, for the most part, facts in a setting of fiction. Jefferson's early years in the Virginia wilderness were quite unlike those of Samuel Adams, or of the Pilgrims, Penn, or Lafayette. The "Old Dominion" preceded the orators of the Revolution, and the planters' homes were rich in interesting legends, and some of these we have sought to present in story form, especially those which picture early republican simplicity.

In this volume we have aimed to collect the most pleas-

ing incidents and legends of Jefferson's home life, especially those of his early friendships, and of his love of Nature, of the violin, and of the poems of Ossian. It was in his early home that Jefferson formed his opinions that changed empires, and it is as "Farmer Jefferson" that we present him here.

H. B.

*February 1, 1900.*





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# IN THE DAYS OF JEFFERSON

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## CHAPTER I

### THE CABIN PULLING

THE house stood on the country road of Albemarle, five miles east of Charlottesville, Virginia, and commanded a view of primeval landscape rarely surpassed. Before its doors lay the Rivanna River, and the green valley of the Rivanna.

It was on this clearing among the scattered families of Indians that a very curious scene occurred, and in it we will introduce our readers to one of the most notable families of the history of liberty in the world.

There stood one morning in the door of the tavernlike mansion a man who had the form of a giant. He was Peter Jefferson. His dogs leaped about the yard as he came to the door, and his little boy Thomas, who was born in that house on April 13, 1743, darted under the pioneer's arm and stood on the green among the sycamore trees that towered among the outbuildings of the place.

"Friday—Friday, and Saturday, and the rest of ye, here, come here!"

The voice of the pioneer rang clear on the sunny air.

Three negro slaves came out of some cabins under the locust trees. The dogs jumped around little Thomas Jefferson, and one of them stood up on his legs comically, as if looking for further orders from the forest lord, Peter Jefferson.

“Sar?” said Friday.

“Sar?” said Saturday.

“Sar?” said a young negro, whatever his name might have been. The dogs seemed to be intent on some such inquiry.

“This day that old cabin must come down.”

“Yes, sar,” said Friday. “But how is it to be done?”

“Never ask how a thing is to be done, but do it. Get some ropes and grappling irons, and put the grappling irons over the ridgepole of the roof, and pull and pull, and the old cabin will come rattling down.”

“But that there ole cabin was made of oak, Massa Peter, and the wood is as hard as horns. The def [death] ticks have begun to make holes there—I’ve slept there, Massa Peter—but you can’t pull down a building like that till the def [death] ticks have made it their habitation for a longer time than now.”

“Habitation!”

Friday’s eyes rolled at this great word which he had heard from a traveling preacher.

“Don’t stop to argue with me; off to the old house, dogs and all.”

“I am not a Samson, sar.”

“Then be one—off, dogs and all,” said the pioneer with good-humored gruffness.

“May I go to the cabin pulling?” asked little Thomas Jefferson.

"Yes, yes. See that the negroes pull like Samson, and don't get hurt as *he* did, and Friday, look out for Tom when the roof comes down. It will fall quick when it takes the cant."

The negroes went to the outbuildings and secured some ropes and grappling irons. Then they passed along a bowery road toward the old building, which had been a sort of a wayfarers' lodge before the new house was built. The dogs passed after them, and little Thomas followed all.

It was an easy thing to put the grappling irons over the ridgepole. The youngest negro leaped up to the lean-to roof, and cast the ropes down to Friday and Saturday.

He jumped down and joined the others.

The three negroes seized the ends of the ropes and pulled, but the cabin stood firm.

"Samson himself couldn't move that oak ruff [roof]," said Friday.

"Pull again, now!" said Saturday.

Pull they did. Not a beam creaked.

"Let me help you," said little Thomas.

"No, no, Massa Thomas, you are only a little shaver, and couldn't pull a pound. You may do the grunting for us, and we will do the pulling. Now pull again, all—pull hard—pull with all your might."

They pulled, but the building did not move. Not a joint creaked or a knee bent.

"Three Samsons could never start that ruff," said Friday. "I'll go and get the broad axes, and we will cut the thing down. The house is petrified—turned to bone, like old Squire Doolittle's heart, as the doctor said."

There was a sudden silence. The giant form of



Peter Jefferson, the pioneer, came striding down the open path.

"Haven't you toppled that old shell of a cabin over yet? If one wants anything done, he must do it himself. Here, let me take the ropes, all three of them. Now stand out of the way, all."

He grasped the ropes, and then threw his form back, his hat falling from his head. The roof began to move and the joints to creak. He stuck his feet into the firm earth, and pulled again.

Slowly the roof bent inward, and the cabin began to bow.

"Now," said the Samson of the forest, "here it comes!"

There was a swift movement of the roof.

Friday cried out, "A marvel of de Lord!"

The dogs howled and the negroes ran back.

"Heave now!" said Peter Jefferson to himself with a Titan effort.

The cabin came crashing down.

The negroes rolled their eyes, the dogs barked.

"The days of signs and wonders are not past," said Friday.

"The story of Samson that the preacher he tell am true. I'ze seen it wid mine eyes in Massa Peter to-day," said Saturday.

Little Tommy ran home, the dogs at his heels, to tell his mother the story of what had happened, a tale that in his imagination rivaled the biblical narrative of Samson. What a father the little boy had! To him the days of the Judges had come back, or of Hereules and the Nemean

lion. He would have liked to publish the wonder abroad—but where? Here was the wilderness. But ah, Thomas Jefferson, you will one day pull down an older and greater structure than this!

Thomas liked to follow his strong father on his rides through the Virginia highways.

There was a queer old powder house or magazine at Williamsburg which had been erected at considerable expense and with great ingenuity by good Governor Spotswood.

Thomas had heard of this curious building, and he may have been told that it was founded by “Tubal Cain,” which the Governor was sometimes called.

So one day, when his father was going to ride on horseback over to Williamsburg, he obtained permission to ride after him on his pony, and when they came to the powder magazine, Thomas asked, probably:

“Who was this Tubal Cain?”

“Governor Spotswood.”

“And what did Governor Spotswood do that he should be called Tubal Cain?”

“He dug iron and made forges in the forest.”

This picture of the good Governor must have been very interesting to a boy with an inquiring mind.

It was a mellow day, and the octagonal magazine rose sunny and silent with iron-barred doors. Some visitors were there. They, too, had come on horseback, and their horses stood hobbled by the bowery roadside.

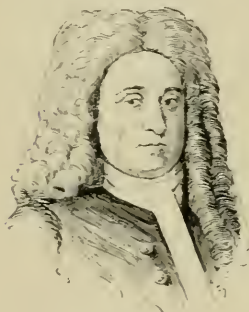
Among the visitors was an aged planter, who wore on his waistcoat a golden horseshoe.

Thomas’s eye fell upon the glittering ornament, and fol-

lowed it. The gray-haired planter saw that it had awakened the boy's interest.

"You may well look at *that*," said the old man. "What do you think, my boy? *That* was given to me by the Governor himself. Mark you, mark you, mark you"—and here he turned around three times—"there is a bigger country behind the mountains than lies before it. The world has not yet seen the West—it will one day follow

the Sir Knights of the Golden Horseshoe. That will be a great day. *You* may be in it; we can not tell what will happen. In the Louisiana land lies a great future for America."



Thomas looked much pleased at the planter's animation. What did the planter mean?

Old men like to excite the wonder of young people. The planter saw a new light in the boy's gray eyes, and he stepped

under a tree outside of the wall and lifted his cane.

"Boy, come here. Hear me. I may not have long to tell the story. I remember the day when Governor Spotswood and his men rode out of the Duke of Gloucester Street in Williamsburg. *A new America began then.* It was August, 1714. The Governor and his followers had started to explore the mountains. Williamsburg was all out of doors that day; banners waved, children ran, old women pressed their faces out of the windows. Every one seemed glad to see the Governor marching forth to

*Spotswood*

ascend the high mountains to discover what there was under the setting sun. He saw a glorious land from the mountain tops; he recorded the name of the King there, that was all. *You must go farther in your day.*

"Suddenly the Governor, as he was riding away, stopped. The horses and mules were barefooted, and the mountain sides were hard and rough. The mules and horses must be shod.

"*This* was a sign: preparation. So when he came back he founded the order of the 'Sir Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.'

"When you grow up, be a knight. The West is the future; never forget the sign of the Golden Horseshoe. No true Virginian should ever forget that. There is a society commissioned to give golden horseshoes to young men who feel the spirit of the times. Perhaps they will give you one some day."

Thomas could not comprehend the larger meaning of such suggestions as these: "Tubal Cain," "the Golden Horseshoe," and "Louisiana," the land, rivers, mountains, and wonders.

Williamsburg, which the two now entered, and which Thomas must have thought a second London, was one long street, of a few hundred inhabitants. His father visited the stores to provide things for his home; but Thomas's mind must have been peopled with the cavaliers of vanished Governor Spotswood. A golden horseshoe is a very brilliant jewel, especially one with a legend—this one was a kind of star; it must have glimmered in the boy's fancy. Suggestion means much in early life.

## CHAPTER II

### ONTASETTE AND THE SEVEN CHEROKEES

PETER JEFFERSON built a new house in the wilderness. This new house in the forests overlooking the valley of the Rivanna and overlooked by the blue hills offered a table and a night's rest to all wayfarers, for the Virginia home was a place of unbounded hospitality. It was a democratic hospitality. All honest people were welcome there, and to this house the Cherokee Indians on their journeys up from the south to Williamsburg found a hearty welcome. The dogs frisked about to see them coming.

The Cherokees were the great nation of the middle south. Their empire extended to the Mississippi River. They loved to journey and to live out of doors. So parties of these Indians at times came wandering up from Georgia, through the burning Carolinas, in summer, to the settlements in Virginia, where they beheld a new people and order of life, which to them seemed like encampments of the gods on earth, and of which they carried back wonderful tales to their camps on the Savannah, Tuskegee, and the Alabama.

When new houses were framed in Virginia there were rustic festivals called "house raisings," and when the first

fires were kindled on new hearths there were given feasts called "house warmings." The hospitalities on such occasions were bounteous; there were served to the people an abundance of food, and hogsheads of cider and plenteous tobacco. People came to these merriments from "all the country around," as sparsely settled neighborhoods were then called.

At these rural feasts appeared the Indians—how, no one but themselves knew; whence, no one but themselves knew. How the news of the house raisings got to them was as mysterious. But they came, as the birds of the air come. Flying feet must have conveyed the news, for some of these red visitors came from distant rivers.

But they were welcome. The festivals would not have been complete without them. The chiefs and chief men of the tribes were especially welcome.

Among these wandering lords of the sunny forests in the Indian towns over the blue mountains was Ontasette, a Cherokee chief. "He was always the guest of my father on his journeys to Williamsburg," once wrote Thomas Jefferson in some recollections of his boyhood. The Indians must have regarded the giant Peter Jefferson, a man hale and hearty with a word of cheer for all, as a kind of a chief.

Williamsburg was the capital of Virginia. Here people had grown rich, and had come to live in an almost baronial style or in the style of the Cavaliers. The plantation houses around the city covered a great extent of ground, in some cases two acres, and the plantations themselves were vast estates of thousands of acres. At this city was held a kind of viceroyal court, and there grew up around it a primi-

tive aristocracy, such as was found nowhere else among the colonies.

George II was on the throne. It became a plan of the magistrates of the Virginia colony at Williamsburg to send delegations of noble Indians to London, and to present them to the court, in order to exhibit the conditions of the colony. Ontasette desired to go to England, not to be exhibited, but to plead before the throne the cause of his own people. Never was a purpose more noble.

One evening in autumn, after the great crops of corn and tobacco had been gathered in and the bright still days of fox hunting had come, Ontasette came stalking up to the new forest house, whose light shone out on the valley. He was followed by some of his chief men. He rapped at the door.

The family were at supper.

"Who is there?" asked Peter Jefferson, in a resonant voice.

"I am Ontasette," the voice returned.

Peter Jefferson rose and opened the door, bowed, and swept back his broad hand.

"Welcome. Ontasette," he said. "Welcome to our table and fire!"

The Indians were served with an evening meal, when Ontasette sank down on his blanket before the fire, and said:

"Smoke talk—let us have smoke talk. How far is it to Lunnon [London]?"

The question drew the whole family around him.

"Forty notch sticks?" he continued.

"Three thousand miles," said Peter Jefferson.



"Twice forty?" said Ontasette, counting two fingers.  
"Twice forty notch sticks?"

"More, Ontasette."

"Three times forty?" he asked, holding up three fingers.

Mr. Jefferson held up all his fingers and said: "Ten times forty, and ten times forty, and ten times forty, and more and more and more."

"Then Ontasette, he can no go but for his people. He would go to plead for his people, his own people."

"How many houses are there in Lunnon?" continued the Indian.

"As many as the stars," said the pioneer.

"Much eat? Ontasette much wonder."

The pioneer bowed.

"Much drink? Much wonder."

The pioneer bowed again.

"Open doors? Much wonder."

"Open doors for chief Indians," said the pioneer.

A row of apples was set down before the fire to roast, and Ontasette began to feel the comforts of a civilized home in a way that made London whose homes were "as many as the stars" grow more attractive to him.

"Will the King's house be open?"

"To Ontasette," said the pioneer.

"Much sleep?" asked Ontasette.

"Much eat, much drink, much sleep, and open doors," said the pioneer.

"Much wonder—Lunnon it make Ontasette much wonder. Much eat, much drink, much sleep, then Ontasette he go. Will the sun follow him?"

"Yes, Ontasette."

"And the moon?"

"Yes, Ontasette."

"And the stars?"

"Yes, yes."

"But not his people."

"But Ontasette will come back to his people, the ocean will bring him back."

Little Thomas Jefferson became as greatly excited over this visit of Ontasette as at the pulling down of the old cabin, and said to his father: "I wish that *Dabney* were here to-night."

"Your heart is always turning to *Dabney*," said his father.

The chieftain's eye followed the boy.

"Boy, the fire burns high—I will tell you a story. It is of a boy. It will make you much wonder."

"To-morrow, under the trees," said the boy; "*Dabney* will be here."

"To-morrow night Ontasette will tell the boy a story by the fire."

"And *Dabney* will come and stay all night with me. I would only have half ears without him."

"You and *Dabney* have the same eyes, the same ears, and the same heart," said Peter Jefferson. "It is curious how some boys like each other. It takes two to make life happy in all things. We find our joy not in our own but in another's heart."

Thomas pitied the distressed Indian chief. He wished to comfort him. How could he do it? He suddenly crossed the room, and took from a shelf his violin.

The violin was as magic to him. Mozart's Court or Don Giovanni minuet must have had peculiar charms for him. He tuned the violin and threw the haunting rhythms of a minuet upon the air.

The enchantment found a tender place in the royal Indian's heart. It awakened a thrill of patriotism for his race. When the music ceased the Indian lifted his hand, and said:

"To plead the cause of my own people, me go away."

There was nobility and tenderness in that Indian's voice.

## CHAPTER III

### HIS "CHUM"

"DABNEY"—who was Dabney of whom little Thomas Jefferson had spoken so fondly, of whom he thought so much that he did not wish to listen to an Indian story without him?

He was Dabney Carr, a boy whom Thomas deemed well nigh perfect, and whose opinion of him never changed. Little Dabney Carr was the heart of the heart of little Thomas Jefferson. The two boys loved each other so ardently that they had all things in common, and each was happy when the other was happy, and neither had contentment without the other.

Noble companionship in boyhood as a rule will make noble men. The choice of an intimate friend or chum is a point of suggestion that colors the whole life. The companionship of the Wesleys and Whitefield at college builded the three lives. Arthur Hallam, whom Tennyson celebrates in *In Memoriam*, died young, but his noble life inspired both Tennyson and Gladstone, and helped make them the powers for the world-wide influence that they exercised in their generation. He who studies the lives of Tennyson and Gladstone—and there are few nobler studies—reads Arthur Hallam's influence in the ennobling achievements of these

men. Young Zinzendorf and his boy companions formed a little society called "The Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed," and the harvest was the Christian civilization of Greenland and a part of the western islands. Friendships formed among boys for good, like the friendship of David and Jonathan, lead to long and sacred memories. This is our story.

Dabney Carr had a wonderful mind. He seemed to see what other boys could only reason out. He loved everybody, believed in the good of everybody, and helped everybody by his faith in them. We help every one by faith in good qualities; such an influence roots out evil tendencies; promotes the growth of what is noble, and casts out what is unworthy. Talk to a tempted man of his one good quality, and that quality will grow, and become the good angel of his life.

It was a fortunate thing for the whole world that Thomas Jefferson in his boyhood came to lock hands with Dabney Carr. Without that friendship which was never broken, Jefferson, as we think, would not have known how to have written so well the immortal preamble to the Declaration of Independence.

That preamble which for a century was spoken by boys on the Fourth of July festival platform every year, in all or nearly all towns in America, and which was echoed by the world, grew out of Jefferson's life, and was written, as it were, out of the ink of his life, after he had formed these principles in his boyhood under the influence of his hand-in-hand companion, who seemed born with a true vision of human rights. When Jefferson sat down in his room at Philadelphia and wrote for the emancipation, not only of

the United Colonies, but of mankind, "All men are created equal," he but voiced an influence behind the influence, and one that repeated the teachings of little Dabney, the boy politician of the woods of the Rivanna.

Dabney lived among grand people, in the "Old Dominion," as the territory was called, because Virginia had been true to Charles in Cromwell's time, and had invited the exiled monarch to come over the sea and be her King.

But Dabney cared little for the court and Cavaliers and the fine estates that had grown up in the Old Dominion. He wanted everybody to be free and happy, and saw the time coming when all men should be kings. He was a child prophet, or seems to have been. It hurt his heart to see anything injured, even a beast or bird. He not only loved every one, and helped every one, but plead every one's cause.

Where was there another boy with such ideas, whose heart went out to everybody? He found such a spirit in Thomas Jefferson, and the two pledged their friendship for each other, and began to roam the roads of the mountains and valleys together, and to talk of all that they would like to preach to the world and to do for the world.

Thomas's father, the giant Peter Jefferson, had the same spirit. He loved justice, and was ready to defend any man's rights. The mother of Jefferson was a noble woman, but she belonged to polite society, and to a gay class of people who followed the manners of the English Cavaliers. Young Jefferson would be soon tempted to follow either the little world of fashion at the capital of the Virginia wilderness or the spirit of little Dabney Carr. Which would it be?

He would do both for a time, under influence. He would wear velvets, silk hose, and silver buckles; he would play the fiddle, sing, and dance, be a beau with no little vanity; but would such a life satisfy him, after listening to the thoughts of the boy orator, little Dabney, who saw what every one owes to mankind? We shall see.

In the early Virginia morning, a musical morning in summer, when a thousand birds sang in the woods, but one now of cawing jays and falling leaves, Thomas Jefferson's pony's legs flew over the rude forest ways, and came to the home of Dabney and stopped before the door.

Dabney saw him coming, and ran to meet him.

"O Dabney, Dabney," said Thomas, "come home with me! What do you think? Ontasette has come with his warriors! You should see them all, plumes and blankets and shakings of shells! He is a lord. He is going to tell a story to-night by the fire. He began to tell the story last night, but I asked him before all the people to wait until *you* came. It is a story of a boy."

Dabney's eyes glowed. The coming of a circus to a boy of a later period would not have been more of a wonder.

Ontasette? Dabney had heard of the tall Cherokee. He believed in Indians. He wished to see the Indians grow in the knowledge of all that is good and become mighty men, brothers of the white people.

He had heard of a plan of the seven noble Indians to go to England to plead the cause of their race. This filled his heart with delight. He had a vivid imagination. He dreamed of the wonder that these Indians would feel when they saw great London, heard the bells ringing, and were

welcomed by King George II and his brilliant court. He imagined the King would receive their petition.

Dabney ran back to the house for a word with his parents, and then the two boys hurried back to Peter Jefferson's, the one riding behind the other, and holding him by the shoulder. The pony himself seemed to be a chum to them, and to make three, for Thomas Jefferson loved horses, as well his violin. He always had a favorite horse. He early made friendships with noble animals as well as noble people. He was proud of his pony, and his pony was proud of him. The two boys and the pony were alike happy on this crisp morning. The pony was carrying the "preamble" then, though the boys knew it not. They were now going to hear a story by an Indian lord, by a great fire that would be kindled on the hearth of giant Peter Jefferson.



## CHAPTER IV

### ONTASETTE'S STRANGE STORY

THERE was a notable gathering around the great hearth of Peter Jefferson that night. Mr. Jefferson himself as well as Thomas made intimate friends—he went neighboring. At one period of his life his favorite neighbor, a lusty planter, visited him every week, and he returned the visit as often, and sometimes remained overnight at the agreeable planter's house.

In those days of “neighboring” two men as well as two boys would become brothers to each other. Such intimacies are not common now in associated life, but they were not uncommon then, when one planter would find in another a companion and adviser in all he thought and did. Such intimacies did not make the good wives jealous; they too made them among themselves. “Neighboring” was one of the charms of scattered provincial society.

Peter Jefferson had brought his heart's brother, the planter, over to hear Ontasette's story. Mrs. Jefferson, one of the most active and lovely women of the province, had also invited her friends to meet the Indian chief. The overseers gathered in the great room with these friendly neighbors, and the colored house servants were ready to listen at the doors.

The neighbors talked of the old times of Captain John Smith, and of Bacon and his men. A pile of pine knots and cones had been gathered by the fire, and each neighbor as he was about to speak threw a pine knot or cone on the fire, and talked as it blazed up and sent a gleam through the room. The dogs started up at these movements, and seemed to wait for the wonder talks like the rest.

In the midst of the friendly discourse Ontasette, lying beside the fire, suddenly raised his arm. All the men threw pine cones on the fire; there was a crackling and a high red gleam; then all was still.

"In the Cherokee land," said the chief, "we Indians meet in lodges; we hold up torches and tell tales. When the torch is burnt out, the tale is done. The torch never burns again; it goes away, and it never comes again. We, too, are torches—the story-teller, the story—as well as the light. We go away, we change as the torches do into smoke, and the smoke changes into some form that we can not see, but we can breathe it after it has gone. It goes to Nature, and it builds up other forms. I wonder if so goes out the torch of life. We can not see. We come, we go.

"*You* tell the story of the Indian girl Pocahontas who saved the life of the great Captain Smith. 'Bright Stream' the Indians called her by the woodland council fires. She married the young planter, and went away over the sea where no Indian canoe has ever gone. I dream of the great water where no canoes go. They tell me at Williamsburg to go over the sea. Ontasette may go. Lunnon [London] is not beyond the stars—Ontasette may go over the sea."

He paused, and the men threw pine knots and cones on the fire, and the dogs started up.

"You tell stories," he continued, "about that Indian girl who was a flying cloud, a wandering bird, the light of river chieftain's heart. Listen to Ontasette. We do not tell that tale so. It was a boy that first saved the life of the great captain."

He paused again. Here was a new view of the adventures of Captain John Smith in the colony. Was the hero of the Turkish wars, the commissioner of King James, the "father of America," twice saved from death by a young Indian?

Again the red flames shot up from the burning cones.

Ontasette continued:

"Your great white Captain John Smith went among the Chickahominies. He had heard of the long river Chickahominy. His King over the sea, beyond the paddles of the canoes, had ordered him to travel over the country and to break the waters of new streams.

"He wanted a guide, and there came to him an Indian boy, little Talking Wind. And the great captain said to little Talking Wind, 'Will you guide me honestly, and will you be true?' And the little Indian boy told the great captain that he would guide him honestly and be true. The heart of a little Indian is always true. The Indian grows cunning; after he has seen the white man much he grows so, but his young heart is true. His foot is as true as the wing of the bird in the air to the nest in the tree.

"The great captain took two white men with him, and hired two Indians to paddle his boat, and they all started to see the river Chickahominy—where it came from, where it went to, what it was all about, so that the great captain might write a letter to the King.

“Talking Wind was a favorite of the tribe. He was bright, he was nimble. He had wandered the forest ways with the warriors, he had tossed pine cones on the fires of the lodges. He was handsome, and wore plumes of the sea birds.

“The great captain left his men at a point on the shore, and he said:

“‘Talking Wind is light, his feet are swift, and his hands make the paddles go.’

“And the boy said: ‘I am light, my feet are swift, and I make the paddles fly.’

“The great captain said: ‘The river is shallow now. I will take a light boat, and Talking Wind shall paddle for me.’

“He commanded the men not to leave the large boat until he should come back, and then he and little Talking Wind went away.

“The men he had left did not obey the great captain. They went on shore and built a fire.

“A company of Indians found them there in camp, and they killed the white men and then went in pursuit of the great captain to kill him.

“There was an Indian town up the stream called Orpax. Here the great captain landed, and began to journey with little Talking Wind through the woods.

“The Indians who had killed the two white men that the great captain had left behind followed them, stealing along after them softly—softly like the lynxes after their prey.

“Suddenly the great captain heard a sharp voice in the air. It was an arrow. Then there was a flight of

arrows, like hawks' wings. The bushes stirred behind him.

"Then little Talking Wind, he say: 'They are my people; they will not shoot me. They will kill you. Let me leap up on your shoulders, tie me on to your back and run. They will not shoot at me.'

"The great captain tied Talking Wind on to his back by a rope around his arm, and ran, and the Indians would not shoot at little Talking Wind. Some people say that the captain he compel little Talking Wind to mount his arm. That would not be like true chief—no, no! No, no!

"The great captain ran into the thick swamp and sank into the mud, and the Indians found him there. They did not kill him, but carried him to their chief. Then the girl whom you call Pocahontas saved him again. But the boy saved him first."

There was a quick throwing of pine knots on to the fire.

"I would like to have seen the little Indian boy covering the captain," said Thomas Jefferson, "and the captain running, and the Indians following him, but holding their bows. How must the boy have felt!"

"I can see them in my mind," said Dabney. "The boy was a living shield. He was willing to be made a sacrifice—a living sacrifice on a living altar—I never heard of a story like that. I would like to have met that Indian boy."

"How would you like to have *been* that Indian boy?" asked Peter Jefferson.

Ontasette shrugged his shoulders with an *ough*. One of the dogs started up and howled, as though he understood the import of the story. The other dogs did the like, when

all the company burst into merry laughter, and Peter Jefferson said:

“That was a good story, and I hope it was true. Tommy, bring your fiddle now.”

Thomas Jefferson could handle the bow, when a boy, so dexterously that he had become a wonder as a musician in all the country round.

He played *The Flowers of the Forests* for the merry company. Hot drinks were served, apples were roasted. The hot and smoky atmosphere of the great room made all sleepy at last, and the company found rest in the many chambers.

They long discussed the question, “Did the Indian boy offer himself to Captain Smith as a living shield, or did the captain compel him to be one?”

## CHAPTER V

### THE WILD MAN OF THE SHENANDOAH

IN the midst of this discussion a loud rap was heard at the door. Peter Jefferson answered the call, and two men appeared, one of whom was a hunter in the Shenandoah and whom Mr. Jefferson had met at Staunton, the principal town of the neighboring county of Augusta. The counties of Augusta and Albemarle were separated by the Blue Ridge. Staunton was the county seat of Augusta.

"Welcome," said Peter Jefferson, with his usual hospitality. "I have met you beyond the mountains. You have brought a stranger, as I see. You are both welcome."

It was a cold, crisp evening, and the visitors drew near the fire, and stood before it. The company made way for them as they did so, throwing pine cones on the living coals, causing showers of red sparks to dance amid the crane and pot hooks.

But each one stared at the stranger as he moved aside. No one had ever seen such a person as that before.

The hunter of the Shenandoah led him to the fire, and said:

"Yes, colonel, I have brought a stranger with me; a stranger to me, and a stranger to the world, I would say, if he had not a human form. I never knew that any such



person as he was to be found on this planet, and I sometimes think he must have come down to this world from some other world than this. Look at him."

The hunter of the Shenandoah threw off a rude cape of skins from the stranger's shoulders, and an amazing figure presented itself.

He was a brown man, but was not an Indian, nor a negro. His hair was black and unkempt, his beard was very long, and his feet were wrapped in rags. On his head was a deep scar. He wore a linsey tunic and leather leggings.

There was silence in the room. Ontasette started up, faced the stranger, and looked at him with superstitious eyes.

The hunter of the Shenandoah removed the hat from the brow of this strange being.

"He is not a beast, you see," said he. "He is a wild man."

The man of the woods was indeed not a beast. His forehead was high, and the upper part of his face was very intelligent and beautiful. Dressed in a costume of high civilization he would have looked noble. As the hunter removed the man's hat, the latter bowed.

"What is your friend's name?" asked Peter Jefferson.

"For that matter, colonel, you know as well as I. He says 'Selim,' and I call him 'Selim.'"

"What language does he speak?" asked Mr. Jefferson.

"I do not know," said the hunter. "I never heard such a tongue before, nor has any one at Staunton. That is what brings me here. I was told that Ontasette and his men were crossing the mountains on their way to Williamsburg,



and I knew that he would stop here. So I have followed him here, hoping that he might be able to talk with the man."

"But this is all very strange," said the colonel; "where did you first meet the stranger?"

"'Tis a curious story, the strangest event of my life, and I have seen some of the strange things in the woods. I have roamed all over the great woods of the Shenandoah with dog and gun, but I never met anything like this. I am an old man now, but I can hardly myself credit the story that I am about to tell.

"Well, listen all, while I sit down before the fire. SELIM, sit down." The man said, "Selim-Selim."

The hunter pointed to a mat beside the fire, and the man of the woods sat down, and drew up his legs and clasped them in his hands.

They offered him a chair.

"He does not sit on chairs," said the hunter. "He does not know how."

"Is his name Selim-Selim?" asked the colonel.

"I do not know. He speaks a few words that I can understand. He says 'Selim-Selim' and 'God save ye,' and some plantation words of the far South—creole words, they may be. I can not tell."

"He is a runaway slave from Louisiana," said Peter Jefferson.

"That can not be, colonel. He is not a negro. But now I will tell you how and where I first met him.

"I was off on one of my hunting trips in the great woods. I was looking for deer, for my family needed venison. I had not met with any deer that day, when suddenly

I came upon the trunk of a great tree that had fallen, rotted, and fed a mass of vegetation that sprang up from the bark.

“The tree had been such a monster, such a king of the forest, that I stopped to look at it. Presently the tall bushes and vines that had sprung up from the decaying substance of it parted, and began to wave to and fro. I saw that there was something living behind the green leaves; I thought it might be the head of a deer, and I raised my gun to fire. Deer often stand still and look through the opening of bushes when a hunter approaches.

“The bushes parted more widely as if they opened themselves. Then two eyes appeared at the opening—two eyes and some long hair. I could see nothing more. I thought they were the eyes of a deer, though I had never seen just such eyes before. They were *his* eyes.

“I took aim to fire when *he* rose up out of the clump of bushes on the fallen tree. Had one risen out of the earth or come down from heaven I would not have been more surprised. He was naked then, except some pelts about his loins.

“Who was he? I saw that he was not an Indian, a negro, a Spaniard, nor a creole. His face looked like that of a prince, his body like that of a beast.

“‘Who are you?’ I called out.

“He said: ‘Selim-Selim. *God save ye!*’

“But that voice! It was like nothing that I ever heard before. I tried to talk with him, but he uttered unknown words. We could only talk by signs.

“His body was covered with hair. There were elf locks about his head. His feet were wrapped in rags, and his



"I raised my gun to fire."



arms were bleeding. His cheeks were hollow, and his legs and arms shriveled. I saw that he had not had sufficient food, and as I turned away I made signs to him to follow me.

"He kept at my heels like a dog. I shot a deer, and he helped me dress it and bear the meat home. I felt that he was half a man and half an animal. When I asked him whence he came, he pointed to the sun. I thought that he might belong to some tribe of whom Ontasette might know, and so I have brought him here.

"Will Ontasette talk with him?"

Ontasette rose up, and bent his eyes on the wood wanderer on the mat.

"Selim, rise up," said the hunter, lifting his arm.

Selim arose, and the two men, the Indian and the unknown, stood before the great fire.

"What is your name?" asked Ontasette.

"Selim-Selim," answered the wanderer. "*God save ye!*"

"What is your country?" asked Ontasette.

The woodman shook his head, and then waved his hands around his head in circles.

"What is your name?" asked Ontasette. "Your name?"

"Selim-Selim."

"That is not an Indian word. He is not an Indian of any tribe."

Ontasette addressed him in the Indian language of the Cherokee nation, but he did not understand. Selim pressed his hand against the great scar on his head as though he were in pain.

Ontasette spoke to him in Algonquin, but the man listened to it as to the wind.

"He is no man of this world," said one of the Indians; "he came *down*; he live among the stars."

The Indian pointed up.

The man of the woods comprehended. He shook his head, stepped aside by himself, facing the company in the light of the fire, and pointed to the deep scar on his head.

He presented a strange appearance indeed as he stood there in the light of the fire.

"Gods do not have scars," said the Indian chieftain, pointing to the woodman, who seemed in great distress at what was going on around him, only a part of which he was able to comprehend.

He turned his face upward. It grew beautiful. There was a look of lofty intelligence in it; he lifted his hands.

The Indians leaped up. They thought he was about to ascend. He stood there like a statue. Then his lips parted, and amid the deep silence he said:

"Allah!" His voice rose, in some unknown and beautiful language, such as a poet might use. Was he praying? Was he calling on the gods? Who was he, whence did he come? Whither was it his purpose to go?

I should say to the reader that, although in this pen picture of the past I sometimes use fictitious incidents and dialogue for the sake of interpretation of leading facts, the story of this strange being is substantially true, and I know of few stories more marvelous, or of equal worth as a study of life in American history. The story of Sir William Phipps, in the *Treasure Ship*, was interwoven with in-

cidents that seemed past belief, but which were true; but the narrative of Selim, the Wild Man of the Shenandoah, is one of the strangest, and in its end one of the noblest of the fireside tales of the early settlements of the western world.

I well love to tell it, and I wish I could relate it better, for it was one of those many incidents which in the development of his life would one day lead Thomas Jefferson to repeat, "All men are created equal."

The clock struck eleven. The guests went to their rooms, all except Selim; he laid down on a mat, and saying something to "Allah," fell asleep, and the fire went down.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE GREAT OAK OF MONTICELLO

THE next morning Ontasette and the Wild Man of the Shenandoah went away, one to Williamsburg, then the capital of Virginia, and the other over the mountains to the hunter's cabin.

The Wild Man had excited an intense interest.

"I will teach him English," said the hunter, "and then he will tell his own story."

What would that story be? When would it be told?

The Indians declared again that the mysterious being did not belong to this world at all; that he had descended from the sky, or formed in the air, or come in a boat from some unknown land beyond the great water.

He indeed did not belong to any savage race, Indian or African. His face was a type of high civilization; his appearance was that of a religious man.

One of the neighbors sought to solve the mystery by saying:

"He is a mountain prophet."

The mysterious stranger awakened an intense interest in all the families of the counties of Augusta and Albemarle, especially among the old people and young.



Dabney Carr remained at the forest house with Thomas Jefferson for several days, as he was accustomed to do.

The two rode together on horseback, but they little cared for play. They were boys of books and discussions. Dabney had a peculiar mind; he loved the company of people who could think, and especially of those whose thoughts went beyond the common opinion. His thought was always on the wing.

The two boys came to love each other more and more, and to find in each other a supreme desire to live for others in the future; to do something that would live. Their love was no passing sentiment; it struck deep into the heart of each, and their high ambitions were no desire for show, but for influence. Dabney found no such great ambitions in any other boy but Tommy, nor did Thomas Jefferson probably ever meet any one who so dreamed of being noble in the future.

A hill that commanded extended views rose out of the valley. It was called Monticello—"little mount"—and the *c* in the word came to be pronounced *ch*. On the top of this hill stood a gigantic oak, a monarch of the forest. It was the delight of the two boys to lie down under this great oak tent, and to talk of what they hoped to be and to do in life.

As their years grew, their friendship strengthened until neither had any experience that he did not share with the other. Their school days passed into college days, but their hearts were one.

One day, beneath the great oak of Monticello, these two boys pledged their friendship to each other for life. It was a strange, unusual pledge, but I am writing a practically true incident, or one substantially true. Of how

they redeemed the pledge that they came to make to each other, I shall speak in another chapter.

The root of this friendship was a common purpose in life. Dabney Carr believed that God manifested himself to all men, that all were alike endowed with special talents and possibilities, and that all were created equal. These were large thoughts for so young a head and heart at that time.

Ontasette and the Wild Man of the Shenandoah excited the curiosity of the two boys, but they awakened an interest in them that was more than that. They called the mysterious stranger the "Wild Woodman."

On the morning after the strange event, the two boys went up the mountain together to the great oak. Their minds were full of the Wild Woodman.

"You can not tell what is in him," said Dabney. "One can not know what is in any man until the man reveals himself. All men are created equal."

"Is that so, Dabney? Are you sure? All men of the same order in life are created equal. You can not think that the Wild Woodman is created equal to yourself."

Dabney aspired to be an orator. Oratory was in the air. There were a number of Virginia boys who were preparing to become orators, among them Patrick Henry, though he knew it not. It is strange how young people who seem to be preparing for some great united work in life grow up at the same period, and are at first unknown to each other. They become acquainted through a common instinct. It was so with the Wesleys, Whitefield, and their coadjutors; the Adamses, Warren, Otis, and Hancock; the young liter-

ary lights of Oxford in Arthur Hallam's time; Boston poets; the Brook Farm cult, and it was so in ancient days.

Dabney loved to speak in an oratorical way under the great oak, with "Tommy," as he called Jefferson, for an audience. He little dreamed what an audience he had.

He talked like a boy, at the beginning of one of his little orations, but he ended like a sage.

To-day he felt the oratorical instinct stirring within him. He wished to mold the mind of Tommy to his opinions.

"The Wild Woodman," he said, "may, for aught that you can say or I, be capable of more noble acts than I would think of doing. It is not race, or color, or society that makes a man. There are men who would give themselves for others, who would starve for others, who would become outcasts for a principle, that such society as we meet would never receive, or would cast out. How do you know what story the Wild Woodman may tell when he learns the language? Fugitives are sometimes heroes. Heroes are often fugitives. How can you tell that he would not give up life for a principle?"

"Oh, Dabney," said Thomas, "you have a great heart, but there is little to be expected of a man like the Wild Woodman. If he were to become a neighbor, instead of a wanderer, and give up his wild desires for a principle, I too would accept what you say that all men were created equal."

"I hope," said Dabney, "that that man may live to tell his story, and to show what any man may become. *He will.* I can see it in my mind. There is a Pocahontas nobility in every heart.

"Tommy, listen! I wish I might be an orator. It is

grand to have a voice. Words live in a voice. It is the tone of the voice that moves men. Not only are all men created equal, all men are possessed of equal rights—equal rights of which no man has any right to deprive them. The royal governors had no right to punish Morgan's men for defending their homes without a commission. It was the duty of those men to defend their rights. Right is an in-born principle, and no man, not even the King, has any right to deprive another of his rights."

The little orator's face was filled with his own words. He raised his hand as though he were speaking to a multitude.

"I would thunder that declaration through the world if I could."

"Declaration" was a large word for the young orator under the oak.

"Stop, stop, Dabney, you are only talking to me and the crows and the squirrels."

"Only to you—but what a heart you have when people let you act yourself. Only to you! Why, you may face a Parliament some day—you may grow up to plead for the justice of all men!"

"I can write better than I can speak," said Thomas. "I would do anything to make you an orator. You would have something to say, but who would hear it? What you say now is like treason. Do you think that my father has rights of which King George has no right to deprive him?"

"Yes, I do. No man has any right to deprive another of his rights."

"But the law?"

"There are laws higher than those made by any man,

which every true man will obey, else there would be no martyrs. It is the right of any true man to live, it is his right to be free, and to make his own happiness. Every man is born to inherent rights——”

A little squirrel had seemed to be listening, with lifted fore legs, on a bough. At the last words he fled.

Tommy called out, “Run, squirrel, run!” and rolled over on the ground.

“Dabney, you ought to go to Williamsburg and be an orator. That principle would do for a whole oration.”

“But what I say is true. Think of it when you first wake up in the morning. Then the mind sees. *I am* going to study oratory.”

“And I will study how to express your thoughts in ink. I believe in everybody, just as you do, Dabney. But that word—my memory can’t hold it now.”

“It will, later.”

“Let us go the way of the squirrel,” said Thomas.

Dabney Carr will speak again some day. He has begun his work of life under the oak of Monticello. In one sense the voice that was to plead for universal freedom first arose there; the Declaration that was to overturn thrones and make new empires may be said to have been born there.

“I will be a hero,” said young Horatio Nelson, walking the deck on a moonlit sea. In that hour was born the victories of the Nile and Trafalgar. The suggestions of great events often have arisen in simple, lonely places, as that to Moses before the burning bush, or to King Alfred in his wanderings.

## CHAPTER VII

### ONTASETTE'S FAREWELL TO HIS PEOPLE

THOMAS JEFFERSON and Dabney Carr delighted in riding on horseback, together, through forest ways, under the lifted mountains of the Blue Ridge, which traversed a natural park. There the air was as pure as the streams. The giant forests were yet a hunting ground of the Indians; here were heard the settlers' axes, and there rose through the dark pines the blue smoke of the pioneers' cabins.

When Ontasette returned from Williamsburg, he had remarkable news to relate. The agents of the Commercial Company had resolved to send some agents to London, and they were willing that Ontasette should accompany them. This noble-looking lord of the forest represented a great nation, whose dominion spread over almost the entire middle South. He could speak English imperfectly. He knew the wide country of the pine forests as few chiefs did. He could present a view of the Cherokee country as few others could. So when the commissioners said to him, "Ontasette may go to London and be presented at court," he answered: "Ontasette will dare the great sea; he must serve his time and people."

He called together his chief men who had journeyed toward the white settlements of the Virginia River country,



and told them of his commission. He appointed a place where he would meet his people and bid them farewell.

Jefferson from boyhood to his death was a defender of the rights of the Indians. Dabney Carr had the same heart. Both were thrilled by the poetry of the woods—Indian oratory. From Ontasette he heard a word that was a wonder—*Louisiana*.

One day the swift pony of Thomas Jefferson appeared before the door of Dabney Carr's home, and Dabney came running into the yard.

"Ontasette is going away," said Tommy. "He has called his people to meet him at the rocks; he is going to make a farewell address—we must hear it—what a scene it will be! Ontasette asked me to hear him speak, but I couldn't go without you; saddle your horse, we have no time to lose."

In an hour the two boys were on their way to the rocks where Ontasette was to meet his people for the last time.

"Ontasette is an orator," said Dabney. "The Indian orator speaks Nature's own words—I would not have missed hearing Ontasette to-day. You never leave me behind, Thomas."

"I will never leave you behind, Dabney, as long as I live—I was born to share everything with you. It shall be so always. You have a heart for all the world, and my heart goes out to you as to no one else. Your doctrine of rights, natural rights, grows on me. I wish I could be an orator, but that can never be. I can feel and write what I can not speak."

They galloped on, talking more like two men than boys. When they spoke of "human rights" they used the solemn language of philosophers. Jefferson talked lightly among merry-making sons of the planters; he could frolic and fiddle and dance, but with Dabney he was old in thought. He seemed to feel that some great destiny awaited him as often as he heard Dabney talk in his earnest way on human rights.

They came at last to a great meadow under towering rocks. A column of smoke arose there, and around it sat a company of Indians on blankets. Ontasette was among them.

It was past high noon. The air was bright and still.

The Indians did not move as the two boys approached on their ponies. They did not turn their heads—they were smoking.

"When will the chief speak?" asked Tommy of one of the Indians, who was not a Cherokee.

"When the moon rises—he will speak to the moon. It is the last time. I will interpret him for you; you play on the box of the air" (violin).

The two boys galloped away and rested by themselves for a time under the great trees by the mountain river. They then went to a great mill with a wooden wheel, and secured a supper of the miller.

In the evening they returned to the great meadow. A company of white people had gathered there to listen to Ontasette's farewell.

The Indians were still smoking, regardless of those who were going or coming.

The evening came on still, like a drifting shadow. Then



the world seemed lighting up again, and the red rim of the moon rose over the hills of the Shenandoah.

Ontasette stood up. There was a natural platform in the rocks, some six or ten feet above the great meadows. He ascended to it slowly, halting after each step, and at last stood upon it, and faced the Indians, saying:

"My children of the forest, it is the last time—but Ontasette is not his own. The leaf on the wind may not answer the wind. The unknown beckons to me, and my feet are raised to go."

He stood in silence, as the full moon came out over the great meadows, above the long dark mountain lines.

He then lifted his face to the moon and the beams of the planet fell upon it.\*

"It is the last time, O sons of the Cherokees! The moon will rise on the mountain and go down on the sea, but we shall never meet again as we now meet. Lay down your pipes and listen to me.

"The Great Spirit is changing the world. The moon will forever come again, but the Cherokees may not gather as we do now. They may go to the graves of their fathers, and the moon look down upon them, where the tribes lie still.

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\* I know much of the great Ontasette, the warrior and orator of the Cherokees; he was always the guest of my father on his journeys to and from Williamsburg. I was in his camp when he made his great farewell oration to his people, the evening before his departure for England. The moon was in full splendor, and to her he seemed to address himself in his prayers for his own safety on the voyage, and that of his people during his absence. His sounding voice, distinct articulation, animated action, and the solemn silence of his people at their several fires, filled me with awe and veneration.—*Jefferson*.

“I am going to my brother King, over the sea, to plead your cause. I may return, and I may never return—the waters are wide, and men’s hearts are hard; but while the stars shall come to the night, and the sun shall redden the mountains, wherever I may be, the heart of Ontasette will be true to the Cherokees.

“O light of the heavens, who led my people out of the unknown, and who will guide them into the unknown, I can not go beyond thy light. Tribes may come and tribes may go, the springs may light up the hills, the summer sun at noon turn down the eyes of the living with fire, the autumn sunset burn like woods of flame, but thou shalt roll on forever, and while the eyes of Ontasette shall see thy light, his heart shall be true to his people. Thou art not more fixed in thy course than the heart of Ontasette. This heart may fail, these knees may fall, but, by the light above me and the earth beneath me, the heart of Ontasette shall be true to his people. The grave shall find Ontasette true to his people, eternally true as the lights above, and his people will be true to Ontasette. So it is spoken in Nature—so it is said in the course of the stars.”

He dropped his eyes, and repeated the declaration:

“My people, I go away—the ocean waits to receive me, and bear me to lands I have never seen. The sun may fail, the moon, the stars, the ocean may dry up in the sun, and the earth may wither, but the love of my heart for the Cherokees, and the love of my people for Ontasette will never falter or fail. There is a Spirit that rises over the lights above and the world beneath, and he has said that whatever the white man may be, or whatever he may do, the love of the red man for the red man and the Cherokee for

the Cherokee shall forever endure, and he has made for us all a better country than this. Farewell—I have done.”

He descended the rocks. He saw Dabney, and touched him and said:

“White boy, do not forget Ontasette. The waves will bear him away. He may come again.”

The two boys rode home in the moonlight, talking on the old subject of human rights all of the way. Young Jefferson was filled with a desire to champion the rights of Indian tribes, for he saw that these rights were being ignored. His character was forming to utter great truths when the day for them should come.

“I wish I had a cause to plead,” said Dabney. “I feel it in me to do so. Did you not feel the Indian’s heart?”

“Yes, I felt it—I feel it now, and always will; to plead the cause of a people is the noblest of all things. I will do it—you will—we will.”

The Indian plead the cause of his people, but in vain. What will these two cantering little patriots do?

## CHAPTER VIII

### A VISIT TO THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS

THE story of the appearance of the mysterious Man of the Woods in the Shenandoah Valley ran through all the colony and excited a great interest wherever it was told. People went to visit him, reported curious things about him, and the wonder grew. This was true in regard to him: he was learning to speak English rapidly, and had begun to tell the story of his life.

He said that he was born in Algiers, and the word went abroad that he was a Moor.

But if he was a native of the Barbary coast how did he come to the Shenandoah wilderness? No ships had brought such a person to the Virginia coast.

"The Wild Man is a Moor," so the strange news ran. "But what is a Moor?" was asked in many homes.

"The Moor is an Arabian," some answered, but why should an Arabian be found here?

In the summer after the hunter and his strange companion had come over the Blue Ridge, our two boys, Jefferson and Dabney, started out for a ride over the Blue Ridge. The wilderness was in its primitive glory then, full of leaves, flowers, and songs of birds. The days were long, the sky blazed, the great oaks were towers, the brooks flowed among the greenery of ferns.

They were going to Staunton, over the hills.

"They say that the Wild Man is a Moor," said Dabney to Jefferson, as they galloped along. "He is learning English, and he has told a part of his story. He is an Arabian."

"But how did a Moor find his way here? No Moors have come to Virginia on any ships. The ships that trade on the coast of Africa for slaves have brought no Moors to Virginia."

"That he can not yet explain, but he will do so in time. Let us visit the Wild Man. He is coming out of his shell. Let us question him. He can speak much English now."

"Agreed. We may find a hero in him. That would accord with your theory, Dabney. Let us go."

They mounted the Ridge. The world, as it were, lay beneath them. The air was bright and hot, but it was cooled in the woods by the new green leaves that hung like curtains over the way, and covered it. Mountains rose above them into the pure sunlight. Eagles screamed and wheeled in the sky.

They made their way to Staunton, a ride of some thirty or more miles, and there met with directions to the home of the hunter.

In the long red twilight they came to the cabin. The Wild Man was there, sitting with a far away look, before the door.

The hunter welcomed the two boys, gave them a supper, cared for their horses, and then all sat down with them among the pines in the glimmering dusk.

The Wild Man's thoughts seemed far away. Dabney touched him on the knee, and said:

"You are a Moor?"

The Wild Man's soul seemed to come back to him, as from some far-away imagination.

"Selim—Selim is Al Jerira."

"*Al Jerira?*" said Dabney. "*Where is Al Jerira?*"

They looked at each other.

"Is it Algiers?" asked the lad.

The woodman's eyes lit up with a sudden joy.

"Algiers—so the English him say. Algiers—Algiers! I see—you see—Algiers! Algiers! Selim speak true—Algiers!"

"Then you are an Algerine?"

The man of the woods rose up, and lifted his face and said:

"Allah!"

Then he looked down gratefully on Dabney: "Selim he is one Algerine, so the English say."

He closed his eyes and stood there like a beautiful head on the form of a beast. But his brow was disfigured by the deep scar. A linsey garment hung around him.

"He seems to be praying five times a day," said the hunter. "He faces the east when he prays, and then he sings. His voice seems far away. He sometimes goes up on the peak to pray and sing. He does that in the morning. The first light of the sun falls on his face. Sometimes I think that he is no man at all. Do you believe in gods?"

Selim opened his eyes.

"A hard lot you have had?" said Dabney.

The man comprehended and answered, "Islam, Islam," and his face was a picture of peace.

His name was Selim and he claimed to be an Algerine, this much was certain. He was not an Arabian.

"How did you come here?" asked Dabney.

The man looked bewildered.

"Where came you from—where?" asked Dabney again.

"Istamboul."

The man's face lighted again.

"Know you Istamboul?" he asked.

"Constantinople?" asked Dabney.

Joy filled the man's face.

"The English they say Constantinople."

"An Algerine from Constantinople," said Dabney.  
"That would be impossible."

"But," said the hunter, "there is truth in his face and in his tone. I can read truth or falsehood in a man's tone. A true ear can. He is telling the truth—I know not how, but he is a man of Algiers from Constantinople."

"How is it possible that a man of Algiers from Constantinople should be found naked in a thicket in the valley of the Shenandoah?" asked Dabney.

"I can not answer that," said the hunter.

"Algiers is on one side of the Mediterranean and Istamboul is on the other," said Dabney. "They are far apart." He spoke both to the hunter and to the woodman.

The latter did not comprehend.

"Constantinople is not in Algiers," he added, looking at the woodman.

The Wild Man lifted his hand to his head as in pain. He could see that his words had been misapprehended or doubted. He suddenly raised his hand and said:

"God save ye!" He repeated these words often in after years.

He turned away slowly, and went up the rocky peak.



"He is going away to pray now," said the hunter.

"He will pray to the sunset," said Dabney.

The sunset was dying. He did not turn his face toward the sunset sky, but toward the east, and he stood like a dark statue in the fading light making mystic signs.

"I sometimes expect to see him go up when he does that," said the hunter.

The man came down in the evening, and went to a room over the stable to sleep.

They tried to question him when he came back, but he would only say, "God save ye!"

His feelings had been hurt, but he had a forgiving manner. Whoever he was, or from wherever he came, he had a refined and sensitive soul.

The boys left the cabin in the morning, and the mystery of the life of the Wild Man of the Shenandoah seemed greater than before.

After they had ridden away they remembered the deep scar on Selim's face. Had he been in a war?

"We must return to him again in the fall," said Dabney, "and ask him about the scar."



## CHAPTER IX

### THE PLEDGE OF FRIENDSHIP AND THE GOLDEN HORSESHOE

THOMAS JEFFERSON and Dabney Carr became closer friends as their lives expanded. They pursued their studies together at school; then college days and vacations came.

They met, book in hand, one in heart, one in thought, and one in purpose of life. They shared the training for some unknown service to mankind.

Dabney more and more believed in the people, and in the right of the people to make their own laws. He was born to love the people. He must have found his heroes in such men as Alfred the Great, Simon de Montfort, Hampden, Robinson of Leyden, and William Penn. He caught the spirit of progressive liberty, and he desired to make his friend see the great opportunity that the future might bring America—and him.

They went with books together up the high hill of Monticello to study day by day as they faced manhood. The great oak was their schoolroom. What an oak it was! It had probably spread its leaves over the turf for centuries, or at least for a century. What an outlook the plat of ground under it commanded—a hundred and more miles of horizon! Was there ever a better study to school one in the great thoughts of honor and liberty?

It was the first liberty hall in the new world, or one of the first.

In this memorable shade the two boys grew, and the longer they studied together the more noble they became for the sake of each other. They seemed to feel the spirit of coming events, and to anticipate the future with a single eye and heart.

One day as they dropped their books and looked out over the great forests whose green leaves rippled in the light summer winds under a long sunset, Thomas Jefferson said:

“To every man something is possible. Ontasette taught me that. He has poetry, oratory, and nobility in him. I wonder what there may be in the heart of the Wild Man.”

“We must watch his course,” said Dabney. “We learn from men what we can not find in books. The time will come when a man’s country will be the earth, and when his people will be all mankind. Patriotism that stops short of that is, in one sense, selfishness. Why should not men be regarded as free and equal? All have one divine origin; all breathe the same air, see the same stars, are nursed in the same way at the breast, and mingle on the same earth. All come out of the unknown past, and all will go, even Shakespeare himself, into oblivion.

“Tommy, I do not feel myself to be superior to any true soul that can see the sunset and feel the invisible presence of the Divine Being. I love all men alike; I would help every creature that breathes, and I would hinder no man, however humble he may be.”

“Dabney, I feel all the force of what you say, and I love you for it. Let us be more than friends.”

“We are friends; we have been; we are going to be.”

"Let us always be friends," said Jefferson, "and more, let us be brothers to the end of life, and after, if there be an after life, and this life tells me that there must be another and a higher one. Let us make to each other a pledge of brotherhood. Dabney, Dabney Carr, there will never be a time in life when I will not need you."

He crept toward Dabney on the moss and the two locked their right hands.

"Dabney, after what you have just said, it would make me happy to give up myself for you. I would rather see you succeed in the world than to do so myself. Dabney, wait, and trust my heart; if there should come a time when the people were to choose between you and me I would give *my* chance to you."

"Thomas Jefferson, I do not doubt it. Let us renew the pledge we made to each other when we first began to associate with each other."

The two rose up, hand locked in hand.

"We will be friends forever," said Thomas; "and if you or yours need me, all I have is yours, for I love your happiness better than myself."

"If I should die first," said Dabney, "I would be buried where you will be laid. I would desire to rest at last where you will come."

"Under the oak, Dabney?"

"Under the oak of Monticello."

"You may live long, and forget me."

"Never."

"I will never forget you."

"No one ever forgets the true hearts of his youth."

"This ground is mine," said Jefferson. "On this moun-

tain by this oak I will make my home. It shall be your home. I will make a graveyard by it. There you shall come to me, or I will come to you. The grave shall not divide us. Our friendship shall last while life shall last, and go beyond."

Strange words were these. They would seem unreal, sentimental, romantic were they not almost literally true. Jefferson had a very poetic nature, and Dabney was a born knight.

There was, as it were, in the air at this time a strange suggestion—it was like a star. Let me tell you of it.

When Governor Spotswood instituted the Order of the Golden Horseshoe in Virginia, to inspire the young planters to explore Louisiana, as the West was then called, and which now comprehends twelve States and Territories, he had some very curious horseshoes made of gold in England, and a legend stamped upon them. The original motto was in Latin, and translated ran, "Thus we swear to cross the mountains," meaning to explore the West. He desired to make a suggestion that would ever haunt the hearts of young and chivalrous Virginians that one of the great enterprises of the future would be to explore Louisiana, or the territory lying west of the Mississippi. This suggestion was now being revived again.

The Order of the Golden Horseshoe had lived, and had had other golden horseshoes made, and there were men who caught the spirit of Governor Spotswood, and traveled about with the one idea of inspiring men for such enterprises.

One of these characters we shall call the "Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe." He was a very old man with thin hair and long beard. He had joined the order in his

youth; he was a horseback rider even in his old age, as most Virginians were.

He owned a plantation in the garden of Virginia, but it delighted his heart to ride about the mountains and over them, and to talk of the wonders that Western exploration would one day reveal to the world.

He held some high office in the Order of the Golden Horseshoe and superintended the making of horseshoes, and he had new horseshoes made for adventurers whom he could induce to unite with the society.

In his old age, he one day met some of the members of the order, and said:

“Ho, ho, ho! See what I have done.”

He held out in his hand six golden horseshoes, on which was engraved, “Thus we swear to cross the mountains.”

“I am going to travel,” he said, “all over Virginia, *wandering*. This country is to be great—glorious. I can see it with my inward eyes—some people see double—I do.

“I am about to travel,” he continued, repeating, “and visit the plantations from Yorktown to the Wilderness, and I will rest at the inns and the plantation houses. I am going to make a study of the young men of Virginia, and ho, ho, ho! it is my purpose to give a golden horseshoe to the six young men who, in my judgment, are likely to have the greatest influence in the future.

“I am about to ride in search of six young knights who will have Governor Spotswood’s spirit, and my soul will know them when I see them.

“I am old, and I can not do much now to advance the cause. But this country must have liberty, gain Louisiana, and protect herself from European domain. The young

men are born that will bring about these events and I am going in search of them. I will travel with the sun, with the moon and stars. I will put the horseshoe into the hands of six young men, and say:

“A golden horseshoe I give to thee.  
The whole of America must be free,  
And her bounds extend from sea to sea,  
And safe from Europe must ever be.  
’Tis so we cross the mountains.”

People did strange things in those days, and for a generation afterward preachers traveled about preaching and singing in schoolhouses and under great trees. One might hear their voices in the air, singing songs like these:

“How precious is the Name!  
Brethren, sing.”

or

“There’s a sound of a going in the mulberry trees,”

or

“When I set out for glory  
I left the world behind,  
For to glory I would go,  
I would go.”

Rustic orators talked in courthouses and in barns. There were few public halls and no opera houses; then all was simple, primitive, and rude, except a few stately mansions of rich planters.

So the old man started forth on horseback to study the young men of Virginia, and to try to find six sons of the planters whom he thought would become the leaders of great events, to whom to give his six horseshoes. It was a strange mission.

He stopped at inns and plantation houses and related

the adventures of Governor Spotswood. He was a natural story-teller; he had keen eyes and 'quick wit, and he was welcome always, this Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe, to the benches under wayside trees and to household fires.

Each old planter hoped that this venerable rider might discover a leader of the events of the future among his sons.

So planters stood at the gate to meet him when he was seen coming up the valleys or down the hill with his prophetic horseshoes.



## CHAPTER X

### DABNEY CARR AND THOMAS JEFFERSON GO TO THE WONDERFUL NATURAL BRIDGE

YOUNG Thomas Jefferson delighted in making long trips on horseback through the wild Virginian mountain ways. As a result of one of these journeys, he made the stupendous Natural Bridge in Rockbridge County, in Virginia, known to the world. His description of the bridge set the feet of travelers toward the place, and many pen pictures of the lofty arch, among them Miss Martineau's, have served to place it among the wonders of the world.

Rockbridge County lies in a valley of great beauty, in young Jefferson's day filled with giant trees, forest patriarchs, under which the Indian made his tent and kindled his evening fire. The arch of the bridge spans a chasm one hundred and sixty feet in height, or more than two hundred feet if we add the height of the trees and towering foliage.

The bridge was a waymark in old Indian days.

Young Jefferson had heard by the old home fire the wonders of the bridge. Hunters like to describe it, and to picture it as one of the most beautiful chasms on earth. The young riders of the old Virginian tobacco farms made it a place of summer resort, for a ride of a hundred miles in the summer wilderness was a matter of small moment



to them. Horseback rides lasted a week then, and the rude inns along the old Virginian roads were places of jovial hospitality, within whose summer doors and by whose kitchen fires thrilling stories were told.

Jefferson himself came to own the bridge; it was on one of his estates, some eighty miles from Monticello, or Shadewell, as his early home was called.

Young Jefferson's heart was always seeking to bring some new surprise to Dabney Carr. Whatever filled his young friend with delight made his own heart beat faster and happier.

One day, in his youth, he visited the great forest wonder, probably with his father. It towered above him in its greenness from the glen.

"What would Dabney say to that?" was the thought of his heart. "We must come here."

He returned over the Blue Ridge to his home, where Dabney had come to meet him.

"I have seen the wonder of the valley," said Jefferson. "You must go there with me; we must see it together."

"Do you mean the bridge?" asked Dabney.

"Yes, the bridge that Time has made. Time must have been thousands of years in making it. The history of the world is in it if one could read it."

One summer day the two started out together on horseback to cross the mountains and visit the bridge. It must have been a journey of several days through forests of live oaks, magnolias, gum trees, and pine, under almost continuous roofs of boughs, fragrant and cool, except when the hills emerged from their coverings and revealed the green expanses below them.

They came at last to a deflection from the forest way, and stopped their horses on some bedded rock. Far down below them rippled a stream, glittering in the sun.

"This," said Jefferson, "is the bridge."

"But I do not see it," said Dabney.

"Dismount and look down."

Dabney left the saddle, and bent over what had seemed to him a shelf of rock. A mighty chasm appeared, nearly two hundred feet deep from where he stood.

"It turns my head to look," said he; "but where is the bridge?"

"We will go down into the glen and look up," said Jefferson.

From the glen the bridge appeared in all of its stupendous proportions, like a monument to the untiring forces of Time.

The bridge was embowered with trees and shrubbery, and, to the two youths, it was not only a great natural wonder, but as an outline of the past ages which it represented it had the force of a revelation. How old were these hills? When began this great Virginian wilderness? How would Time end the silent work that it had begun eras ago in this sublime arch?

After a rest in the glen Dabney said:

"Let us ride over to Staunton, and see what more the Wild Man has learned. He is the wonder of the valley now. Who can tell what there may be in that man's soul, or in any man's soul? We think too much of things that are without us. Nature herself is but spirit in form; unseen forces work all the wonders of life. That man has a

history. He draws me toward him. I want to know his life. Let us be friends to him; he needs friends."

They looked up to the walls inside of the arch. Some thirty feet from the ground two letters appeared on the stonework that Nature had formed—G. W.

"Who placed those letters there?" asked Dabney. "Some one, it must have been, who wished to be remembered as having visited the place. He has made the bridge a monument to his admiration of it. Place your initials under it."

"I think those letters were made by George Washington, the aid of Braddock, who warned Braddock against the danger of Indian surprise in the wilderness. He lived near Winchester in his youth with Lord Fairfax, and was a companion of the old lord. He became one of the surveyors of the Shenandoah. He led the expedition to Great Meadows. He lives at Mount Vernon, a plantation on the Potomac, which Washington's brother named for Admiral Vernon. He was one of the heroes of the Northern campaign, and you have heard the planters tell the story of young Washington's warning. He placed his initials high. He used to ride down the Shenandoah road."

"It is his testimony to his sense of the grandeur of the place," said Dabney. "High and alone it stands—G. W. But Washington failed at Great Meadows. He has failed in all of his campaigns."

"But he has kept his honor. Honor keeps a man a man; nothing is lost until honor is lost."

The two friends may have seen something prophetic in the initials that for many years stood solitary amid Nature's own records of the solemn past. We do not know. They

turned their horses' heads toward Staunton and rode forward in the shaded midsummer air. The red sunset shone through the giant trees, and the night overhung the great tree shadows with glory.

An inn was ahead, and the two friends talked as they rode on their silent way, hoping to see the lights of the hotel appear.

"It were vain to carve one's name on any monument," said Dabney. "Time effaces all, even the names on the pyramids; only influence lives."

They rode on in silence. Dabney was thinking. His thoughts were not like other lads. He was what the farmers called "strange."

"It were vain to collect a treasury of wealth," continued Dabney. "No man has ever taken a farthing of all his possessions into the unknown world; it is only the worth of a man's soul that can live. The dust of the lord and the slave is the same dust, and the same earth covers all men and gathers all into oblivion. Jefferson, a man's country should be the whole world, his neighbors should be all the families of mankind. Every man who is true to himself is a brother to me; the Indian, the black man, the unknown Selim—Selim is a man. I would give to every man his birthright—even to the slave. I would have all men alike—all have the same feelings, all rejoice and suffer. I say these things over and over. I can not help it."

"Dabney, had I the power, I would give the slave his birthright and to all men the wealth they create."

"I would give to every man his due," said Dabney. "The right to be free and receive a just compensation

for everything is an inherent right. Is not that the exact truth of life?"

"The exact truth of life!"

"You must teach that, when you stand face to face with the world."

"I will write it out. You must teach it; you know how to give to truth a tongue."

"And you, a pen."

It was a hot, still night. The tavern lights gleamed at last amid the sparks of fireflies through the trees. They rested at the old log tavern that night, and the next day they went on their way to Staunton, where they found Selim, and prepared again to discover the mystery of his life. They were friends to him.

## CHAPTER XI

### THE MAN OF MYSTERY

SELIM had improved in his looks. He wore the clothes of the valley and his beard had been partly shaven. His high forehead and luminous eyes impressed the two youths more than before.

"Selim is beginning to talk our language," said the old hunter, "and he is either a little off in mind or else his true history is coming out. The minister from Winchester thought he was a dervish, but he is not."

Selim rose up.

"Me no dervish—no, no! Selim no dervish. No——"

He whirled around swiftly, after the manner of the dervish or the wandering monks of the African and Arabian deserts. His turning movements formed circles, and with each circle he said:

"No, no! Selim no dervish."

"But he has seen dervishes," said Dabney to the hunter. Dabney had seen pictures of dervishes. "No one could execute those movements unless he had seen them done. He must know the dance of the dervishes. I can read so much plainly."

The old hunter's own heart seemed to go out to this strange man.

"Now," said he, "I want you to help me question him, and this hot morning, when I can not go to the fields, we will try to find out the mystery."

The hunter took a chair and sat down under a great tree that stood between the road and the inn. Selim sunk on the ground beside him. Some Virginians came riding up, in the morning heat, and sat at rest on their perspiring horses.

"Selim," said the hunter, "where is your home—where your home land?"

He had asked that question many times. He determined to settle it now.

Selim rose up. He felt the friendliness of his master's tone, and saw the same spirit in the others' eyes. He desired to tell his history. There was a beautiful and noble honesty in his face.

He strode into the inn.

He returned and held up some dates which he had bought from a traveling peddler from Winchester, and said:

"Home land, home land!"

"He was born in the land of the fig," said one of the Virginians on horseback.

"Fig—Selim—home land!"

He strode into the inn again, and brought out an orange, and held it up in the sunlight glimmering through the trees.

"Home land," said he, "home land!"

This last picture showed his attachment to the South, but did not add to the information, for the lands of orange groves are many.

He looked down on the valley. It was like the outlook from a summer house over a green sea. A new idea seemed

to light up Selim's mind, and he exclaimed, as in a vision of delight:

“Kiosk! kiosk!”

The words conveyed no meaning at the time. No one of the little company gathered under the great tree ever heard of a kiosk. They thought that the word described Selim's state as a man—his office or past business in some land of figs, oranges, hot suns, and mysteries.

“Kiosk! kiosk!” he exclaimed again. All shook their heads, and his face fell.

He walked around the tree as in great perplexity. At last he gazed upon the clear, blue sky which hung over the valley. The fiery sun filled it with splendor. Here and there was an eagle in the air, when suddenly his eye caught an object that made him leap. He turned to the company with a face full of excitement and said:

“The same, the same, Allah!”

He ran into the open space and beckoned the company to follow him.

The men hurried to the place where he stood. He pointed to the sky. In the far blue expanse, almost obscured by the blaze of the sun, was the moon, quite discernible, as it is sometimes late in the morning, even on a sunny day. It looked like a thin moon, like the shadow of the moon.

“The same!” he exclaimed again. “The home land, the home land!”

“The moon,” said a man on horseback. “That is nothing; we sometimes see the moon by day.”

“No—not ze moon, not ze moon. *Luna crescente! luna crescente! luna crescente!*”



He spread out his hands and bowed over.

“*Luna crescente!* Allah! Allah!”

He whirled like a desert dervish, and then stood still.

The sun rose high, with a withering heat. The morning moon faded in the light.

Selim's attitude went to the heart of Dabney. He read in it deep feeling and some sublime mystery of soul.

“He is a Mediterranean pirate,” said one of the Virginians.

“No,” said Dabney. “Let us think as well of all men as we can. He is a seeker after truth, in some way; there is no crime in his soul. I would be willing to trust myself in the wilderness with him anywhere. He would be true to me.

“That man,” he added, “has a soul, high and lofty. He wants to know God; he would die for what he believed to be the truth. He is no common man. His ideas are higher than our own. He has the soul of a prophet. He is being led into the light. The moon had a meaning to him that it has not for us. Only high souls read destiny in the heavenly bodies. The heavens to such are the fields of God.”

Dabney was waxing fervent in his usual manner, and he continued to pour forth his belief that Selim was some high soul, in unusual language.

The Virginians listened, half in amusement, half in wonder, and they could not but feel that in so praising Selim, and seeing a high soul in him, young Dabney himself showed a high soul. A true man sees himself in another as in a clear glass, and a man's estimate of a stranger is usually

that of himself. As Dabney loved every one, he saw only what was good in every one.

"Selim is a brother to all true souls," he said, in a clear tone. He was dreaming his dream of liberty again.

The two young students rode away in the cool of the afternoon, and the mystery of Selim was as deep and more interesting than ever.

In the evening Dabney suddenly called after his friend:

"Stop—stop—halt! Something has come to me! *That moon was a crescent.*"

"But what meaning has that?"

"The crescent moon stands for Islam, the East, the faith of the prophet, Mohammedanism."

"I see," said Jefferson. "He is a Mohammedan."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE TURNING POINT IN LIFE

THE two friends ascended the mountains. But there was something in the personality of Selim that held their thoughts, and their talk again and again reverted to the Wild Man of the Shenandoah, a man who was destined incidentally to come into Jefferson's experience and thoughts for many years.

Young Dabney, as we have said, saw glorious possibilities in every one. He lived in his thoughts while on his journey. To ride was to think.

"That wanderer," said he, "is a seeker after truth. There are no nobler souls on earth than seekers after truth, be they brown, or white, or black. With a face to the light, color does not count. I am sorry that I did not express my faith in him to him. Tell a man that you believe in him, and his soul will grow. Show a man that you have seen his good qualities, and the good that is in him will expand and cast out the evil. I could convert the world in that way if I had the opportunity. Help every man, and hinder none, and give to every man his birthright."

"I have heard you say that so many times, Dabney, that I have come to look upon you as a principle. You seem to measure all men alike, as though all would have

equal possibilities, if they had equal opportunities. You are content to be numbered as just one man among the whole human race, to be neither higher nor lower than others, but to help all men to rise higher. In your view all the world is one man, and that one man is struggling to be a better man."

"Jefferson, Jefferson, I am a believer in inherent rights, which is the universal law. You are inclined to be a freethinker; whatever you think, and however, your inner life tells you that the principles proclaimed by Christ on the Mount of Beatitudes are true."

"Yes, Dabney, that I do believe, although you may think me a wanderer from the faith. I will treat every man as I would have him treat me."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sure."

"Then you, like me, believe in the inherent rights of every man."

"Yes, Dabney."

"Then we are brothers in the true sense, and what you believe you must live."

His young soul seemed inspired in these bright days of dewy mornings and red evenings as he passed over the mountains.

Suddenly he reined his horse.

"Jefferson, there was one clew that we did not follow at the inn."

"And what was that?"

"The scar. As the face of Selim grows more beautiful that ugly scar deepens and blackens. Why did we not try to find out more about that in sign language?"

“It may have been a battle scar.”

“Dervishes do not fight.”

“But you have no proof that Selim is a monk of the desert. If so, how came he here, of all places in the world, hundreds of miles from any coast, and no man seems to have seen him until he rose up, as a wild man, from the bushes.”

“That scar may be a noble one, Jefferson.”

“You see something noble in every scar. Dabney, you will yet see some high and good intent in the heart of George III. A wolf has white teeth and a hawk strong pens. Did you notice anything peculiar about that scar?”

“Yes, it was deep, and the hand that made it was a malicious one. It was not made by a battle-axe, but was dealt by a malicious hand, and Selim gave no cause for the blow.”

“How do you know?”

“All the rest of Selim’s face bears witness that the scar was unjustly dealt. You must agree with me there. Selim is a victim of some great injustice. I feel that it is so in my soul. My heart goes out to him.”

“Your heart goes out to every one who has suffered wrong. Dabney, I account it a blessing that my life has fallen under such an influence as yours. It was a fortunate day that I locked hands with you. My affection for you grows stronger and stronger. If I ever have great influence in the world, how much of it I will owe to you! I believe in friendship. It makes or breaks life. My life must follow your heart.”

Jefferson indeed believed in friendship. His friends came to make the atmosphere in which he grew.

It is a good ideal for a youth to have some intimate friend, and one whom he can lift or who will lift him. The power of the human heart is one of the greatest of influences. Sympathy as an influence outlives everything. "Longfellow," said Lowell, "is not the greatest poet of this generation, but he will outlive us all." He who sympathizes most with mankind will live the longest in the heart of mankind.

It is not only a noble thing for a youth to have an intimate, good companion of his own age who will help him to grow into usefulness and honor, but it is also a very wise thing for a lad to share the intimate companionship of some older person whose right principles in life are settled, and the fruits of whose life show the soil from which they sprang.

Such a friend young Jefferson made.

As he rode up to his home he found this friend there. This man's name was George Wythe. He was a Greek scholar, a mathematician, and a moral philosopher. This man for a long term of years became a heart friend of Jefferson. He led him, as it were, up toward the heights from his youth.

Would not the reader like to have a clear view of the character of this man, whom, next to Dabney Carr, to whom he had pledged brotherhood, young Jefferson chose for his companion, and followed as though he were a Heaven-appointed guardian.

We will let Jefferson describe him in his own language, and the passages of this quotation will bear reading twice. Says Jefferson in his Notes for the Biography of this friend:

"No man ever left behind him a character more ven-

erated than George Wythe. His virtue was of the purest tint; his integrity inflexible and his justice exact; of warm patriotism, and, devoted as he was to liberty and the natural and equal rights of man, he might truly be called the Cato of his country without the avarice of the Roman, for a more disinterested person never lived. Temperance and regularity in all his habits gave him a general good health, and his unaffected modesty and suavity of manners endeared him to every one. He was of easy elocution, his language chaste, methodical in the arrangement of his matter, learned and logical in the use of it, and of great urbanity in debate; not quick of apprehension, but, with a little time, profound in penetration and sound in conclusion. In his philosophy he was firm, and neither troubling, nor perhaps trusting, any one with his religious creed, he left the world to the conclusion that that religion must be good which could produce a life of such exemplary virtue."

Jefferson went to college at Williamsburg.

There came a brief period of gayety and variety into Jefferson's life at this time. He wore ruffles and laces, danced much, and lent himself to the charms of the violin. He describes this period in certain letters to John Page, his college chum, afterward Governor of Virginia. Mr. Page came to build up an enchanting estate called Rosewell, perhaps on account of the rose gardens there. Selim spent his last days on this estate, as you shall be told, but he would never sleep in the house there. He was there Selim of the haystacks or of the barns. Houses seemed like prisons to him; his fevered brain must seek rest in free places, in the unconfined air.



In those brief gay days Jefferson used to dance in the Apollo room of the old Raleigh Tavern, and to play the fiddle before the roaring fires of great country houses.

He had not seen much of the world at this time. To read his letters, one would suppose that the "vice-regal" court at Williamsburg in Governor Fauquier's time was almost as splendid as that of the Georges. This Governor was a roisterer, a gambler, a hard drinker, a man of social polish and of the world. He filled his "vice-regal" court with men like himself, was somewhat of a philosopher, and his heart warmed up toward young Thomas Jefferson. He was no fit host for the young student, notwithstanding his elegant manner, his "palace," and his cultured company.

Jefferson, who had loved the violin from his boyhood, now developed a passion for music. He came to own a historic violin, and to make one of his own. His soul found happy interpretation in music and he was able to throw enchantment into the violin. He loved to play the instrument all of his life, but only at this period does it seem to have become a passion with him. The hours that he passed at the "palace" were very different from those he had spent with Dabney Carr in the woods discoursing on the rights of man and what men could become if they were to be governed by justice.

Would the heart of young Thomas Jefferson follow the example of gay Governor Fauquier or would it return to Dabney Carr? From which would his life receive the ruling suggestion?

Which would become the school of his soul—the simple home of Dabney Carr or the "palace" of the roistering, gambling, vice-royal Governor?

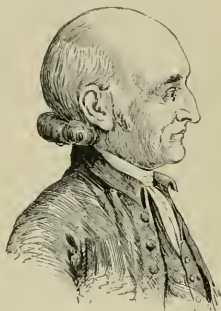


The college stood at one end of the town and the so-called palace at the other, and in one Jefferson studied hard by day and to the other he sometimes lent the charm of his fiddle by night.

Governor Fauquier had two attractions for young Jefferson—his political knowledge and his philosophy.

The Governor gambled freely and he loved tobacco. Jefferson never learned to play cards, and, after a time, would not have a card in his house. He had no time for the idleness of tobacco. The violin seemed to be the only enchanter that tended to lead him into frivolous life.

Thomas Jefferson used to meet at the tables and in the halls of the palace that most worthy man of the times, George Wythe, a chancellor, a moralist, and a Hebrew and Greek scholar, who discussed life with the courtly Governor from the highest viewpoints, and who sought to exercise a beneficent influence over him. His character was as white and shaftlike as marble; he was a wholly incorruptible man amid triflers.



*George Wythe*

From the true companionship of Dabney Carr the heart of Jefferson turned, not to the vanities of the Governor's little court, but to the thoughts of George Wythe. The Governor had accomplishments without correct habits; the chancellor had those high ideals and moral views that compelled a life of conspicuous virtues.

There came a time when Jefferson saw that he must

follow the best that was in him, when he must turn from frivolities to the habits that make men. The lights of the hall of idling pleasures are not the stars.

He must end all deleterious tendencies, and in his inner consciousness he said "Stop!"

Jefferson said little about these matters to his friends at the time. Inward convictions are often silent.

Years afterward he told the tale to his grandson. It is worthy to be read many times.

"When," he says, "I recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them and become as worthless to society as they were. *But* I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of high standing, and to feel an incessant wish to become what they were."

. These words "incessant wish" are golden. They express gravitation and ruling suggestions of life.

Among these men of truly honest lives were Mr. Wythe, Dr. Small, and Peyton Randolph. Their characters were held in unqualified respect. The young student came to see that character is everything.

The rest of his narrative records the decisive hours of his life. All that followed was pivoted upon the experience of which he thus speaks:

"Under temptations and difficulties I would ask myself, 'What would Dr. Small do in such a case? What would Mr. Wythe do? Peyton Randolph? What would these men do in such a situation? What course in such a case shall I pursue that would secure the approbation of men of honor like these?'

“I am certain that this mode of deciding on my conduct in life tended more to correctness than any reasoning I possessed. I never could be in doubt which of any two courses *they* would pursue.”

George Wythe was almost twice the student's age, but the latter saw in him the character that he would himself form in time.

Men, as a rule, become a part of those with whom they associate. Says Tennyson, “I am a part of all whom I have met.”

There comes a time in most young lives when a choice of companions and ways of influence is decisive. It was thus with Jefferson.

On going home from college, he used sometimes to stop at the houses of his kinsmen, and he was especially welcome there during the holidays if he had his kit with him.

The violin, especially if a small, portable one, was called a “kit” in those merrymaking days. There was another lad who made the “kit” a witchery in the Blue Ridge country. This lively player was Patrick Henry, and a prosperous planter invited both of these young violinists to spend some time at his house during the Christmas holidays. Visits after the old Virginia hospitality rarely lasted less than a week. Hosts and guests were usually Episcopalians, and the Episcopal Church has been famous in all Christian places and times for its celebration of Christmas.

With the English Church in many places Christmas has not been a day, but a tide—Yuletide—the festival lasting from Christmas eve to Twelfth-night, or twelve days from Christmas.

The host was a burgess. His invitations to sit down before roaring fires and tell candlelight stories at Yuletide were accepted by the prosperous tobacco planters in all "the country round." And with them came young courtly Thomas Jefferson with his kit and rude, awkward Patrick Henry with his fiddle. It was the first time that these young men met.

Mistletoes gladdened the halls, snuffboxes made circuitous journeys about the rooms, and "natural storytellers" reddened their faces before the fire.

At this particular merrymaking Jefferson was on his way to college at Williamsburg. It was his custom to stop at hospitable farmhouses and to make long visits on the road. He was related to a number of the best families of the province, and a lad with a fine family name who could play the kit, or entertain in any way, was always welcome to the planters' doors.

Patrick Henry could do more than play the violin. He could crack jokes as well as walnuts, and he could mimic whatever he found that was droll or insincere in life. He was looked upon as a "merry blade"—to use a common term.

Christmas eve, the time of gladsome devotion, passed, and Christmas night, the time of frolics, came, and the two lads played singly and together. The tables were laden with the luxuries of the time, and were spread open and free to all. Every one rode on horseback at that time, and many people in coaches in those abundant days; and horses' hoofs, and betimes chariots, were heard outside of the great oak portico.

The old people told stories in the early evening before the frolics, and the two violinists played lively tunes between the story-telling.

The story-telling began—kit stories, or stories with “interludes” of violin solos or duets.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A KIT STORY—THE SEVEN BEASTS THAT WERE TAMED

THE "natural story-teller," as he was called, was on this occasion a tall man, with thick eyebrows and with hair sprinkled with gray.

"It all happened in Governor Spotswood's day," he began. He held up a curious object in the light of the candles; he turned it, and as he did so it flashed. It was a golden horseshoe.

"The Governor gave me that," he said, "after we had climbed the Blue Ridge. I will tell my story, and, Patrick, when I come to an interesting point—if I do—where the people here should stop and imagine, play us a lively air—the Devil's Dream or a hornpipe."

Patrick Henry sat just outside of the room, in his usual careless, awkward way, on a meal chest, kit in hand.

"Go on—go on with your story, and if it be worth hearin' I'll catch it up this way——"

He struck up a lively air on the violin, which caused all the men to beat their feet on the floor after the haunting rhythm.

"Now that's a good air," said the natural story-teller. "That sets my mind to goin'. It is a story of seven beasts that I have to tell, and there is a Christmas meanin' in

the story—a soul. Every story should have a soul; a story will not live if it have no soul.

“We were encamped on the Blue Ridge—Governor Spotswood and as merry a troop of men as ever broke the wilderness. The Indians who journey from the south, from as far as Louisiana, to the sea, encamp on that place, for it overlooks the forests and mountains, and the streams begin to gather there and form rivers; the great waters that flow to the Mississippi start there; the sunrises and sunsets are glorious; one there seems to stand above the earth.

“There are Indian trails that run from the place to the river country. One of them is said to go all the way to the Ohio, and the other to the Mississippi in the Louisiana country.

“While we were encamped there I met an old Indian woman who could talk a little English. I had learned something of the common words of the Indians of the river country, and we sat down to talk together. I said to her:

“‘*Nigar wie,*’ and she answered, ‘Ugh.’ There was a friendly sound in the ‘ugh,’ and she moved into the sunlight as she uttered that one word, which I deemed a good sign.

“A pond gleamed beneath us a mile or more distant, but full in view. The old woman opened her blanket, and, pointing downward with her withered hand, said:

“‘*Sy-sip.*’

“I understood her. She meant ‘duck.’

“‘I go see,’ said I. Game was needed in the camp, and if there were good duck hunting in the lake below I was ready to meet the need.

“But as I said ‘I go see’ her small, black eyes began to spread open, so as to almost cover the top of her flat face.

“‘No go,’ she said. ‘Beasts are there—seven beasts—*nish wissic*—seven.’ She bowed her head seven times and repeated, ‘*Nish wissic*—seven.’

“I much wondered what she could mean. There might be wild beasts, such as panthers, bears, or catamounts, there, but why should there be *seven*?

“‘Seven?’ I asked.

“‘*Ah*’ (yes).

“‘Only seven?’

“‘*Nish wissic*—seven.’

“She sat in silence, smoking. Some crows flew over, and she said, ‘*Ca cawken*.’ Then she pointed down again and said, ‘*Wa wois*’ (goose, or white goose).

“She gathered herself up, wrapping her blanket again around her, and as she did so seemed to fling down the words ‘*Na may*’ (sturgeon).

“I understood that the lake was full of game. I gazed down silently for a time, and I saw a blue spiral of smoke rising from the shores.

“‘I go see,’ said I again.

“‘No go,’ said the squaw, her eyes dilating again. ‘Beasts—seven beasts.’

“‘Seven?’ said I.

“‘Seven,’ said she. ‘Hate English—seven beasts—hate English.’

“I started up.

“I had by my side a pouch in which were certain trinkets which I carried with me for presents to any wan-



dering Indians I might meet, and whose favor I might like to secure. Among these trinkets were pieces of steel (*appets*) for striking fire.

"I opened the pouch to find some suitable gift to give the friendly old woman, when I chanced to take out a piece of fire steel.

"She bent forward with wide, distending eyes.

"‘Appet,’ she said. ‘Seven appetts kill seven beasts that hate English.’

"My wonder grew at these words. I gave her a string of glass beads.

"She rose up slowly.

"‘Give me seven fire steels,’ said she. ‘I go with you. I kill the seven beasts with the seven fire steels. I know how.’

"I counted out seven fire steels, or appetts, and handed them to the old crone. I could see a kindly look come into her hard face.

"‘I go,’ she said. ‘You follow.’

"I followed her down to the pond.

"She acted strangely as we approached the pond. She would stop at times and say, ‘*Tish!*’

"We came to a grassy opening, where a tent of skins rose out of the river weeds.

"Presently a tall Indian came out of the tent. He uttered a quick cry as he saw us, and then six other tall Indians appeared—seven in all.

"The scene that followed haunts me now. I can see it in my mind."

Here Patrick Henry's fiddle sent out a mournful air, and suddenly stopped like a sympathetic accompaniment.

"The seven Indians formed a row. One was an old man and the others were young. I saw that they were the old man's sons. They all suddenly lifted their hands to their foreheads, as if shading the sun. The old woman stopped and held up her beads and shook them. I halted beside her.

"The seven Indians began to approach us, bowing their heads and saying, '*Wey, wey, wey!*'

"They halted after a certain number of steps, and then repeated, '*Wey, wey, wey!*' and moved again, as if plunging forward.

"Their breasts were painted. They wore their history on their skin, for the figures on their breasts recounted deeds of valor.

"They approached us slowly in this way. I dropped my gun by my side, and assumed a look of confidence.

"As they came nearer, saying, '*Wey, wey, wey!*' and halting, they began to form a circle around us, and at last stopped, so that we were surrounded by the seven hunters and warriors.

"*'Seven beasts,'* said the old crone. *'Seven beasts in here.'* She put her hand over her heart. *'Seven beasts in here—painters [panthers]—and they fly at the English. They no fly at you. I kill the beasts.'*

"I stood amazed. What was to follow?"

Here the young Virginian's fiddle struck up *My Love is in the Cold Ground*, but stopped suddenly as before, so as to stimulate expectation.

"One of the Indians went back to the tent of the skins, and returned with seven war clubs, six of which he gave to the others.

“ ‘Seven beasts,’ said the old crone. ‘They whet their claws, but they no harm you.’

“I had a peace pipe in my pouch. I took it out of the pouch and carried it to the old Indian and offered it to him.

“He raised his left hand, turned it aside to his head, and stood with it turned aside. The six other Indians did the same. It meant hostility, as I could see. He would not receive the peace pipe.

“I was now alarmed. I was surrounded by seven stout Indians with war clubs, and only the friendly look of the old woman seemed to stand between me and captivity.

“How could the situation change?

“The old woman moved toward the chief Indian—whom I could see was her brave—slowly, as if under a spell.

“He waited her coming, stolid as though he had been made of a piece of clay.

“She took a piece of the flint steel from her apron, and held it up and said:

“ ‘Appet.’ She pointed up to the sun and then at me, and held out the appet to the old man.

“He did not move. But presently he raised his face to the sun. Then he dropped his club and held out his hand for the fire steel.

“ ‘One beast dead,’ said the old crone in English. ‘He gone away—gone away to look for the darkness. He come no more again. *Peyac*’ (one).

“She gave an appet to the oldest of the young hunters. He received it, looking up to the sun.

“ ‘Two beasts dead. They come no more. Gone to look for the night. *Nishea* ’ (two).

“ She gave an appet to another young Indian. He took it and began to dance.

“ ‘Three beasts dead,’ said she. ‘*Nishten* ’ (three).

“ She gave an appet to the fourth Indian. He seized it and began to leap about.

“ ‘Four beasts dead,’ said she. ‘What a mighty hunter am I. Ho, ho! Four painters dead. *Newway* ’ (four).

“ The other three Indians rushed toward her and seized the appets she intended for them. All of the Indians now began to shout and to leap about, holding up the appets in their black hands.

“ ‘Seven beasts dead,’ said the old woman. ‘They are all gone—gone into the air to look for the dark. Kill the beast in here,’ she said, putting her hand on her breast, ‘and a painter becomes your friend. This is the way the good spirits make war.’

“ Her face really beamed with benevolence, and her eye twinkled as she watched her old brave and her six sons dancing about.

“ The Indians whirled for a time. Then the old man came up to me and took the peace pipe out of my pouch, and beckoned me to follow him to the tent, and we all sat down—the seven beasts were gone.

“ The pond was full of game. White geese were there. I remained overnight with the family, and when the shades of night fell down from the mountain, and the stars came out and the lake was still, the old woman said, ‘There are no beasts here; all gone into the night.’

“Now, Patrick, my boy, this is my story, and you and Tommy Jefferson may play a minuet.”

A feast of Christmas cakes, apples, and nuts followed the music, and merriment lasted until early cock-crowing.

## CHAPTER XIV

### SELIM MAKES A DISCLOSURE

IT became known through the Shenandoah Valley that Selim the Wild Man claimed to be a Mohammedan. The people of the valley were very religious, and there was a universal desire among those who believed so much of his story to teach him Christianity. Every one who met him tried to teach him something, and he began to acquire English rapidly. It was found that he could talk Greek, and that he knew a little of Spanish. That he was not a Greek, but that he was a Greek scholar, was certain, and the latter fact caused the story of his life as he was able to disclose it to be generally credited. Many thought him to be mildly insane, but few thought him to be an impostor.

Dabney Carr's tender heart, which sympathized with misfortune wherever it was made known, carried with it a wound—the deep scar on Selim's beautiful face haunted him. He interested one of his most devout friends to cross the Blue Ridge and study the mysterious stranger.

This man, who we will call Locke—Father Locke—was intensely interested in the case, and desired to make a proselyte of Selim, to bring him to his view of faith.

“I am going to visit Selim, and when I return I will

tell you who he is," he said to Jefferson. "I feel within that I am sent to him."

Father Locke belonged to an order of traveling preachers whose influence was long felt in the valley. Elder Leland, who was believed to have caused Madison to be elected President, many years after these events, and who brought a mammoth cheese to Jefferson from Cheshire, Massachusetts, after the inauguration of the latter as President, belonged to this order of truly godly men. Of Elder Leland we shall have some stories to tell; he became a prophet of the Virginia wilderness in his day.

Father Locke mounted his horse and set out with the purpose to do what no one else in the valley had ever had the opportunity of doing—convert a Mohammedan. In those days ministers thought they heard voices from the skies and received inward messages. Father Locke had read much about Mohammedanism in books of English travelers to Constantinople and Palestine. Mohammed to him was a false prophet, and one whose career had been foretold in the Scriptures.

Father Locke was an old man. He went singing on his way:

"There's a sound going forth in the mulberry tops."

In his view the appearance of a Mohammedan in the Shenandoah Valley was a providential event. All extraordinary things that happened were special providences, in the view of these forest evangelists.

As he approached the inn, Selim came out to meet him and to hold his horse. The old man's first view of Selim caused him to drop his rein and lift his hands. Selim had bound a cloth about his head, and on it had placed a

small silver crescent. The good old man knew what the crescent implied.

"I am sent to this benighted soul in the wilderness," said the old man. "He wears the sign of the pagan faith on his forehead. Selim, who art thou? Heaven has sent me to thee. Who art thou?"

Selim's patient face lighted, and he answered in good English:

"Selim is a pilgrim for the truth. He follows the winds and the waves and the ways of the wilderness. He is a traveler over the world. He prays and is tossed about—he is being led."

"I knew it, I knew it!" said the old man. "What is it that you wear on your turban, Selim?"

"The sign of the faith."

"No, no," said the old man. "I am sent to teach you the true faith."

He put out his hand and touched the scar on Selim's face.

"How came it, Selim?"

"The slave driver made it, he that drove me into the wilderness. All things are good, traveler. God save you!"

"You were a Turkish slave, then?"

"Never, never. Selim is a student. Selim is of Algiers. He goes to Constantinople, as the English say, to study the faith. Selim pray to know the true faith. He become a pilgrim of the faith. Within is prayer, without the world. The answer will come. Selim follow the sun."

Was Selim crazy?

The old man sat on his horse, and tried to reason out the strange case. His instincts told him that the wander-



ing Mohammedan was telling the exact truth. He bent forward on his horse and stretched out his hand.

“Selim?”

“Selim hear—he speak English, now.”

“He is learning the language rapidly,” said the tavern keeper. “Every one is teaching him.”

“Selim,” said the preacher, “how did you come to America?”

“The pirates capture Selim.”

Here was light indeed. The case was becoming clearer.

He saw the surprise that this answer had given and added:

“They bring Selim to New Orleans on the long river, and sell him to the French for a slave.”

The story of this extraordinary life was indeed unfolding along clear lines.

Then the old preacher asked:

“How came the scar?”

“Selim’s father is rich—a lord. Selim, he know not how to be a slave. The slave master set him to work. Selim know not how. The slave master strike him down. Selim flee into the wilderness. He follow the red man. He follow the canoe. The Indians pity Selim.”

“Was there ever such a providence?” asked the old preacher. “I see it all as in a vision. Selim is the son of a noble in Algiers. He went to Turkey to study religion. He wished to know the truth. He was a pilgrim for the truth. In his journey across the sea, on returning to Algiers, he was captured by pirates; he was brought to New Orleans and sold as a slave. His master struck him, and when he recovered from the wound he fled into

the wilderness. He found friends among the Indians, and followed the rivers. *They* directed him here. He has been guided."

"Selim is being led," said "the wanderer over the world."

The old man dismounted and went into the inn. He remained there several days, endeavoring to instruct Selim in the Bible. But he failed to make much progress. The Mohammedan would answer his questions with the strange words:

"Selim has no vision. *God save ye!*"

He said the latter words to all who tried to befriend him. He had brought these words, it would seem, out of the wilderness.

Father Locke came away somewhat disheartened, but he had secured the outlines of the wanderer's history, and he believed that some remarkable events would follow his mission.

Remarkable events did follow—remarkable in the view of the people of the valley.

The story which I am relating is but fact in picture, and I must follow the outline of them closely. A strange dream came to Selim one night, and the result of it filled all Virginia with wonder. Of this we will speak in another chapter.

Ontasette and Selim offered remarkable suggestions to the plastic lives of the two fast friends, Thomas Jefferson and Dabney Carr. Suggestions not only direct ways; they mold.

Another suggestion offered suddenly startled the two friends by its peculiar circumstances—one out of which great events were to arise, though they could hardly have foreseen them.

The two friends were sitting under the great oak of Monticello one day, and their horses were grazing in a forest meadow, when they heard a sound of cantering hoofs, and started up. A rider and horse appeared. The rider was an old man. He was one of the "Sir Knights of the Golden Horseshoe," the errant knight of whom we have told you, he who rode with a mission.

"So you find a place of study here," said the knight, sitting on his horse, "and you have here pure air, a clear sun, and a fine prospect. There is the Rivanna," said he, pointing down, "and there, Charlottesville." He wheeled his horse, looked toward the smoky summits of the Blue Ridge, and said: "And there are the mountains and *beyond*."

"My young friends," he continued, "have you ever thought what an empire lies in the words that we so often hear, '*beyond the mountains*'?"

He took from his wallet a golden horseshoe and held it up to the sun. He sat in silence for a time, and then said:

"The Golden Horseshoe should be a guide and prophecy to the statesmen of America. Have you ever thought of *that*?"

Jefferson had.

"Young men, you are studying law. No one can now tell to what duties you may be called. You have high purposes—I can see that. Follow the Golden Horseshoe. It is the sign of God to America.

"The whole of America must be free,  
And her bounds extend from sea to sea ;  
And safe from Europe must ever be.  
'Tis so we cross the mountains."

"I have much thought of the truth you have just spoken," said Dabney Carr, "that all things follow suggestion. Columbus followed the suggestion of a star; Luther, the suggestion of a voice which he thought he heard on the Pilate Stairs; Robinson, of Leyden, followed suggestion; William Penn. Other countries have followed the lead of heroes of conquests; ours has followed ideals—divine ideals. We must follow the ideals of equality, justice, and peace."

Dabney's mind was in its element now.

"Young man," said the knight, "you see clear, as Moses did on the Mount of Vision. 'See that thou makest all things after the pattern shown to thee on the mount.' You see clear: you would give to every man his birth-right. That I would do. But mark you, mark you, young law student Dabney Carr—mark you, mark you, young law student Thomas Jefferson—the empire *beyond* the mountains will one day exceed that in the East: Louisiana is there: the valleys of the rivers: the mountain roads of the sky: the Pacific; and beyond all, China, Japan, and India.

"Governor Spotswood said to me: 'I give you the sign of the Golden Horseshoe. It means, Explore the West.' He was right. The West is destiny. Louisiana is destiny. Study Louisiana. The horseshoe is a sign.

"Thomas Jefferson, let it be a sign unto you. If you rise among mankind—and you will rise—you are studying now to make your life a star. If you rise, I say, in the estimation of mankind, follow the sign of the Golden Horseshoe—explore the West. The sun rises on the land of opportunity: it sets on the shores of destiny. Dabney





The golden horseshoe gleamed in the setting sun.



Carr, you have the vision of opportunity; it is in your heart to give all men their birthrights, and to all an equal amount of labor in the world, and to him who toils his due. I can see it; you will have influence in the future. But to you, Thomas Jefferson, there may come hours of power as well as of influence. If there do, remember the sign of the Golden Horseshoe.

“Do you read Ossian? I do. I love the poems, but they are the dying songs of a barbarian people. They remind me of the tribes dying around us. It is that that gives it the charm—we are living among the people of the graves, among the Indians, whom I believe to be the dying Tartar race in America.

“They are a brave people, but they have followed war and cherished the spirit of revenge, and for following their baser passions they are about to die.

“He who shall give to men their birthright will be great; but he who shall explore the West will give to those who gain their natural rights the grandest empire of the world.

“Suggestion, suggestion—all human affairs follow suggestion. And let this be the suggestion to you two young lawyers, who have locked arms in friendship.”

He held up the golden horseshoe again. It gleamed in the setting sun. He suddenly said:

“It is destiny—destiny!”

He turned to Jefferson and said: “Come here, young man, and read the legend on the horseshoe.”

On the horseshoe was inscribed in Latin: *Thus we swear to cross the mountains.*

“Jefferson, Carr, I am a kind of a prophet—a mountain

prophet. A new movement is coming into the world, and I shall live to see it, although I am an old man now:

“The whole of America must be free,  
And her bounds extend from sea to sea;  
And safe from Europe must ever be.  
’Tis so we cross the mountains.”

That is the way I see the future, and I have a prophetic mind—second sight.

“I have had some golden horseshoes made with the words of Governor Spotswood stamped upon them. I give them to those who I see in my mind are to lead the future. I am going to give you one, Dabney Carr.

“There are other mountains than those that rise before us—mountains of destiny. Jefferson, you will be called to cross the mountains.”

He rode away, saying, “The people will love you, and may some day place their destinies in your hands. The Golden Horseshoe is the sign for America to follow. It ought to be the motto of our flag, or stamped upon our arms. Rising America should set not hawks, or snakes, or laurels on her banners, but the Golden Horseshoe!”

Selim?

Louisiana?

Ossian?

The Golden Horseshoe?

Were they suggestions that were to lead to wide roads in the future?

A young man can not see how he may be led or where; but he can always have a conscience free, and, if he can not see the way, he can trust his Guide.

Will the Golden Horseshoe be a sign to Dab-



ney Carr, or will he pass the suggestion and the way to another, and he, perhaps, to another? A good suggestion never fails. The star may be obscured, but it will shine again.

He was a very old man. He may seem to be a strange character now, but in those days many men went about prophesying and claiming to be "signs" — men who thought that they had received from Heaven some special mission.

The Sir Knight, or the Sign, meant by "the mountains," in his rude poetry, the political events of the future. He had come to believe that America would become a free nation, that her bounds would extend from ocean to ocean, and that she would declare not only her independence from England, but from Europe. These were daring prophecies then.

Old as he was, he dreamed that he would live to see them come to pass.

When he found any one whom he thought might become a leader in these great events, he gave to him a golden horseshoe. His eye had marked Dabney Carr.

The two young lawyers lingered long under the still oak in the shadow of twilight, and saw the Rivanna fade into the deep woods. They talked of Louisiana; not of the narrow State on the Mississippi now called Louisiana, but of the great unbounded empire of the rivers, and of the South and Northwest. What was there? What was the future?

"How great would be the influence of that man who should secure a territory like that to the Crown," said Dabney Carr, "and add it to our provinces! His soul would live forever in the gratitude of mankind."

## CHAPTER XV

### SELIM'S REMARKABLE DREAM

It would not accord with my views to relate a tale of superstition in a young people's volume unless that record was historical as an influence and necessary to interpretation. In the *Treasure Ship* a picture of witchcraft was essential to the story, for it formed a most unfortunate part of the lives of men of those disturbed New England times. The history of Selim turned upon a dream, and that dream was once one of the haunting fireside stories of the valley of the Shenandoah.

Selim was indeed a pilgrim for the truth. His whole soul was athirst to learn the truth of life. For this purpose, as we have shown, he had gone from Algiers to Constantinople. His soul was now all alive to the new religion which he found in the wilderness. Caring neither to accumulate wealth nor make a name, it is not strange that his waking thoughts should have turned into dreams at night.

There used to be great religious gatherings under the trees in the valley. The Methodists long afterward came to call such gatherings "camp meetings." The purpose of these meetings was to gain spiritual light and power. The Presbyterians seem to have held such meetings, and

these were the early days of the pioneer Baptists in Virginia. Selim liked to attend these meetings.

The preachers of the valley all desired the conversion of Selim to the Christian faith. It might well be accounted a wonder that the sign of the crescent had appeared in a part of the world like this, and the good people of the valley wished to see Selim change it for the cross.

Every one now believed Selim to be an honest man, but many thought him to be a victim of disordered fancy. Was his story true? He told his dream, which was that he would meet one who would lead him to the truth.

To Selim the great world was a house of God. The sun was a temple of light, the stars were the lamps of immortal mansions, and divine manifestations appeared in everything. He desired to sleep out of doors at night. It seemed to him irreverent to shut out all the glory of the sky by the walls of a room.

He learned rapidly, and as he mastered English, he astonished the learned people by being able to speak in some four or five languages, all of which, except the Greek, were quite unknown to the educated people of the valley and of Virginia. He could speak the Turkish language and imperfect Spanish. He was acquainted with Oriental literature and with the Old Testament narratives of Abraham and Solomon.

Selim made long journeys on foot. The people bought a horse for him.

One day he came riding into Staunton, where he saw a crowd of people gathered around a venerable man.

He stopped his horse, and looked upon the old man

with wonder. As soon as he could do so, he approached him.

"Friend," he said, "I have seen you before."

"That is strange," said the old man. "Where did you see me?"

"In a dream."

"That sounds remarkable. What was your dream, Selim—for that is your name? I have heard of you, and have wished to meet you."

"I have been looking for you. Hear my dream: I dreamed that I was in Algiers, my own land. In the far distance was a great and noble personage, and the people, soldiers, and all were trying to go to him. But a wide plain lay between him and them. They went forth, but they lost their way; the sands swallowed them up. Then a gray-haired man came to the people who wished to cross the plain and preached to them. He told them that he would guide them safely to the Great Being. *That man was yourself.* I want you to show Selim the way."

The clergyman was Rev. Mr. Craig, a Presbyterian minister. He was greatly surprised at what Selim had said, and he took the wanderer home with him.

"I will instruct you out of the Bible," he said.

"We will study it together in Greek," said Selim.

The clergyman showed Selim that Christ was the Great Being whom the wayfarer had long been seeking. He led him into the Church, after which Selim began to desire to return to Algiers that he might preach Christ, and lead his kindred to the Great Being. These strange events are true.

"Let me go to Algiers," was his appeal to all. "I have

found the way to the Great Being; I must be a sign to my own people!"

Whenever he met a stranger now, he would say, "God save ye!" with a new meaning.

This poor brain-injured man was indeed to become a sign to the people. His heart turned back to Algiers, but it would be here, in the Virginia wilderness, that he would ultimately teach men, by his example, how great are the possibilities of the soul, and among the men before whom he would often pass would be Thomas Jefferson.

## CHAPTER XVI

### AN UNACCOUNTABLE LAD—PATRICK HENRY

THOMAS JEFFERSON made another friend in his student days quite unlike the amiable Dabney Carr or the gentlemanly and scholarly George Wythe. He was one of the oddest and most curious lads who ever lived. He was always going hunting, yet he does not seem to have hunted anything. He was held to be the laziest boy "in all the country round"; yet his mind was never indolent—it was always going like a mill wheel waiting to grind. Rossini was regarded as the most indolent composer in Europe, yet he produced forty oratorios, operas, and great musical works before he was forty. Thomas Jefferson's new friend was Patrick Henry.

His teachers despaired of him, and thought he was to become a burden on the world. Walter Scott's schoolmaster said to the future poet, "Dunce you are, and dunce you will ever remain."

There is a certain class of minds that are more active than others and yet seem to be doing nothing. Patrick Henry belonged to the order of intellects that make bustling people impatient at their patience. He failed in nearly everything that he attempted to do, and yet the main current of his life was flowing on. He married when

very young, but was unable at the time to support his family. He tried farming, and failed; store keeping and tavern keeping, and failed. Though he could provide but scanty food for his family, yet his family loved him; they would defend a heart like his even though they went hungry.

Above all recreations he loved to go into the woods and fields to lie down and dream. As a boy he was as unaccountable as Dabney Carr. There were strange boys in the Virginia wilderness then.

Patrick Henry in the woods!

There the brooks ran for him, the birds sang to him, the winds fanned him. He did not know how to run a farm, a shop, or an inn, or even how to provide for his family, but he was a political genius and all the best hopes of mankind were clear to him.

He, like amiable Dabney Carr, believed in the equal rights of all men; he saw equality like one in a dream. He did not argue with himself. He studied all alone under the trees how he might argue with others who could not see. He who sees has no need to argue. Prophets do not argue; they command. Everybody laughed at him. It is sometimes boys who are laughed at, who fulfil their mission, and live.

When the Stamp Act was enacted others thought of securing a redress of their grievances. They felt that taxation without representation was tyranny, but the word "independence" had no meaning.

Not so with this strange young man of the woods, whose electric brain made his hands hang idle, who seemed as stupid as his gun was silent and fishing rod forgotten in his hands.



The faculty of certain minds that see beyond the capacity of others is sometimes called *prescience*.

Let me quote for you a story of this faculty as it existed in the daydreamer Patrick Henry, as related by William Wirt, his biographer, whose *Life of Patrick Henry* is a work of real genius, not a script:

"A striking proof of this prescience is given in an anecdote communicated to me by Mr. Pope.

"These are his words: 'I am informed by Colonel John Overton that before one drop of blood was shed in our contest with Great Britain he was at Colonel Samuel Overton's, in company with Mr. Henry, Colonel Morris, John Hawkins, and Colonel Samuel Overton, when the last-mentioned gentleman asked Mr. Henry whether he supposed Great Britain would drive her colonies to extremities. And if she should, what he thought would be the issue of the war.

"Mr. Henry, after looking round to see who were present, expressed himself confidentially to the company in the following manner: "*She will drive us to extremities—no accommodation will take place—hostilities will soon commence, and a desperate and bloody touch it will be.*"

"But," said Colonel Samuel Overton, "do you think, Mr. Henry, that an infant nation as we are, without discipline, arms, ammunition, ships of war, or money to procure them—do you think it possible, thus circumstanced, to oppose successfully the fleets and armies of Great Britain?"

"I will be candid with you," replied Mr. Henry. "I doubt whether we *shall* be able, *alone*, to cope with so



powerful a nation. But," he continued (rising from his chair with great animation), "where is France? where is Spain? where is Holland?—the natural enemies of Great Britain. Where will they be all this while? Do you suppose they will stand by, idle and indifferent spectators to the contest? Will Louis XVI be asleep all this time? Believe me, *no!* When Louis XVI shall be satisfied, by our serious opposition and our *declaration of independence*, that all prospect of reconciliation is gone, then, and not till then, will he furnish us with arms, ammunition, and clothing, and not with these only, but he will send his fleets and armies to fight our battles for us; he will form, with us, a treaty, offensive and defensive, against our unnatural mother. Spain and Holland will join the confederation. Our independence will be established, and we shall take our stand among the nations of the earth!"

"Here he ceased; and Colonel John Overton says he shall never forget the voice and prophetic manner with which these predictions were uttered, and which have been since so literally verified. Colonel Overton says, at the word *independence* the company appeared to be startled, for they had never heard anything of the kind before even suggested.' "

This story will clearly show the reader what was the order of young Patrick Henry's mind. He did not study books as he should have done in his youth. He regretted this afterward, for, had he done so, it would probably have made him a more powerful man later in life, and brought him to the front of the nation. His yielding to a certain indolence when young kept him provincial, and made him

a Virginian rather than a national character. People reap not only the kind of seed that they sow, but the amount that they sow. He used to say, "Nateral parts was worth all the larning on the yearth": that other men studied books, but that he studied folks and Nature. Now, it is men who have been gifted with "nateral parts" who, like Lincoln, *also* study books, as Lincoln did law books in the woods who become the leaders of the beneficent movements of mankind. Patrick Henry saw all of this in his circumscribed old age. "Knowledge is power" was a Franklin-like motto that he came to feel when he had to return to the practice of the law at the time his hair was turning gray.

There was one book that he read. He found himself, as he thought, in it; it held him, enchanted him. It was Livy. Here he saw the beginning of the Roman republic and its growth, and the episodes of the lives of those who practiced Roman virtues, when judges condemned their own sons for crimes as they would have done the sons of others. In this and in like books he saw the glory of Servius Tullius, of the Gracchi and the Scipios: he returned with Cincinnatus to the plow: and his imagination rose to see what America might become as a republic like Rome in her moral glory. He did not read the Bible much in his young days, but he did so in his old age, when life had taught him a larger wisdom, and he then saw what he had missed in his too much self-guided youth. "The Bible," he came to say, "is the greatest book in all the world."

Williamsburg, as we have shown, was the seat of a provincial aristocracy—the society there was gay and frivolous

—like that of the English cavaliers. We have told you that there was a period of young Jefferson's life when the high-born student was influenced by the gay circles of the provincial capital. But it was a temporary influence. He saw life, after a little time, as the glory of a common farmer of Roman virtues, as had been taught him by Dabney Carr, and as would be taught him by the rude poet of the woods, Patrick Henry. The latter was to influence him now.

Mr. Jefferson describes in suggestive words his first meeting with Patrick Henry, who was to become the fiery and prophetic tongue of the Revolution, as he himself was to be the pen. Mr. Jefferson says:

“My acquaintance with Mr. Henry commenced in the winter of 1759-'60. On my way to the college I passed my Christmas holidays at Colonel Dandridge's, in Hanover, to whom Mr. Henry was a near neighbor. During the festivity of the season I met him in society every day, and we became well acquainted, although I was much his junior, being then in my seventeenth year, and he a married man. His manners had something of coarseness in them; his passion was music, dancing, and pleasantry. He excelled in the last, and it attached every one to him. You ask some account of his mind and information at this period, but you will recollect that we were almost continually engaged in the usual revelries of the season. The occasion, perhaps, as much as his idle disposition, prevented his engaging in any conversation which might give the measure either of his mind or information. Opportunity was not, indeed, wholly wanting, because Mr. John Campbell was there, who had married Mrs. Spotswood, the sister

of Colonel Dandridge. He was a man of science, and often introduced conversation on scientific subjects. Mr. Henry had, a little before, broken up his store, or rather it had broken him up; but his misfortunes were not to be traced either in his countenance or conduct."

The reader may perhaps ask, Why did Patrick Henry fail in storekeeping? A single anecdote will answer the question and questions like them.

"He could not find it in his heart," he said, "to disappoint any who came to him for credit."

He chose law for a profession, and after six or eight months' study applied for examination for admittance to the bar. The people laughed, as did some of the examiners. His examination confounded all his critics. He had dreamed out all of the great principles of law in the bushes—of what belonged to true justice, which was the conscience of all law—and the mere details of his profession did not long occupy his time.

His biographer describes how one of his examiners expressed his astonishment on meeting him as a candidate for the bar.

"This latter person," says Wirt in his thrilling biography, "was no other than Mr. John Randolph, who was afterward the King's attorney-general for the colony—a gentleman of the most courtly elegance of person and manners, a polished wit, and a profound lawyer. At first he was so much shocked by Mr. Henry's very ungainly figure and address that he refused to examine him; understanding, however, that he had already obtained two endorsements, he entered, with manifest reluctance, on the business. A very short time was sufficient to satisfy him of the errone-

ous conclusion which he had drawn from the exterior of the candidate. With evident marks of increasing surprise (produced, no doubt, by the peculiar texture and strength of Mr. Henry's style and the boldness and originality of his combinations) he continued the examination for several hours, interrogating the candidate, not on the principles of municipal law, in which he no doubt soon discovered his deficiency, but on the laws of nature and of nations, on the policy of the feudal system, and on general history, which last he found to be his stronghold. During the very short portion of the examination which was devoted to the common law, Mr. Randolph dissented, or affected to dissent, from one of Mr. Henry's answers, and called upon him to assign the reasons for his opinion. This produced an argument, and Mr. Randolph now played off on him the same arts which he himself had so often practiced on his country customers, drawing him out by questions, endeavoring to puzzle him by subtleties, assailing him with declamation, and watching continually the defensive operations of his mind. After a considerable discussion, he said, 'You defend your opinions well, sir; but now to the law and to the testimony.' Hereupon he carried him to his office, and, opening the authorities, said to him, 'Behold the force of natural reason! You have never seen these books nor this principle of the law, yet you are right and I am wrong; and from the lesson which you have given me (you must excuse me for saying it) I will never trust to appearances again. Mr. Henry, if your industry be only half equal to your genius, I augur that you will do well, and become an ornament and an honor to your profession.'

“It was always Mr. Henry’s belief that Mr. Randolph had affected this difference of opinion merely to afford him the pleasure of a triumph, and to make some atonement for the wound which his first repulse had inflicted. Be this as it may, the interview was followed by the most marked and permanent respect on the part of Mr. Randolph, and the most sincere good will and gratitude on that of Mr. Henry.”

Patrick Henry’s method of study is not to be commended. Insufficient preparation for life will not do. It is not conscientious. Who may say that had Patrick Henry added to his “nateral parts” true scholarship he would not have been found with Washington, Adams, and Jefferson in the line of American Presidents? He came to decline public offices that it would seem he should have accepted. He should have had life’s highest aims.

“He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully,” and now time ever demands that a youth shall make the largest and broadest preparation for life. The ideal must have support to stand.

The Pilgrim Fathers, the men of the Revolution, the planters of American colonies were, as a rule, scholars. They knew classic history; they could speak the tongues of the civilized powers. They were conscious of “nateral parts,” but accepted them as divine gifts, whose purpose was to grow.



## CHAPTER XVII

### A MOST NOTABLE PAGE OF HISTORY—THAT STRANGE BOY AGAIN

THE year 1765 witnessed a thrilling scene in the old Virginian House of Burgesses. The Stamp Act taxing America had been enacted. Patrick Henry, the dreamer of the Roman republic in the woods, had been elected a member to the aristocratic House and came to the capital with the clothing of the woods hanging about him. He seemed to be indifferent as to what he wore or how he looked. He was dreaming a mighty dream. He had been elected on account of his fiery opposition to the Stamp Act, by which America was taxed without representation in Parliament.

He rose up among the velveted and ruffled burghers one day, and offered resolutions in which was a thunderbolt.

Jefferson thus describes the scene of Mr. Henry's resolutions against the Stamp Act, which is one of the great episodes of history:

“The aristocracy were startled at such a *phenomenon* from the plebeian ranks. They could not be otherwise than indignant at the presumption of an obscure and unpolished rustic, who, without asking the support or countenance of any patron among themselves, stood upon his

own ground, and bearded them even in their den. That this rustic should have been able, too, by his single strength, to baffle their whole phalanx and put it to rout was a mortification too humiliating to be easily borne. They affected to ridicule his vicious and depraved pronunciation, the homespun coarseness of his language, and his hypocritical canting in relation to his humility and ignorance. But they could not help admiring and envying his wonderful gifts; that thorough knowledge of the human heart which he displayed; that power of throwing his reasoning into short and clear aphorisms, which, desultory as they were, supplied in a great degree the place of method and logic; that imagination so copious, poetic, and sublime; the irresistible power with which he caused every passion to rise at his bidding; and all the rugged might and majesty of his eloquence. From this moment he had no friends on the aristocratic side of the House. They looked upon him with envy and with terror. They were forced at length to praise his genius, but that praise was wrung from them with painful reluctance. They would have denied it if they could. They would have overshadowed it by magnifying his defects; but it would have been as easy for them to have eclipsed the splendor of the sun by pointing to his spots."

Would not the reader like to see Mr. Henry's own record of this great event of his life—the resolution against the Stamp Act? We quote from Wirt:

"After his death there was found among his papers one sealed and thus indorsed: 'Inclosed are the resolutions of the Virginia Assembly in 1765 concerning the Stamp Act. Let my executors open this paper.' Within



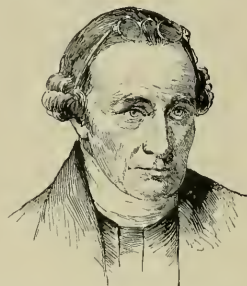
was found the following copy of the resolutions, in Mr. Henry's handwriting:

“*Resolved*, That the first adventurers and settlers of this his Majesty's colony and dominion brought with them and transmitted to their posterity, and all other his Majesty's subjects since inhabiting in this his Majesty's said colony, all the privileges, franchises, and immunities that have at any time been held, enjoyed, and possessed by the people of Great Britain.

“*Resolved*, That by two royal charters granted by King James the First, the colonists aforesaid are declared entitled to all the privileges, liberties, and immunities of denizens and natural-born subjects, to all intents and purposes as if they had been abiding and born within the realm of England.

“*Resolved*, That the taxation of the people by themselves, or by persons chosen by themselves to represent them, who can only know what taxes the people are able to bear and the easiest mode of raising them, and are equally affected by such taxes themselves, is the distinguishing characteristic of British freedom, and without which the ancient Constitution can not subsist.

“*Resolved*, That his Majesty's liege people of this most ancient colony have uninterruptedly enjoyed the right of being thus governed by their own Assembly in the article of their taxes and internal police, and that the same hath never been forfeited, or any other way given up, but



*Henry*

hath been constantly recognized by the King and people of Great Britain.

“*Resolved, therefore, That the General Assembly of this colony have the sole right and power to lay taxes and impositions upon the inhabitants of this colony; and that every attempt to vest such power in any person or persons whatsoever, other than the General Assembly aforesaid, has a manifest tendency to destroy British as well as American freedom.*”

“On the back of the paper containing those resolutions is the following indorsement, which is also in the handwriting of Mr. Henry himself: ‘The within resolutions passed the House of Burgesses in May, 1765. They formed the first opposition to the Stamp Act and the scheme of taxing America by the British Parliament. All the colonies, either through fear or want of opportunity to form an opposition, or from influence of some kind or other, had remained silent. I had been for the first time elected a burgess a few days before, was young, inexperienced, unacquainted with the forms of the House and the members that composed it. Finding the men of weight averse to opposition, and the commencement of the tax at hand, and that no person was likely to step forth, I determined to venture, and alone, unadvised and unassisted, on a blank leaf of an old law book, wrote the within. Upon offering them to the House violent debates ensued. Many threats were uttered, and much abuse cast upon me, by the party for submission. After a long and warm contest, the resolutions passed by a very small majority, perhaps of one or two only. The alarm spread throughout America with astonishing quickness, and the

ministerial party were overwhelmed. The great point of resistance to British taxation was universally established in the colonies. This brought on the war, which finally separated the two countries and gave independence to ours. Whether this will prove a blessing or a curse will depend upon the use our people make of the blessings which a gracious God hath bestowed upon us. If they are wise, they will be great and happy. If they are of a contrary character, they will be miserable. Righteousness alone can exalt them as a nation.

“ ‘Reader! whoever thou art, remember this; and in thy sphere practice virtue thyself, and encourage it in others.  
P. HENRY.’ ”

## CHAPTER XVIII

### PATRICK HENRY STUDYING ORATORY

WHEN young Patrick Henry failed in farming and began a new life as a storekeeper, he seems to have taken less interest in the profits of his store than in the study of life that the occupation afforded him.

He did not know it, but he was practicing to be an orator from the early time that he used to dream beside his neglected fishing rod in the deep woods.

A country store was a gathering place of the idle and the curious in old Virginian days. The poor people came there to barter and tarried long. The trades made in the old stores of the colonies were sometimes curious. A man would barter an egg for a needle, ask to be treated, and then demand that the egg be dropped into the toddy, and if it were found that the egg had two yolks ask for two needles, or like shrewd transactions.

Women came to the country store for snuff in these days as well as men for tobacco.

The store was a news stand then as now, only the news was communicated by words and not by print. When there was stirring news in the air the country store was crowded with people.

The loafers sat on barrels and told their forest tales.

Hunters came with game, and knitters with hose and woolen goods of home manufacture.

The tall, lank Patrick Henry delighted in these customers, not so much for the trade that they brought him as for what he found out about their natural gifts and mental qualities.

It was his delight to surprise them and awaken their feelings—envy, jealousy, sympathy, cupidity, caution, credulity, faith, hope, fear—in order that he might see the expressions on their faces and their attitudes under all the emotions of life. Now this was an unconscious study of oratory, a Delsarte school before Delsarte.

It was a November day. The woods were red. There had been a windy night rain, the sun was breaking through the scudding clouds, and the damp air was mild and serene. There was not much that could be done on the plantations in November after the showers. So people came riding up to the store, some for trade, and more with excuses of trade to talk about the progress of the colony and family happenings. Among the callers was the Sir Knight, or the Sign.

Patrick Henry sat upon the counter, swinging his legs, and seeing that he had what his nature seemed to crave—an audience before him. This was no money-making day with him; he saw another opportunity. He must tell a story and see what expressions it would call forth in the faces and attitudes of the people.

His customers were bobbing about, talking on homely, simple subjects.

Suddenly Patrick gave a piercing whistle.

In a moment all heads were turned toward him, and

eyes were fastened upon him. The people's faces wore an expression of inquiry, but each one in a different manner.

"Rome was once a republic," he said.

He paused. He early learned the effects of a pause. He used to pause in the great speeches of his after life. There was a dead silence in the store.

"An' what might be a republic?" asked an old hunter, at last.

Patrick had expected the question.

"A republic is a country where people vote for the lawmakers and the lawmakers must obey their own laws, and act as the servants and not as the masters of the people. Can you see that with your inner eyes?"

A pause.

There was a shaking of heads. Some faces lighted up; others were averted as if in disgust.

"If there were no English Kings, we might be a republic."

That was a very astounding idea. Several men stood with half-open mouths that expressed surprise without words.

"Tell us about that republic. Hear, hear!" said a forester.

"Quicken your ears, then. In the times of that old Roman republic there lived a man by the name of Lucius Quintius, who was called Cincinnatus. He was a man who had inner sight, and he taught the people that virtue was strength, and he sought only the welfare of the people.

"One day he was plowing his farm, which consisted of three acres."

A pause.

"It couldn't have taken him a very long while to have plowed that amount of land," said one.

"He was stripped for his work on that day and may have plowed half of his three acres. As he was plodding along a horseman appeared. He was a state messenger from Rome.

" 'I come from the senate,' said the messenger. 'Go dress yourself for an audience, and return with me to the senate of the republic. The enemy is at hand; Rome is in peril; the senate have chosen you to direct the affairs of the state. They have done it because they regard you as the most virtuous and wise of all the free citizens of the republic.'

"He put off his plowing clothes and was led to the city. His coming was hailed by the people with shouts. That was a day of great rejoicing.

"He put himself at the head of the army. His soul thrilled the army. The enemy was blockading the port, and he blockaded the enemy, delivered his country, and returned to Rome in triumph. He was the chosen one of all the people's hearts. He might have made himself a king. Did he?"

The young storekeeper raised his hand and noted the expressions on every face.

"Did he?"

Another pause.

"Who would not be king if he could?" asked one.

"Say you that? No patriot would be king when all electors should be king. The Roman republic was not the country of a king, but of kings; all the Romans who voted



were kings, a host of kings in one. You have not answered me. What did the plowman do?"

"He sold his three acres and his oxen and his plow," said another.

"No, no——"

There was a longer pause.

"What did he, now?" asked a rustic.

"He returned to his plow handle and plowed the remaining half of his three acres. Any man of honor would have done that in order to retain his honor."

"An' would you have done that, Patrick Henry?"

"Any Virginian would. Young Washington would. You all would. Look me in the face now—let me see your souls. Wouldn't you?"

"If we had a republic," answered one.

There went up a shout.

The Sir Knight, or the Sign, circled around the barrels and said:

"The whole of America must be free,  
Her bounds extend from sea to sea;  
And safe from Europe must ever be.  
'Tis so we cross the mountains."

Patrick Henry had taken a lesson in oratory that day. He did so day after day, but he was following an education that came out of himself and that he did not understand. He was preparing to be the thunderbolt of the coming Revolution, but he did not know it.

He met from time to time four young men who had kindred spirits. Like spirits gravitate toward each other. Those four young men were George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Dabney Carr, and Richard Henry Lee. He may



not have met them all at one time, but they all gathered at times at patriotic taverns on the ways between Williamsburg and the forest towns.

The old Knight of the Horseshoe turned to the door and looked back.

“Henry, I’m going to bring you a present some day. You are one of them.”

“One of whom?” asked the merry storekeeper.

“Of the elect.”

“And what is the present you will make me?”

“A horseshoe. You will cross the mountains.”

Henry touched his forehead, meaning that the Sir Knight was, as one said, “a little off—not all there.”

## CHAPTER XIX

DABNEY TELLS JEFFERSON A SECRET—JEFFERSON REVEALS  
HIS OWN HEART TO DABNEY

JEFFERSON had a very beautiful sister—Martha.

The friendship of Jefferson for Dabney Carr grew, and one day, when they were walking together through the mountain groves of Monticello, Dabney said to his friend some sacred words:

“You pledged to me a friendship which is brotherhood, but I am soon to become your brother in another way.”

“Martha?” asked Jefferson. “My sister is to become your wife? That makes me happy.”

“I love her for her own sake, for your sake, for my sake. I am a simple man, and no match for the men who are rising around me. But my heart goes out to her as to no other, and she has found something in me to love. We wish to marry, to live in a simple way, in a rustic home, and our hearth shall be yours when you return from some career of greatness. You will need hearts then. Public life is heart hungry. Are you willing that Martha and I should wed, and go to a forest farm and live in quiet? You will rise in influence and fame, and that will make us content. I will train my dogs to bark a welcome to you.”

“Dabney, it is all as I would have it. Of all men in

this world I would have you marry Martha, and I would have her marry you, of all men in the world. Your family shall be as my own. If you should die first, your children shall be my children. But, my sworn friend, hear me. You are an orator; I largely owe my views of democracy to you."

"No, no; to your own great nature."

"But you have builded me. You have helped me to see mankind as a brotherhood.

"Richard Henry Lee is an orator. He was trained in England, and he has formed his political views from studying the heroes of the Roman republic.

"Patrick Henry is an orator. He is the opposite of Lee; he studies Nature—life rather than books. But you, too, my friend, are an orator. You see deeper down into life than either of them.

"You go to a simple farm, and make that a retreat for me? No, no, Dabney Carr.

"You would train your dogs to bark a welcome to me? No, no, Dabney Carr.

"You would surrender everything that I may advance. No, no; I would surrender myself, that you may advance. You are a natural orator. The time may come for me to write, but never to speak. When there comes the day for me to write what the world will hear I will unfold to the world what you have taught me, and in the course of human events, it will come."

"It will come, Jefferson, it will come. The Sermon on the Mount will rise into the view of mankind in the words 'that all are created equal, and that governments exist by public consent.'"

“Yes, yes—by consent, Dabney Carr. By the consent of the governed, and those who seek to deprive men of their inherent and unalienable rights shall perish.”

“Write that down, friend Thomas.”

“When the day comes for it I will write that principle down.”

“That is my heart.”

“And I will never forget your heart, Dabney Carr. When these colonies disclose their purpose to govern themselves, on that day I will utter my voice through my pen, and I will make your heart the heart of my declaration.”

About this time, or a little later, perhaps, a ship brought over the sea a strange book. It was a wonder then; over some minds it seemed to cast a spell.

It was the book that the Sir Knight had named—*Ossian*.

Jefferson procured a copy of the book, and few men ever fell more completely under its enchantment.

People little read *Ossian* now, but the poems attributed to this warrior-poet once thrilled certain American minds. The author of the poems, or the translator of the fragments of ancient Scottish and Irish poems out of which they grew, was James Macpherson, a Scottish poet and schoolmaster. He claimed to have found the poems amid the rural districts of Scotland, and to have translated them. They were published in London in 1762, and created one of the literary events of the age, at a time when Jefferson was in the mood to feel the force of heroic poetry.

They filled England, Scotland, and Ireland with wonder and made the author famous, and raised a controversy in regard to their genuineness into which entered the greatest

minds of the time. Critics were led to believe that the Scottish schoolmaster composed the poems himself after suggestions of fragments of ancient poems found among the Scottish Highlanders. His fame procured for the schoolmaster a seat in Parliament, which he occupied for ten years, and caused him to be buried in Westminster Abbey.

The first success of the publication of the poems of Ossian was so wonderful that they were hailed with a wild admiration in Europe and with equal wonder in parts of America. The supposed songs of the warrior-poet were translated into French, Italian, Danish, and Polish. Dr. Johnson maintained that the poems were the work of Macpherson himself, in which view he was supported by David Hume. The subject was discussed fiercely for a half century; but, whatever might have been the true story of their origin or evolution, they were poetry. America being so largely an Indian wilderness, a country of departing chiefs, had the atmosphere for such songs; people of poetic tastes yielded to their influence as under enchantment. The young Virginia orators probably felt their force, and learned from them the value and weight of words and how to use vigorous phrases.

Jefferson carried with him his Ossian and his violin. In his law studies with Dabney Carr under the great oak at Monticello, it must have delighted him to have turned from books to the rapturous bard of the ancient chiefs; for example, to such passages as this:

“I sit by the mossy mountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is rustling above me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer descend from the hill. No hunter at a distance is seen.

It is midday; but all is silent. Sad are my thoughts alone."

This picture of the ancient bard, if such he was, applied to Monticello almost as well as to some rugged highland retreat. People could not find in Ossian now what they read into it then.

We would call such a literary event to-day, "a craze." It passed, was revived, and the book still has a charm for some minds, who can live again in the past under the guidance of one possessed of a vivid, creative imagination.

## CHAPTER XX

### A HOLIDAY NIGHT AT DABNEY CARR'S—THE HAPPY “MAN IN THE TUB”

WE have pictured a rollicking Christmas night at the hospitable mansion on the road to Williamsburg where quaint Patrick Henry and prim Thomas Jefferson used their kits or fiddles as accompaniments to odd stories. Let us present to you another scene of a somewhat different character.

Dabney Carr, with whom Jefferson spent as much time as possible, still studying law on a rustic seat which they had made under the great oak at Monticello, was preparing to be a county lawyer. He believed in the example of simple living. His house was very small, of few rooms, and it was overrun with children, for he had six. Jefferson thus describes the home in a letter to his college friend Page: “This friend of ours lives in a small house, with a table and half a dozen chairs, but he is the happiest man in the universe. Every incident in his life he so takes as to render it a source of pleasure. With as much benevolence as the heart of a man will hold, but with an utter neglect of the costly apparatus of life, he exhibits to the world a new phenomenon in philosophy—the Samian sage in the tub of the cynic.”

Dabney Carr and Patrick Henry lived for life, and not for effect. Jefferson, as we have said, had had a brief season of self-display, but his heart had come back from it all; he wished to be regarded as a simple farmer.

It is true that he owned six farms and scores of servants, that he had fine horses, and could ride in a chariot, but his heart came to revolt at doing anything by way of self-display that would seem to place him above other worthy men.

He loved the little cottage of Dabney Carr. He delighted to hear Dabney preach and teach the equality of the common lot. He himself had come to look upon all mankind as one family, and to regard him as the best man in all the world who did the most for others.

Dabney with his wife and children lived in the county of Louisa, not far from Shadwell, the Jefferson estate.

Dabney's wife, Jefferson's sister, loved her husband with the deepest affection. He was the noblest, truest, tenderest being on earth to her. It seems ideal that the man for whom Jefferson had conceived so strong and controlling an affection should have married his sister.

The children loved their father with a like affection. To be in his arms was happiness, and when Jefferson rode over to the little cottage in the virgin forest and lent the still, bowery place the enchantment of the violin, the joy of the whole family was complete, a circle of love and perfect happiness.

He is coming to-night with his violin, or kit, under his arm. He is riding under the shadows of the red sunset trees. Dabney is waiting at the door to meet him, with a



child in each arm. Martha Jefferson, his wife, looks over his shoulder. He is coming—he appears.

With this joyous appearance another man came down the glimmering road from another way. It was Selim, for the scene we picture took place before he went away to preach to his own people beyond the sea.

After Jefferson, rode a Dutch or Jewish gardener, coming over to hear Jefferson play the violin. The minuets that Jefferson played recalled old home scenes.

The few chairs in Dabney Carr's little cottage could have hardly served all of this company. But there were benches there, and laps for the children.

The one little table may have caused the guests to have been seated close together during the simple meal. What did it matter? Is not life more than meat?

The Dutch gardener had brought Dabney a very curious present. He put it up on the clock shelf, out of the reach of the children. The children looked at it eagerly.

“What is it?” ventured one of them, shyly.

“My little frien' shall know before the candle goes out,” said the Dutch gardener. “I make no Christmas presents but to Dabney Carr.”

“What makes you love him so?” asked the child.

“He takes me into the world's family,” said the gardener. “His heart takes me in, too. You can not understand, my little frien'. I am not like other men; the world leaves me out in the cold and storm.”

The child did not comprehend.

“I am a Jew,” he added.

But Dabney's child had not been taught that a Jew was

different from other people—that there were two kinds of people in the world, human beings and Jews.

He clasped Dabney's child to his heart.

"I come to see your father for the same reason Selim does. He is an Algerine. He was a Mohammedan. But Dabney here, he always used him right well. There are no outcast races in Dabney's heart."

The child had led the thought for the evening. It was a long time before Jefferson took up his violin. He found a child in his arms; looked across the table, to see another child in the Jewish Dutch gardener's arms, and another in the arms of the Algerine. The mother held an infant. Dabney himself took up another child, and presently a negro stole in, bowing and saying, "Manners, sar," and the remaining child ran to him.

"That's right," said he to the child, "come to ole Mose; he'll always put his protecting arms around the little boy that has the heart of his father."

"You do not turn old Mose away on holiday nights," said the Algerine.

"No, nor any night," said Dabney. "All nights are Christmas nights to me."

They sat there with the children under the red berries of the holly and white berries of the mistletoe.

"We are all the children of one Father," said Dabney, "but for some people there seem to be but little room in the inn of life. Let us have some stories."

"We have no natural story-teller here to tell them," said Jefferson, "and no Patrick Henry to play accompaniments to them on a live violin."

"Uncle Jefferson, you will play to the stories," said little Peter Carr.

"I do not feel like playing rounds and glees and minuets now," said Mr. Jefferson. "I am touched at heart by this little company. I wish that all the world were like it. Let us talk of Dabney's theme of the brotherhood of all men.—Alberti, you have brought a curious box—what did you say it was? I never heard the name before. Tell us a story."

And Alberti told a story which he called A Box of Nard.

The Jew turned to Dabney.

"Would you, were you a sovereign of a state, allow a Jew to become a citizen?"

"I would." He clasped his own child closer in his arms and said: "If I were a sovereign my countrymen should be all mankind."

"Would you allow a Mohammedan to become a citizen?"

"Certainly, I would."

"I am not a Mohammedan now," said Selim. "I have a new light in my heart. I do not know that I would allow a Mohammedan to be one of my people were I a king."

"What would Christ himself have done?" asked Dabney.

"'Whatsoever ye would.'"

"May I be forgiven if I have spoken evil or suggested it," said Selim. "I have been driven into the wilderness for my faith. I will give up everything for my hope—and here I stand empty-handed. Friends may own me not, nor relatives; my own doors may close against me. My own shores

may go back from me, my feet become worn with wandering. But have I not a heart like yours, have I not suffered as much as you?"

He rose up, the child in his arms.

"Brother Jefferson," said Dabney, "who shall say that all men are not created equal?"

Alberti rose and turned to the clock shelf, and took down his present to Dabney. He opened the box and said:

"The box shall tell its own story." He opened the box. Perfume filled the little room.

It was spikenard.

Then Jefferson took his violin and played glees for the children, and roamed away into the atmospheres of Don Giovanni and the old Italian musical romances.

The old negro, Mose, had a question to ask when the music ceased.

"Ole Mose has one thing that he would like to done ask. May ole Mose speak?"

"Have your say," said Dabney; "we are all one family."

"Well, if you were done king, with a gold crown on your head, what would you do with a person like poor ole black Mose? I mean if ole Mose was young, which he will never be again."

"I would give him ten guineas and make him free, and open the school doors to him."

"Heaven bless your name forever, Dabney Carr."

"And what would you do, Massa Jefferson?"

"I would give to all created beings their birthrights."

"Even the little mouse?" asked the child in his arms.

Martha Carr laid down the infant in the cradle and

put a Christmas cake on the table. She cut it, and divided it among all—the Jew, the Algerine, and the negro with the rest.

They all were to be lodged in the little home, but Jefferson and Dabney and his guests sat up late and talked long.

“If the Algerine would give up everything in life for a principle,” said Dabney, “what might not any man do? We must have a new school of political opinions to make a new generation of men. If I owned the world I would give to every man any right and all the rights that I would claim for myself. The Sermon on the Mount of Beatitudes made all men equal. I wish that there were courts on earth that put that teaching into practice. If I die and you live, Thomas, strike out for the equal rights of all mankind.”

Jefferson was asked to relate a story, but he was no story-teller.

“I will read you one,” he said.

He took from his pocket his favorite Ossian. Patrick Henry carried Livy with him, we may suppose, into the tangled woods. Jefferson took Ossian along with his violin. The book had the same charm for him that it came to have for Napoleon.

He rose to read. His serious face filled the room with awe.

“I will read,” he said, “the story of the death of Carthage.”

A sound was heard at the window. A face was pressed against the pane.

“It is only the Indian,” said one.

What Indian?

There used to visit Peter Jefferson's home at Shadwell Indians who had disputes to settle. The patriarch of the wilderness would hear their cases, and render impartial judgment. Young Jefferson had learned to carry a friendly heart toward the Indians, whom he probably thought were descendants of the great Asiatic races of old, who journeyed from the far East to Tartary, and from Tartary across the narrow strait that then divided Asia from America.

There were Indians who followed white men whom they liked, like good spirits. They would appear to them in unexpected times of peril. Such men as Jefferson and Dabney Carr were likely to have unseen and silent followings.

Such an Indian follower was Ginseng, or Ginsing. He was a gatherer of the magic herb of that name (*Panax*) that was thought in China to cure all diseases, and to have the gift of immortal life. Ginseng would sell well in Boston, whence it was shipped to China, and in that way the port of Canton was opened to American trade.

Ginseng had heard that Peter Jefferson was a righteous judge and a friend of the "lords of the forest," and he liked to visit Shadwell, and when Peter Jefferson was no more his heart turned to his family.

It was Ginseng whose face was pressed against the pane. Jefferson began to read the magic Ossian:

" " " King of Morven," Carthon said, " I fall in the midst of my course. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the last of Reuthamir's race. Darkness dwells in Balclutha: the shadows of grief in Crathmo. But raise my remembrance

on the banks of Lora, where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon." His words reached the heart of Clessammor: he fell, in silence, on his son. The host stood darkened around: no voice is on the plain. Night came, the moon, from the east, looked on the mournful field: but still they stood, like a silent grove that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.'"

There was a tap on the door.

"I must hear," said a voice. "May I come in? I am Ginseng."

He came in, and fell down before the fire. Jefferson continued reading:

"Three days they mourned above Carthon; on the fourth his father died," continued Jefferson, reading. "In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; a dim ghost defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often seen; when the sunbeam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There she is seen, Malvina! but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the stranger's land; and she is still alone!

"Fingal was sad for Carthon; he commanded his bards to mark the day, when shadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day, and sing the hero's praise.'"

Ginseng listened as one entranced. Jefferson continued:

"Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! His eyes are flames of fire! Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon, king of swords! The people fall! See! how he strides, like the sullen ghost of Morven! But there he lies a goodly oak, which sudden blasts overturned!



When shalt thou rise, Balclutha's joy? When, Carthon, shalt thou rise? Who comes so dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's shadowy cloud?'

"Such were the words of the bards in the day of their mourning. 'Ossian often joined their voice, and added to their song. My soul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his youth: and thou, O Clessammor! where is thy dwelling in the wind? Has the youth forgot his wound? Flies he, on clouds, with thee? I feel the sun, O Malvina! leave me to my rest. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think I hear a feeble voice! The beam of heaven delights to shine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around!

"O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, O sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth, in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years; the ocean shrinks and grows again; the moon herself is lost in heaven; but thou art forever the same; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies; thou lookest in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laughest at the storm. But to Ossian, thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beam no more; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult thee, O sun! in the strength



of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; the blast of north is on the plain; the traveler shrinks in the midst of his journey.’”

Ginseng went out into the night, and uttered a wild cry and was gone.

“My heart,” said Dabney, “pities the Indian race. The Indian felt the poem as much as we. Let me call him back.”

He called, but the Indian did not reply.

## CHAPTER XXI

### TWO MORE REMARKABLE BOYS

#### 1.—THE FATHER OF EQUITY AND HIS YOUNG LIFE

THE colonies were preparing for defense. Great men would be needed to meet new events. They were already born.

Some twelve years after the birth of Jefferson there was born in Fauquier County, Virginia (1755), one of the most beautiful characters that ever lived. He had the gift of seeing justice—that about which others reasoned, he saw. He was the son of Thomas Marshall, who became somewhat famous in the Revolution, and was the eldest of fifteen children.

James Monroe, afterward President of the United States, of whom we are to speak, was one of his school-mates.

Lives, as we have said and repeated, follow suggestion, and the inspiring influence of young Marshall seems to have been the character of his father. The elder Marshall was a man of integrity, and he made an honored name. This was the boy's pride.

Judge Story once said of John Marshall, after the latter became a great judge: "He never named his father without dwelling upon his character."

John Marshall used to say: "My father was abler than any of his sons. To him I owe the solid foundation of all my success in life."

From his early youth to old age his heart was with the people. He mingled with them as one of them. There was an old game called quoits. It consisted of making a boundary line, from which a circular ring, or a stone, or a piece of lead, was to be thrown at a mark or some fixed object. The player who hit the mark the most times was the winner of the game. It was a very simple game, but it trained the hand and the eye, and offered good exercise in the field and open air.

Young Marshall loved this simple game, and he played it at times all of his life.

The Southern Literary Messenger of February, 1836, recalls that when this man had become one of the greatest jurists of his time he used to summon his old friends, or perhaps their children, to play quoits.

We follow the Messenger in some anecdotes of this man, for they present charming pictures of Old Virginia days that produced great men and great events. He once returned to Virginia, and found his old friends playing quoits with flat stones. He was seen to emerge from a thicket which bordered the neighboring brook carrying as large a pile of these flat stones as he could hold between his right arm and chin. He stepped briskly up to the company and threw down his load among them, exclaiming, "There! here are quoits enough for us all!" The stranger's surprise may be imagined, says the narrator, when he found that this plain and cheerful old man was the chief justice of the United States.

The age of nineteen found him a law student. He left his studies for the military service under his father. In this work he began to make his first speeches, and these grew out of the inspiration of the service.

In May, 1775, when he was a youth of nineteen, there was a muster field some twenty miles distant from the courthouse, and in a section of the country peopled by tillers of the earth. "Rumors of the occurrences near Boston," says an old narrator, "had circulated with the effect of alarm and agitation, but without the means of ascertaining the truth, for not a newspaper was printed nearer than Williamsburg, nor was one taken within the bounds of the militia company, though large. The captain had called the company together and was expected to attend, but did not. John Marshall had been appointed lieutenant to it. His father had formerly commanded it. Soon after Lieutenant Marshall's appearance on the ground those who knew him clustered about him to greet him, others from curiosity and to hear the news.

"He proceeded to inform the company that the captain would not be there, and that he had been appointed lieutenant instead of a better; that he had come to meet them as fellow-soldiers, who were likely to be called on to defend their country, and their own rights and liberties, invaded by the British; that there had been a battle at Lexington, in Massachusetts, between the British and Americans, in which the Americans were victorious, but that more fighting was expected; that soldiers were called for, and that it was time to brighten their firearms and learn to use them in the field; and that if they should fall into a single line, he would show them the new manual exercise, for

which purpose he had brought his gun, bringing it up to his shoulder. The sergeants put the men in line, and their fugleman presented himself in front to the right." *He organized the company as a fellow-soldier.*

"He was one of that body of men," says one, "never surpassed in the history of the world, who, unpaid, unclothed, unfed, tracked the snows of Valley Forge with the blood of their footsteps in the rigorous winter of 1778, and yet turned not their faces from their country in resentment or from their enemies in fear.

"In this service of hardship he began to act as judge in military cases, under the eye of Washington. He sought for justice for its own sake, and he loved mercy as much as he sought justice. He would never have dreamed of undertaking an unworthy case for money. He was incorruptible from youth to age."

At the age of twenty-seven he entered the Virginia Assembly and began public life as the defender of the Federal Constitution. He put his conscience into everything that he did. He declined high offices under the Government that he might be free to act where he was most needed, for the good of a united people.

It is said that, owing to social life, he was at one time drawn into perilous habits, but that on hearing one of the Virginia preachers he squarely turned to the straight road, and ever after followed it. There is great power in self-corrected life.

As a member of the House of Representatives it became his office to announce the death of Washington. In recording this event in his memorable Life of Washington, he modestly says:

“A *member* arose in his place and announced——”

He became a great orator, but he only spoke when the times called him.

There is a kind of rare oratory called *réponse sans réplique*—“address without reply,” or the argument that admits of no refutation. Of this Marshall was the master.

This man, as judge of the Supreme Court, was to bring his great heart to Jefferson in an hour of need, when Aaron Burr shall have failed in his duties to his country. We cite his life here to show you the beautiful Virginian's spirit that filled the political life in those unsullied days, and that was being molded to meet the needs of an ideal age.

Marshall was the Father of Equity in America, as Jefferson was the Father of Equal Rights. What a noble period of history was the three-score and ten years that produced these men!

## 2.—RANDOLPH, OF ROANOKE

There was another orator who arose in Virginia in these patriotic times—John Randolph, of Roanoke. He had a fiery temper, a revengeful disposition, but he was a patriot whose heart was generally true. We have said that John Marshall changed his course in life when he found himself in a wrong way, and have shown how Jefferson put aside his fiddle when the charming instrument beguiled him into frivolous society. John Randolph seemed not to try to curb his temper or to restrain his fiery words. He became estranged from Jefferson, and bitterly criticised him.

“Are you sick?” asked his physician, in his last days. “Doctor, I have been sick all my life,” was the pitiful reply. It is said that we could judge all people charitably if we knew all their lives and the things against which each one has to contend. There are people who, like John Randolph, are sick all their lives.

He had Indian blood in his veins, of which he used to boast, for he was descended from the Princess Pocahontas, the daughter of the great Chief Powhatan, who, according to tradition, saved the life of Captain John Smith, and who married John Rolfe, an Englishman, and was baptized into the Christian faith and presented to court.

His temperament was so nervous and apprehensive that he sometimes thought himself born “under a curse,” and one feels to-day that he could have risen above these agitations and soared away free in azure air.

He was crossed in life and disappointed in many things; three houses were burned, and his oversensitive nerves led him into many evils; but he loved his friends ardently, and followed any cause that he espoused with a fiery zeal. His sarcasm was withering, and his testy temper made him an object of ridicule and surrounded him with enemies. He fought duels and warred with the world in many ways, and yet out of all and over all his voice often rose in thrilling eloquence, which has been compared to a lava flame, for what was right.

He was noted in youth for his beauty and refinement of features and manners. But he was cold and reserved, and resented familiarity. Poetry charmed him, and he loved to rest by its wells and imbibe the exhilarating draught. He talked in poetry in after years. His great



speeches were poems; they rose into flights of creative fancy; they glowed and flamed.

He was a man who seemed not to know what to do with himself. He once wrote to Francis S. Key, of Washington:

“Indeed I must tell you what gives me great uneasiness; that, instead of being stimulated to the discharge of my duties, I am daily becoming more indifferent to them, and, consequently, more negligent. I see many whose minds are apparently little occupied on the subject that employs me, with whom I think I should be glad to exchange conditions; for surely, when they discharge conscientiously their part in life, without the same high motive that I feel, how culpable am I, being negligent! For a long time the thoughts that now occupy me came and went out of my mind. Sometimes they were banished by business; at others, by pleasure. But heavy afflictions fell upon me. They came more frequently and stayed longer—pressing upon me, until at last I never went to sleep nor awoke but they were last and first in my recollection. Oftentimes have they awakened me, until at length I can not, if I would, detach myself from them. Mixing in the business of the world I find highly injurious to me. I can not repress the feeling which the conduct of our fellow-men too often excites; yet I hate nobody, and I have endeavored to forgive all who have done me an injury, as I have asked forgiveness of those whom I may have wronged in thought or deed. If I could have my way, I would retire to some retreat, far from the strife of the world, and pass the remnant of my days in meditation and prayer; and yet this would be a life of ignoble security. But, my good friend, I am not qualified (as yet, at least) to bear the heat of the



battle. I seek for rest—for peace. I have read much of the New Testament lately. Some of the texts are full of consolation; others inspire dread.”

He led the lonely life of a bachelor. He had not a colonial mansion, like the other orators. He lived in a house of four rooms in the virgin forest during much of the time. It was made of logs. He loved great trees, solemn shades, and pure air.

His mother had inspired him with an ambition to be an orator. As such he flashed suddenly before the world. He says in a letter to a niece: “My first attempt at public speaking was in opposition to Patrick Henry at Charlotte, 1799.” In those two speeches Patrick Henry’s sun of life descended, and Randolph’s rose. Henry said magnanimously of the young orator: “Cherish him; he is a young man of promise.”

His talents made his star. He was elected to the national House of Representatives and to the Senate.

In a speech to the people of Charlotte in declining age he uttered these thrilling words:

“Twenty-eight years ago you took me by the hand when a beardless boy, and led me into Congress hall. The clerk asked me if I was of lawful age; I told him to ask you. You said you had a faithful representative. I said *no man ever had such constituents*. You have supported me through evil report and through good report. I have served you to the best of my ability, but fear I have been an unprofitable servant; and if justice were meted out to me, should be beaten with *many stripes*. People of Charlotte, which of you is without sin? But I know I shall get a verdict of acquittal from my earthly tribunal; I see it

in your countenances. But it is time for me to retire, and prepare to stand before another, a higher tribunal, where a verdict of acquittal will be of infinitely more importance than one from an earthly tribunal. Here is the trust you placed in my hands twenty-eight years ago. *Take it back! take it back!*" accompanying his concluding words with a gesture which indicated the transferring of a great burden from himself back to his constituents.

He was a believer in State rights, and seemed to hate New England. He was an enemy to legislation; he declared that it was the purpose of his life to prevent legislation, that the people might be free.

He was old at sixty, when many are young. He died alone, attended only by a faithful servant, and was buried in Roanoke under the trees, amid a solitude that only the jay or the squirrel was likely to disturb.

He was a strange man, with his unsteady nerves, his weak body, and his Indian blood, and was the last of the great Virginian orators. Yet his own people loved him, and he was true to Virginia, and Virginia was true to him.

But all these young men of Jefferson's time had a purpose in life. The age itself had a purpose. An atmosphere in which lives a purpose develops strong men. He lived to say that Jefferson's first administration as President was the most ideal government he had ever known. He erred, but his heart turned back often to what was true.

Selin was now supposed to be preaching to his own people in Algiers. The people did not hear from him; they wondered if he were still true to his faith.

## CHAPTER XXII

### SELIM OF THE WINDMILL

“SELIM has come back.”

The news filled the country. Few things in the period of the golden age of Virginia ever caused a greater surprise than the return of Selim, the Algerine. Why had he come back? His strange vision and his conversion and his going away to preach the Gospel among his own kindred had been looked upon by many as the possible vagaries of an unsettled mind.

His story of a high-born ancestry and of a rich home in Algiers, too, had been doubted. If his story were true he was indeed one of the noblest of men; more, he was no common Christian. If it were true, he afforded a strong illustration that nationality has little to do in producing nobility of character. Melchisedecs may arise in deserts, to whom Abrahams may pay tithes, “without father or mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days nor end of life.” The couriers reported from town to town “Selim has returned.”

A ship had come to the river country, and the Algerine again had stepped upon Virginian soil. The Virginians at the port were astonished to see his dervishlike robe again in this part of the world, but they welcomed him. The

clergymen heard the news with wonder. Was he still true to the faith?

“Selim has come back again,” he himself said. “He went to his own, and his ‘own received him not.’ Selim has given up all, but everything is his now.”

What did such words mean? The people gathered around him in the port to hear his story.

“They welcomed Selim home,” he said pitifully. “The sea lay beautiful in the sun; the mountains burned; the desert glistened; the old lands were as they used to be, but Selim could not wear the crescent, and his country has gone from him.”

He spoke in Oriental figures.

“He went to his home,” he continued in the same strain. “The house was beautiful, the birds sang in the trees, the fountains played in the yard, his kindred welcomed him, but when Selim told his kindred that he had become a follower of Christ and of the cross, their hearts turned cold to him, they shut their gates to him; they shut him out from the gardens where the flowers bloomed, and the birds sang, and the fountains played. He turned away from all. But his kin folks said, ‘Come back, Selim, come back. Throw down the cross and wear the crescent, and you shall share all our houses and mosques and riches as in the days of old when Selim went forth to study the faith of the Prophet.’

“But Selim’s heart was strong; it had the new light. He held up the Bible, and said: ‘Selim will never forsake the faith of Christ and of the cross; he will go back to the wilderness in the West, where he saw the true light.’ Then Selim tried to preach the faith of the cross, but they shut

their ears to him. What did it matter to Selim? God owns the heavens. But Selim pitied them.

“So Selim’s heart began to long for his brothers of the faith over the sea. He sat down in the streets among the birds like a beggar, he ate with the birds from the refuse of the tables of the merchants till a ship came from the river lands. Then Selim begged leave of the captain to take him on board the ship, and he saw Algiers fade away.

“Selim left everything for the faith of Christ and of the cross—home, riches, ease, everything. The master of the ship and the sailors know Selim’s tale to be true.”

Did they indeed? Was it possible that this poor Algerine had given up everything that the common world covets to be true to the light of the new faith?

People pressed about the Algerine everywhere.

They found that his strange tale was true. His kindred in Algiers were rich Mohammedans. They had rejoiced at his return, and offered him every luxury of their splendid estates, but had been filled with grief and horror when they had learned that he had become a Christian. A Christian in Algiers was a dog—the meanest of people refused him company.

His kin folk implored him to recant; but his new faith had become everything to him. For it, he was willing to work his passage across the sea and to become a wanderer again in the forests of the West.

His story filled the river country and the valley. The churches related it eventually as an example of the power of the faith.

But there was another view of Selim. It was that a man is a man, and is capable of the noblest conduct wher-

ever he may be born. Men of views like Dabney Carr were multiplying in the Old Dominion. They were spreading the thought that there are equal possibilities in all men; that we can not judge men by their race, lineage, or birth. Jefferson himself was coming to see the sacredness of this truth, which is clearly taught in the book of Jonah that sets forth the duty of the prophet to preach to the people of Nineveh as to other people, and lays down the principle that all men alike need the highest teaching.

So politicians as well as the clergy became deeply interested in the strange experience of this man of the wilderness from Algiers. Some of the clergy thought him a "sign to the people." Some of the new orators saw a like wonder in Selim. There are men who powerfully teach by their lives as well as by words.

The case of Selim led to a new and higher conception of the value of individual life in Virginia. People saw in it the worth of man, of every man.

He was like a walking parable as he went about the rude Virginia highways.

"The heavens hold the fulfillment of all your desires," he would say in substance. He had rejected the world for the cross, but he dreamed that the universe was his. He could sing the songs of the old pioneer preachers, as "When I set out for glory, I left the world behind."

Things were moving rapidly toward the independence of the colonies and to a declaration of the rights of all men.

People said: "What Selim can be any man can be. The whole world is better than we have thought it to be."

Selim wandered about the colony for years. He at last

came to the great house of John Page, Jefferson's college friend, and asked this man of fine estates for protection.

"You shall have a home with me," said Mr. Page. "It would be a hard heart that would deny a home to Selim."

Selim's cheek glowed.

"I want only a home out of doors," he said. "The stacks will do. My head pains and trouble dwells in houses."

So Selim found a home amid the barns and stacks of John Page's place, and was made welcome to the planter's tables. His favorite haunt was a breezy old windmill.

"When a man gives up everything for a principle he owns everything," thought Mr. Page.

The planter looked upon Selim partly as an exile and partly as a prophet, but Jefferson and his friends must have read in him the noble experiences of life that are possible to every man.

People came from many places to see Selim of the stacks.

He became a kind of living sermon to the times, whose tendency was toward universal brotherhood.

Virginia at this critical period, when new opinions were forming, was better for the example of Selim. The wild man of the Shenandoah blazed the political way. Simple lives, and often very strange ones, become a part of great movements of thought. Selim did not wander in vain. He saw that a new era was coming into the world, and the heart of the exile rejoiced to see the light of the better day.



## CHAPTER XXIII

### THE SADDLEBAG PREACHER

"A LITTLE well written is immortality," said Fitz-Greene Halleck to Longfellow.

When a dozen lines make a man immortal it is interesting to trace the experiences that led that writer to pen those dozen lines. We are aiming to show you the circumstances and experiments through which Jefferson's preamble to the Declaration of Independence was evolved. A tree seems to bloom in a single day, but the buds have been long swelling, and preparing for the coming of the magic sunbeams that will burst them asunder. The beautiful colors of the apple blooms were hidden long inside of the brown buds.

When Parliament gave to William and Mary the Crown it adopted a bill of rights to protect the welfare of the people, which the new sovereigns signed. This bill of rights asserted the right of subjects to petition, the right of Parliament to freedom of debate and the right of electors to choose their own representatives. Singularly enough the English Crown was long unwilling to extend these rights to the colonies.

Thomas Jefferson sought to establish a bill of rights for Virginia. He who marches in advance of a procession takes



perilous steps. But "posterity cares only for the party that triumphs," and the party of progressive right in time is certain to be the victor on the field of human welfare. The slow following crowd pass into oblivion; a man rises in proportion to the resistance that he has to overcome.

Jefferson's friends were always noble men. He chose the best. Any young man who would make the best of his faculties must do this. Among his friends, after Dabney Carr and George Wythe, was George Mason, a man without reproach, an early abolitionist, and one who saw that justice could only govern the world by giving to every man his inherent rights.

This man drew up a bill of rights for Virginia, and made it an example for the other colonies to follow. (See Bancroft, vol. viii.)

Dissenters from the Church of England had no political rights before 1775. The principles of Roger Williams and William Penn had found few champions in the Old Dominion. But long before the bill of rights was passed by the Virginian Assembly, a petition from the Baptists asked the Burgesses to accord to them the political rights of all respectable citizens.

Jefferson became the defender of the rights of these disfranchised people. The Baptist volunteers desired to have their own ministers to be allowed to preach to them in the army. This, in the view of Jefferson, was an inalienable right. He defended it with speech and pen.

On August 16, 1779, the Assembly passed the following resolution:

*"Resolved, That the commanding officers permit dissenting clergymen to celebrate divine worship, and to*

preach to the soldiers or exhort from time to time, as the various operations of the military service may permit."

A very simple and commonplace resolution this seems now, but it was not so at that time. Jefferson was not a Baptist, and only nominally an Episcopalian, but he took up the cause of the dissenting sect, and helped to secure for them the right of public worship, and for all dissenters the freedom of religious opinion.

In every step like this he was gaining power to strike a blow at despotism which should be a watchword for humanity for all time.

It is always thus, step by step, morally, that the height of human achievement is achieved.

At this time, when the rights of religious liberty had been secured by Mason, Jefferson, and the Burgesses, there appeared in Virginia a man whose life was almost as strange as Selim's, and who began to draw crowds of the people after him, and to gain a wonderful power over them. He is said to have made Madison President of the United States. He was a wandering preacher, a forest prophet. He was well known as "Elder John Leland." He had been converted by hearing voices from the sky. He traveled about in a state of abstraction; he sometimes mounted the pulpit singing his own hymns; he was a poet, and one of his hymns has found a place in the choicest selections of modern psahnody. This hymn begins:

" The day is past and gone,  
The evening shades appear,  
Oh may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near.

“ We lay our garments by,  
Upon our beds to rest;  
So death will soon disrobe us all  
Of what we’ve here possessed.”

It is an Ambrosian strain, and the reader may like to find it in some collection of hymns, and study it. He wrote other hymns, as “ Oh, when shall I see Jesus?” but they have not the most perfect literary expression.

He came to Virginia from Massachusetts. He felt that he had a calling “ to go from a simple Massachusetts town to the Virginia wilderness.” Of his early life he says:

“ I was born at Grafton, about forty miles from Boston, in 1754. I can remember the death of George II and the coronation of George III.”

He was a revival preacher, and a Baptist. He baptized by immersion more than fourteen hundred people in his travels. After winter revivals, he used to cut the ice and immerse his converts. For this rugged consecration he wrote the hymn beginning—

“ Christians, if your hearts be warm,  
Ice and snow can do no harm.”

He lived in many places in Virginia, and at one time in Louisa County, where Dabney Carr had made his little home. Louisa County joined Albemarle County, the home of Jefferson.

As this man went about preaching, baptizing, and seeing visions, and seeming to live as much in the heavens as on the earth, he became an ardent patriot, after the Virginian type, and began to cherish an ardent admiration for the political opinions of Jefferson. He saw in Jefferson one of the political prophets of the world, and what the latter

had done for the Baptists of Virginia gave him an open field to which he thought Heaven had called him.

So this man rode hither and thither on horseback, traveling thousand of miles, carrying the most of his worldly belongings in a saddlebag. He lived to be very old, and returned to his native State after the war.

Some of the Virginia clergymen held themselves aloof from Jefferson; they thought him too radical. But this wanderer gave to his principles of human equality his heart and his voice, and carried the people with him. He became a great political force, and next to the Gospel he preached the principles of the Declaration.

His wife was a wonderful woman. In the unsettled times before the war she used to knit and sew by moonlight, for when the "elder" was away she did not dare to light a lamp lest it should attract the notice of wandering Indians or escaped slaves.

Let me give you a picture of a service under the charge of this errant "dissenter" in the troubled times of the Old Virginia days.

The news had gone through the woods among the settlements of Albemarle County that "Elder Leland" was to preach under the great pines on the Rivanna. People came flocking to the gigantic grove from all parts of the county, even from over the mountains, and with them came Selim. He wished to hear the "elder" who was directed by "voices from the skies." Horsemen seemed to start up from the woods. Women came with babies. There were Indians there, and negroes, for the "elder" believed that all souls had equal need.

Jefferson himself came down from Monticello, and sat





“Elder Leland” mounted the rude pulpit.

on horseback near the crowd of people. He, too, wished to hear the eloquence of the preacher, who would receive no salary, who had heard voices, and who made people tremble and weep and shout and fall down upon the ground.

“Elder Leland” came, tall and stately, with uplifted face. He mounted the rude pulpit, under the cool trees in whose tops the light was glimmering and birds were singing. He began to sing as soon as he had dropped down from his horse one of the old revival songs, as perhaps—

“How precious is the Name—  
Brethren, sing!  
How precious is the Name—  
Brethren, sing!  
How precious is the Name  
Of Christ our Paschal Lamb,  
Who bore our sin and shame  
On the tree!”

The great audience was hushed. He looked like one from another world. As his soul began to glow in the midst of the long discourse people cried out and fell down in agonies of repentance. Here and there a white-haired man threw up his hands and shouted, and a spiritual fervor bore all minds after the thought of the preacher.

There were many freethinkers in Virginia at this time. These were represented in the forest assembly. He appealed to them as they stood by themselves on the outskirts of the swaying crowd on thoughts like this:

“Christ said, ‘I have power to lay down my life and to take it up again.’ Would your Socrates, your Plato, your Mohammed, or Buddha, ever have said that? He was not a man.”



Some of these strong men felt the force of such appeals. One of them expressed his conviction of the Gospel truth when the preacher gave to the people his vision of the judgment day. People trembled, even the horses neighed.

At last the sunset glimmered among the pines. The fishing eagles were flying from the mountains over the Rivanna.

The good preacher paused.

"Good people all, this has been a day of the heavens. I have testified. I want some of you to testify, and so strengthen my word. How do you know that you are saved?"

There rose up a tall form with a dark face and a turbaned head. The people's hearts seemed to stand still.

He pointed to a scar on his forehead.

"My brain throbs and burns, and it will never cease to ache from the effects of this cruel blow. I was not to blame for the blow, but I forgive the man who struck me. I would love to shield him from any injury. I can bear it all, for the cross makes me forgive everybody and love everybody as I love Christ. 'If any man will do his will, he shall know.' I know my Lord."

It was Selim. His dark face was beautiful in the light of the sunset that was now flashing low amid the trees.

"Elder Leland" mounted his horse. He rode away singing one of the old traveling preachers' songs, as—

"Farewell, my dear brethren, the time is at hand  
That we must be parted from this social band."

They watched in silent reverence as he moved away, singing, singing. Then the assembly dispersed, and the



people went to their mountain homes. Many of them did not reach home until the following morning.

It was such assemblies as this that brought the people under the influence of this man, who, by it and an act of perfect unselfishness, was to help shape the destiny of the nation. We shall hear of him again.

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## CHAPTER XXIV

### JEFFERSON SURRENDERS TO DABNEY CARR THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY OF HIS LIFE

EXTRAORDINARY events were at hand.

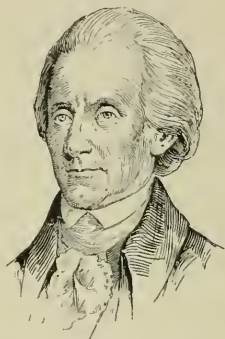
The Stamp Act (1765) had asserted the claim that England might tax the colonies without representation. The colonies had almost unanimously agreed not to use stamped goods. The Stamp Act was afterward repealed in 1766, but the claim was still made that England had the right to tax her colonies whether they had representation in the home Government or not.

In the year 1773 the Virginia House of Burgesses was summoned to assemble to consider an extraordinary measure. It was to appoint a Committee of Correspondence with the other colonies for a common union in measures of protection against infringements upon their rights. Similar measures had been proclaimed by Samuel Adams in the Massachusetts Assembly. The measure to be considered in the House of Burgesses meant a union of the colonies for such legislation as tended to the welfare of all. It was the first step toward a Declaration of Independence, but it was not so seen to be at that time, except by political prophets like Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. The repeal of the Stamp Act caused great

rejoicing in the colonies, but it was followed by other coercive measures equally unjust and obnoxious, and each restriction to the rights of the people thrilled the susceptible soul of Dabney Carr.

The young farmer poured out his soul to Jefferson in words that caught the spirit of the times—words of a prophet's fire.

Dabney Carr and Jefferson were both made members of the Virginia House of Burgesses, and it was the strong desire of Jefferson that Dabney might win in that august body the distinction which his broad views merited. There were two parties in the House of Burgesses, the aristocratic and the democratic or republican.



*Richard Henry Lee*

The Republican party stood for the people, and to the service of this party Dabney gave his heart and hand. He felt the air of the new political order which was about to appear on earth, when all men should vote and unite in one man a representative state. The rolling message had come from Massachusetts in the words "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

In the early spring (March, 1773) Jefferson and Dabney Carr, both very young men, rode to Williamsburg to meet the suggestive measure which was brought forward in the House of Burgesses. They talked together as they rode along on the significance of the new measure.

"The union of the colonies to act in correspondence

means a new nation with an independent people," said Dabney Carr.

"I see it so," said Jefferson. "The person who offers the resolution will have the great opportunity of his life to speak words that will live in events. He should be an orator."

"It might be not only one of the great opportunities of a life, but of the world. Mankind is about to rise to a higher destiny. The Roman age is coming again, but nobler than ever before. I hope that you may be selected to offer that resolution. You have the spirit of it; I would be proud to see you set the hand on the new clock of time, a clock with the stars of heaven on the dial. There will always be a better age to come. The resolution may lead to a new order for the human race. It may give thrones to the people. It may make America the divine nation of the world. I hope that you may be one of those who are to lead the way to the new future."

"Dabney, do you know what is in my heart?"

"The love of liberty and justice, and liberty and justice tend to the peace of mankind."

"Yes, Dabney, but it is not of that that I am thinking. *You* have been my inspiration, and if I were given any great opportunity in the House of Burgesses I would give my place to you. I would rather have you rise than to rise myself. Your eye sees the coming age; your heart is a bell that rings true to eternal principles. I would rather hear your voice pleading the cause of the people than any other in the world."

Williamsburg rose before them, the capital of this colony of Virginia whose history had been so marvelous.

Take your map and span it with your eye from latitude  $34^{\circ}$  to  $45^{\circ}$ . That was once Virginia, and New England was the northern part of Virginia. The Pilgrim Fathers sailed for Virginia. On May 13, 1607, Jamestown was founded. New settlements followed, and a long line of governors were appointed to administer justice, Lord Delawarr (Delaware) leading the list, after the romantic administration of Captain John Smith.

When Charles II was restored, Berkeley was made Governor, and he proclaimed Charles II to be "King of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Virginia." Because Virginia had ever been loyal to the new King in his wanderings, she had become known as the Old Dominion. She was the land of the Cavaliers. Williamsburg had represented a vice-royal society.

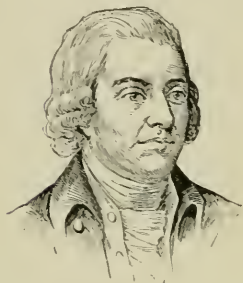
All was changing now—dissolving. The young orators rising in the wilderness had a new vision, and had caught new inspiration.

The meeting of the burgesses at this time was not like the meetings of the burghers of old, in the days of festivity when gay men paid court to the king through the royal governor. A new legislation was at hand.

The burgesses came to the rich little town or city with grave faces. They assembled at their place of meeting with a stately demeanor and restrained words. They seemed to feel that they were called to stand alone among mankind that were about to take a step to which the way might be long and perilous in the world. Peyton Randolph was there; also Patrick Henry, Benjamin Harrison, and Richard Henry Lee.

They sat down in their wigs, velvets, and ruffles, like old Cavaliers, but in a different spirit, to deliberate. The first question that arose was, What should the new resolution state?

They formed the resolution and considered it long and well. It read, as finally amended, as follows:



*Ben<sup>l</sup> Harrison*

“ *Whereas*, The minds of his Majesty’s faithful subjects in this colony have been much disturbed by various rumors and reports of proceedings tending to deprive them of their ancient, legal, and constitutional rights;

“ *And whereas*, The affairs of this colony are frequently connected with those of Great Britain as well as the neighboring colonies, which renders a communication of sentiments necessary; in order, therefore, to remove the uneasiness and to quiet the minds of the people, as well as for the other good purposes above mentioned;

“ *Be it resolved*, That a standing committee of correspondence and inquiry be appointed, to consist of eleven persons, to wit: the Honorable Peyton Randolph, Esquire, Robert C. Nicholas, Richard Bland, Richard H. Lee, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton, Patrick Henry, Dudley Digges, Dabney Carr, Archibald Cary, and Thomas Jefferson, Esquires, any six of whom to be a committee, whose business it shall be to obtain the most early and authentic intelligence of all such acts and resolutions of the

British Parliament, or proceedings of administration, as may relate to or affect the British colonies in America; and to keep up and maintain a correspondence and communication with our sister colonies respecting those important considerations; and the result of their proceedings, from time to time, to lay before this house.

“*Resolved*, That it be an instruction to the said committee that they do, without delay, inform themselves particularly of the principles and authority on which was constituted a court of inquiry, said to have been lately held in Rhode Island, with powers to transport persons accused of offenses committed in America to places beyond the seas to be tried.

“The said resolutions being severally read a second time, were, upon the question severally put thereupon, agreed to by the house *nemine contradicente*.

“*Resolved*, That the speaker of this house do transmit to the speakers of the different assemblies of the British colonies on the continent copies of the said resolutions, and desire that they will lay them before their respective assemblies and request them to appoint some person or persons of their respective bodies to communicate from time to time with the said committee.”

Who should have the honor of presenting this momentous resolution?—an honor it might be that would lift the mover to the height of influence and fame in all the colonies.

He must be a man of vision and eloquence. His voice would cross the sea.

A burgess said:

“Let a young man send forth the word that is to unite



this people. I move that Thomas Jefferson be appointed to offer a resolution that a committee be appointed for correspondence with the colonies."

Jefferson arose, and said in substance:

"I am grateful for the honor that you would bestow upon me in a measure that may be one of far-reaching influence. As a young man I would be glad to meet your expectations in so momentous a matter. But there is another young man here who is gifted with clear vision and who can give ideals living words. He can perform this service better than I. In a great cause one should yield his service to any one who can perform it better than he. I step aside and ask that the mover of this resolution may be the new member from Louisa—Dabney Carr."

The burgesses well knew the worth of young Dabney Carr, and felt the greatness of the soul of Jefferson in his yielding the place.

"It may be the great opportunity of your life," said a burgess.

"It is the great opportunity of my life to be able to yield my place to the one who can bring to it greater gifts than I. When I am called to do what I can do better than another, or think I can, I will be found at my post."

It was March 12, 1773. A committee of the whole had been called to listen to the motion for the resolution. The House of Burgesses had been recently dissolved by the royal Governor, but re-elected, and the burgesses felt that the force of royal authority was upon them.

Young Dabney Carr, the member from Louisa, arose.



He was a new member and had not been heard as an orator. Patrick Henry was listening, and Richard Henry Lee. Both expected to speak on the measure later.

He faced the burgesses. His eye rested on Jefferson, who had loved him better than himself, and the cause of liberty more than all.

An assembly of orators though they were, the burgesses were thrilled to a new patriotism when the voice of the young orator rose and set forth the reasons why the colonies should unite for the beginning of measures that should lead to those sacred rights upon which only a new nation could rise.

Wirt's thrilling Life of Patrick Henry thus describes the scene:

"In supporting these resolutions Mr. Carr made his *début*, and a noble one it is said to have been. This gentleman, by profession a lawyer, had recently commenced his practice at the same bars with Patrick Henry; and although he had not yet reached the meridian of life, he was considered by far the most formidable rival in forensic eloquence that Mr. Henry had ever yet had to encounter. He had the advantage of a person at once dignified and engaging, and the manner and action of an accomplished gentleman. His education was a finished one; his mind trained to correct thinking; his conceptions quick, and clear, and strong; he reasoned with great cogency, and had an imagination which enlightened beautifully, without interrupting or diverting the course of his argument. His voice was finely toned; his feelings acute; his style free, and rich, and various; his devotion to the cause of liberty verging on enthusiasm; and his spirit firm and undaunted beyond the

possibility of being shaken. With what delight the House of Burgesses hailed this new champion, and felicitated themselves on such an accession to their cause, it is easy to imagine. But what are the hopes and expectations of mortals!

“ ‘Ostendent terris hunc fata, neque ultra  
Esse sinent——’ ”

That day two young burgesses walked out into the streets of Williamsburg—Thomas Jefferson and Dabney Carr. The first had given to the other the opportunity of a lifetime.

They passed an old man. He put into the hand of the young orator a golden horseshoe, and said, “You are crossing the mountains.”

There are riches that do not enrich; there is success that is not success. He who gives up himself and all that he has to the right man and the right cause from the right motive is successful, even though he were to extinguish the light of his own name.

Reader, after this chapter, which for the most part is substantially true—fact pictured in fiction—your heart will be very glad if a day of opportunity shall come to Thomas Jefferson also.

Thomas Jefferson is worthy to write something that shall be immortal.

“A little well written is immortality,” said Fitz-Greene Halleck to Longfellow. Young Thomas Jefferson is making the preparation of heart and life to write something well.

He may be called upon to pen a state paper one day

that thrones will hear. If so, it will flow out of the ink of an unselfish heart.

This is the way that the truly great gain power.

A few weeks after this event which had filled Jefferson's heart with such joy a courier came running his horse to meet him.

"Dabney Carr is dead!" was the terrible intelligence that he brought. "He died at the county house, away from home—of fever!"

Could such news be true?

One of the friends of Jefferson has thus told the tale:

"Of the many friends by whom he was surrounded in his college days Dabney Carr was his favorite. His friendship for him was strengthened by the ties of family connection on his becoming his brother-in-law as the husband of his sister Martha. As boys, they had loved each other; and when studying together it was their habit to go with their books to the well-wooded sides of Monticello, and there pursue their studies beneath the shade of a favorite oak. So much attached did the two friends become to this tree that it became the subject of a mutual promise that the one who survived should see that the body of the other was buried at its foot. When young Carr's untimely death occurred Jefferson was away from home, and on his return he found that he had been buried at Shadwell. Being mindful of his promise, he had the body disinterred, and, removing it, placed it beneath that tree whose branches now bend over such illustrious dead, for this was the origin of the graveyard at Monticello.

"It is not only as Jefferson's friend that Dabney Carr

lives in history. The brilliancy of the reputation which he won in his short career has placed his name among the men who stood first for talent and patriotism in the early days of the Revolution."

Dabney Carr was in one sense not dead; he was to live on in the influence he had had on Jefferson.

## CHAPTER XXV

### A VOICE IN THE WINDOW

THE Jefferson family, including the wife and six children of Dabney Carr, gathered one evening in the great room for the family singing. The ancient Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe was there.

Jefferson was beloved as few men ever have been by all of his great family. His favorite sister seems to have been Jane, who was a lover of music, but she had died at the age of twenty-seven.

Peter Carr, the little son of Dabney Carr, stood by his uncle's side. Jefferson was more than an uncle to him; he was a father to him, as he had promised Dabney Carr that he would always be to all of his children, should the hour of need ever come. The orphans of Dabney Carr were all gathered around the chair of their uncle, the little ones sitting on the floor waiting to hear Jefferson play, which was always a delight to them. The widow of Dabney Carr sat by the fire dreaming of the past.

It was indeed a circle of love. Happy is a true loving heart, and the soul of Jefferson was very happy indeed in this family circle.

He tuned his violin. Between the tightening of the cords he said:

"I wish I could be a plain, common farmer, and always live with you. The singing hour with my own family would bring me contentment but for——" He hesitated.

"But for what, uncle?" said little Peter Carr.

"But for the people. I will have to go away from you all to serve the people."

He tightened the cords of the violin, and used the bow to test the tone, and then said:

"If I could have my choice in life, I would be a farmer. It is the happiest life that can be led. The farmer has time to live in the heart of his family, to enjoy Nature, and to study the soul. What in all life can be better than that? Fame is nothing—one can not know now who built the pyramids. To gain wealth is to follow selfishness. I would not be rich if I could. To be a farmer on one's own estate, surrounded by a family I love, is more than any other thing. I repeat it, more than any other thing. I love you all."

His sister, Mrs. Carr, looked toward him with tears, and said:

"O Thomas!"

Little Peter Carr drew close to his uncle, and asked:

"Do you love me?"

"As I loved your father. But," he added, "I am going to leave you all to-morrow, and go to the Virginia Assembly, and after that I may have to face a public life."

He tuned the violin again, which sent forth more harmonious sounds.

"If you are contented with us, why do you go away?"

"I can not be contented unless I do my duty to the people. I will come back again, and as often as I do I want you all to receive me with loving hearts. I may come back defeated."

"I will be a son to you then," said little Peter Carr.

"I may come back poor," said Jefferson.

"We will all work for you then," said Jane. "I can work; I love to work for you."

"Did ever a man have such a family?" said Jefferson. "I wish I could return to you and tell you that the colonies had declared themselves free from England forever," he said.

"We would blow the hunting horns," said little Peter.

The mysterious Ginseng, the shadowing Indian, appeared at the open window, and said: "I would blow the conch shell."

The faces of the family turned toward Ginseng. How like some pictures from Ossian he looked there, a shadow among the shadows!

There was a youth in the company who was a visitor. His name was Clark. His father lived in the neighboring county, was an officer in the Virginia service on the border, and was trying to keep peace among the Indians.

This youth said modestly:

"Mr. Jefferson, may I speak?"

"Yes, my lad, speak on."

"I wish that you could be made a governor—a governor of Virginia by the people, and that you could be like Governor Spotswood, and lead a troop down into Louisi-

ana and add Louisiana to Virginia. I like to dream of such things, and I love to dream of you."

Jefferson continued tuning his violin, and put his ear down to the strings. He stood up and lifted his bow, but he did not begin to play.

"I am thinking," he said. "If I could come back to you and tell you that the colonies were free that would make me happy."

"And I would blow the conch," said Ginseng.

"And if I could come back to you again and say to you that Virginia had purchased Louisiana I would be happy again. I would be content then to be farmer Jefferson."

"Then we would all have a jubilee," said Peter Carr.

"Father Jefferson!"

The voice came from the window.

There was another figure there—a face. It was not an Indian, but the eyes were dark and the face like the night.

"Father Jefferson, *it will be so.*"

It was the voice of the wandering Selim.

"You will come back and tell us that the colonies are free," said Peter. "You will come back and lead explorers into Louisiana as Governor Spotswood began to do. You will be a Spotswood and I will help you as father would have done. Selim has said it."

Jefferson stood there with the lifted violin.

"Jane, what shall we sing?"

"Let us sing one of the traveling preachers' songs to-night, for I am going away."

He drew the bow.

A light dying fire gleamed on the hearth. The Indian



and the Algerine stood amid magnolias at the window. Peter Carr, in order to be as near to his uncle as possible, stood under the violin, and the little orphans of Dabney Carr drew close around the feet of the tall, great-hearted man.

Jefferson played a forest preacher's melody that eve, recalled at this sacred hour—The Sound of a Going in the Mulberry Trees.

It was but a rude rift of song, which the people sang in their forest camp gatherings when such men as Elder Leland preached.

Then Jefferson played an entrancing air from Mozart, and finally the Don Giovanni minuet.

At the latter all rose and circled around him till he lifted the violin over his head and he was clasped in the arms of all.

"Whatever I may do, wherever I may go, my heart will always be here, right here. I shall always be farmer Jefferson in the heart of my own home; the world is a wilderness to me, but into the thick of it I must go, for America must be free, and her bounds must extend from sea to sea."

"And you must fulfill all that Governor Spotswood saw—I rode with him," said the ancient Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe. "I have brought this little present to you, like the one I gave to Dabney Carr. It is the *second* one."

He handed him a small golden horseshoe, on which was engraved "*Thus we swear to cross the mountains.*"

He bent over him in a fatherly way, and repeated his rude prophecy:

“ A golden horseshoe I bring to thee.  
*The whole of America must be free,*  
*And her bounds extend from sea to sea,*  
*And safe from Europe must ever be.*  
’Tis thus we cross the mountains!”

He added with uplifted face and hands:

“ Thomas Jefferson, I shall live to see that day. I am  
a sign to the people.”

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE MASTERPIECE OF AMERICAN ORATORY

EVENTS were hurrying. I have been giving you home pictures of remarkable boys, preparing for some high career, they knew not what, in the Virginia wilderness.

The magic orator, the thrilling, forensic force, the glowing firebrand of the rising resistance of the American colonies against Great Britain was to be the boy who studied Livy under the trees on river banks—Patrick Henry.

His words in opposition to the Stamp Act in 1764 had become a household story. He had been elected to Congress, and in his first speech had said: "I am a Virginian, but I am an American."

In March, 1775, he introduced a resolution into the Virginia Assembly to organize the militia, and uttered an oration in three words that were as hammer strokes, "We must fight!"

He had said in his speech in opposition to the Stamp Act:

"Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third——"

"Treason!" shouted many voices. He added:

"And George the Third may profit by their example."

This part of the fiery oration which had startled the

Virginians had furnished a suggestion which had been like an arrested bugle call.

But it was his oration of March 23, 1775, to which we have alluded, in which he had said, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death," that summoned the colonies to arms.

How was this impassioned oration delivered?

It took place in St. John's Church, Richmond, a chapel of some fifty or more pews.

"It was on that occasion," said St. George Tucker, "that I first felt a full impression of Mr. Henry's powers. In vain should I attempt to give any idea of his speech. He was calm and collected; touched upon the origin and progress of the dispute between Great Britain and the colonies, the various conciliatory measures adopted by the latter, and the uniformly increasing tone of violence and arrogance on the part of the former."

"Henry," said another eyewitness, "rose with an unearthly fire burning in his eye. He commenced somewhat calmly, but the smothered excitement began more and more to play upon his features and thrill in the tones of his voice. The tendons of his neck stood out white and rigid like whipcords. His voice rose louder and louder until the walls of the building, and all within them, seemed to shake and rock in its tremendous vibrations. Finally, his pale face and glaring eye became terrible to look upon. Men leaned forward in their seats, with their heads strained forward, their faces pale, and their eyes glaring like the speaker's. His last exclamation, 'Give me liberty or give me death!' was like the shout of the leader which turns back the rout of battle. When he sat I felt sick with excitement. Every

eye yet gazed entranced on Henry. It seemed as if a word from him would have led to any wild explosion of violence. Men looked beside themselves."

The closing sentences were these:

"It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, 'Peace! peace!' but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"

As he passed out of the church a hand touched his.

He turned. The "Sir Knight" or the "Sign" was following him.

"I promised you this," said the old man. He handed him a golden horseshoe. "You are crossing the mountains. You are the *third* to whom I have given the sign and watch-word—

"A golden horseshoe I give to thee.  
The whole of America——"

But his voice was lost in the voices that surrounded the young orator on that brightening March day.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE BEGIN TO FORM IN FARMER JEFFERSON'S YOUNG MIND

JEFFERSON had a mind that rose superior to illusions; he saw human rights.

In 1774 he was a candidate for the Virginia Convention that was to instruct the delegates to the Continental Congress in regard to their duties toward the King. It was suggested to him that he should prepare a draft of instructions. He was a young man to be asked to indirectly instruct the King of Great Britain, the common king.

It was summer. On the breezy heights of Monticello, where the air was exhilaration, and the sun rose clear, and the clusters of towering trees were sanctuaries, he sat down to this work, which he was assured would be called for by the delegates, who were to instruct the congressmen of the freeholders, who were to form a petition to the King. He saw that the paper might reach the King himself, if not the King's ministers.

George III had been taught to believe that he was a king by divine right, and that the people were his servants. But this young burgess had come to regard the people as sovereign, and the King as their servant. It was from this point of view that Jefferson began to write the draft of

instructions that read like one of the talks of Dabney Carr under the great oaks of Monticello that caught the first rays and reflected the last rays of the sun.

The Continental Congress, he thought, should address the King as demanding not "favors," but "rights."

If the paper was ever read by George III he must have stared to think that in the whole world there was a body of men capable of such audacity.

Jefferson asked the King to reflect "that he was only the chief officer of the people, to *assist* the people in carrying out definite laws." The King must have lifted his spectacles and turned to his snuffbox after such a new view of his position. What was the use of the crown, the scepter, the lion and the unicorn, if this were so?

But the young man became more audacious. He asserted that legislatures were superior to their sovereigns, and that Great Britain had no more right to pass laws for Virginia than Virginia for Great Britain.

Such a declaration as that might well cause the British lion to send up a roar that would reach the skies and cross the seas.

Jefferson had a great retinue of slaves, which he wished to set free, and, like other young burgesses of Virginia at this time, he was opposed to the further importation of slaves into the colony. He arraigned the political morals of the King in continuing the slave trade. These views he afterward embodied in the Declaration of Independence, but they were stricken out.

There were many other things about which this ardent young farmer, breathing the pure mountain air of Monticello, wished the King to be informed. One of these was

“that the King had no right to land a single armed man upon these shores” without the consent of the colonies.

This would be to<sup>1</sup> overturn the throne indeed! George III could never have thought of any of his colonies dreaming such a dream as this. He, in his own view, was appointed by Heaven, to say what the colonies should do and be, and eat and drink and wear.

Young Jefferson concludes the paper with this astounding declaration:

“Open your heart, sire, to liberal and expanded thought. Let not the name of George III be a blot on the page of history.

“The whole art of government consists in being honest.”

This last declaration was as true as the heavens, but what a message from a young Virginia farmer to send to George III!

Did the “instructions” to the Virginia delegates to the Continental Congress ever reach the King?

We can not say. The convention found the resolutions too strong. The burgesses read these advanced ideas with staring eyes and walked around in circles of thought as they saw their gravitation. They concluded to publish the “instructions” in pamphlet form for private circulation. In this form they attained a great popularity, and reached England, and filled statesmen with wonder.

The pamphlet, however, brought to Jefferson an unexpected honor. In a bill which was intended to prescribe American statesmen were the names of Samuel Adams, John Hancock, John Adams, Peyton Randolph, Patrick Henry, *and* Thomas Jefferson, who was a young man to be enrolled with such men as these.



Jefferson no longer reasoned and argued—he saw. The people owned the world, and kings, save by the people's permission, were of the same blood as other men. The blood of George III was no more royal than the humblest elector who permitted him to govern, and young Jefferson seems to have thought that he could bring the old King to see this. But the King had no eyes for such a vision.

Jefferson was learning to write strong sentences; his rhetoric was improving. It needed correcting. But it is easier to correct than to create.

Jefferson had not studied the poets from Homer to Ossian in vain. He had learned to form words that lightened. The electric rhetoric of Ossian is not much studied now, but we are not sure that it would not be a suggestive study to one who would clothe ideas with power.

The colonies needed a ready writer—one who could give the very soul of thoughts to public documents; one who could tell the world in a manner that all people could see and be made to feel, why America took up arms in defense of her rights.

Dabney Carr had been an orator and Patrick Henry could speak and write in lightning strokes. They could make a few words tell.

Jefferson entered the Continental Congress in 1775, and sat down among “sixty gentlemen in silk stockings and pig-tails.” They were chiefly middle-aged men. Benjamin Franklin was seventy-one years old; others were past fifty.

There was one “timid gentleman” among them. He seems to have feared that he might be hanged. He was a wise, prudent, good man, but one of those who say “Don’t.” His name was John Dickinson.

“Johnny,” his mother used to say to him, “you will be hanged; your estate will be confiscated; you will leave your wife a widow and your children orphans.”

Thus terrorized the prudent and slow-moving man went forth into the political world, where every step was peril.

On the day that young Jefferson took his place in the Continental Congress a courier came flying into the town. Men stopped in apprehension on the streets as they saw his flying form, and cried, “What has happened?”

“There has been a battle at Bunker Hill—at Boston town! More than a thousand redcoats have been killed or wounded!”

This was thrilling news indeed. It probably made John Dickinson recall his mother’s words.

“Thirteen officers have been killed and severely wounded!”

The sixty gentlemen in ruffles and velvets faced a fact immediately on the arrival of the courier. They must publish a statement to the world setting forth the reasons why the colonies had taken up arms. The words of that statement, they reflected, should be the best in the language; they should be hammer strokes. They began to look about for one to write such a paper.

They selected several writers, but these refused or exhibited inadequate work. Then their choice fell upon young farmer Jefferson, whose heart had gone over from velvets and ruffles to the plain people.

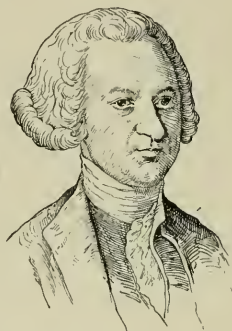
In this effort probably came to him the first suggestion of the immortal words that appeared a year later in the

Declaration of Independence, "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." He prepared his paper. On the committee to secure this momentous document was good old John Dickinson, who had the wisdom of restraint, and who could foresee what is too much in legislation. Such men are useful in legislation.

He read young Jefferson's paper. The figures of rhetoric in it glowed, the words went direct to the imagination. The timid man, to whom his mother had said, "Johnny, you will be hanged," sat terrified before the lava stream and said "Don't."

The committee desired to secure the force of Jefferson's words and thought, so they invited cautious John Dickinson to revise the paper.

This the timid man did with prudence and conscience. But he retained some of the telling sentences from Jefferson's pen, and hung them like flowers on his own juiceless stalk.



*Wm Dickinson*

In this document, which was to be published "out of a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," was one paragraph which said nothing—but suggested everything—which was written by Jefferson, and which the prudent reviser retained. It read as follows:

"We mean not to dissolve that union [1775] which has so long and so happily existed between us, and which we sincerely wish to see restored. Necessity has not *yet* driven us into that desperate measure."

"*Yet*" — that one word, so aptly placed, brought

the eye of every reader to a fixed point and held it there.

These words were written about July 4 to 6, 1775. About the same period the next year young farmer Jefferson would try his hand at rhetorical statement again. Thoughts grow; so does the expression of them. All good work in literature is growth. Goethe began *Faust* in the flower of his youth and completed it after he was eighty.

"The great purpose of life," said Margaret Fuller, "is to grow."

The flowers were growing over the heart of Dabney Carr, and his children were living in the family of Jefferson, which numbered a hundred or more relatives and servants, but the principles which had been written in the heart of Dabney Carr were growing in Jefferson's mind.

"Not *yet*, but——"

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### THE WRITING OF THE IMMORTAL DECLARATION

THE house in which young Jefferson wrote the immortal Declaration of Independence, a declaration of the universal rights of man, was at 250 High Street, afterward 700 Market Street, Philadelphia, or on the southwest corner of Seventh and Market Streets, a plain three-story brick building, of noble appearance and of real character in its day, though humble afterward by comparison.

Mr. Jefferson was now thirty-three years of age and full of the spirit of those themes that he had so often discussed in the Virginia woods with the beloved Dabney Carr. He had yielded almost entirely to the noble lessons so persistently taught him by his young friend, whose eye saw what republican liberty might be. He had put off his velvets, his laces, his ruffles, for the gray suit of the farmer. Farmer Jefferson he was, and such he delighted to be called.

He believed that a virtuous poor man was as good as a virtuous rich man, and that the only true aristocracy was that of worth.

How often had he heard Dabney Carr preach those doctrines when he himself wore ruffles!

He had been asked to prepare a paper that should sepa-

rate America from the Old World and change the government of a king to the government of the people.

The charge must have haunted him day and night.

He sought a place where he could think alone.

There was a new brick house in Philadelphia occupied by a Mr. Gratz (Graff), a young German, newly married. The house stood somewhat by itself.

At this time when the subject of the Declaration was filling his mind, when he was seeing, as it were, the "pattern on the mount," he applied to the young German for rooms.



*Roger Sherman*

"I will rent you the whole of the second floor," said Mr. Gratz, "for thirty-five shillings per week."

Mr. Jefferson accepted the terms, and the new brick house was to be made immortal as the Declaration House. He entered these apartments May 23, 1776.

Here was a desk, now the property of the United States. At that desk the writer of the new Magna Charta sat at his papers, as we may believe, during the long June days, with open windows, the trees without alive with the songs of happy birds. To the parlor of his house, now removed, Jefferson returned one June day with a great commission. It was to embody in the form of a state paper a declaration which should voice the soul of the people. To this work he gave himself in the last days of June—in the longest days of the year. The history of this work is as follows:

All the month of June the subject of the Declaration had been growing in the young Virginian's mind. How he would have conversed with Dabney Carr at this time could the latter have been with him!

On June 7, 1776, it was moved in the American Congress, through the delegates from Virginia, that Congress should declare that these United Colonies are, and of a right ought to be, "free and independent states." The subject was debated in Congress June 8th and 10th.

On June 11th a committee was appointed to prepare a formal Declaration. The committee consisted of John Adams, Dr. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R Livingston, and Thomas Jefferson.

"Jefferson knows how to put thoughts into words," was the view of the committee. "Let him write the Declaration."

But Jefferson had thoughts of his own that struggled for utterance, such as he had shared with Dabney Carr. He resolved to preface the Declaration with these thoughts, which belonged to all truth, all time, and all mankind.

He had been made to see the equal birthright of men of worth. This thought must lead all the rest.

In the quiet of the upper room he sat down and wrote on paper what was afterward written on parchment.

The great idea of his young life came to him. How should he express it? What would his old model Peyton write? The language came to him, the words began with a stately march up to a sentence which seems destined to emancipate the world:

"When in the course of human events, etc.—"



Then the monumental words that clothed the immortal idea leaped forth:

*"We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."*

Did he dream of the companionship he had shared with Dabney Carr amid the lindens, laurels, and wild grapes of the Virginia woods as he penned these eternal lines to be the hope of mankind?



*Robert R. Livingston*

Had he written nothing but this preamble he would have earned a place beside Phocion, Pericles, the Gracchi, the Scipios, with Alfred the Great, Simon de Montfort, and Robinson of Leyden.

One day in June four notable people assembled in young Jefferson's upper room to hear the new Alcibiades read what he had written. They were Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and Robert R. Livingston. They came in courtly dress and with like manners.

Young Jefferson unrolled the paper. Would the young Virginia farmer do justice to so momentous an occasion? He unrolled the paper, and the statesmen listened. How must their hearts have thrilled as the words that followed, "When in the course of human events," fell upon their ears!



Jefferson expressed in his original paper his abhorrence of slavery in all its forms. These burning words were modified by the committee. The corrected Declaration was adopted in Congress on July 4, 1776, and was proclaimed by the Liberty Bell to the people. It was signed on July 4 and August 2, 1776.

There stood on a square in Philadelphia a platform that had been erected for the purpose of a telescopic study of the transit of Venus.

To this, on the following day, the Declaration was carried to be read. It was not known at that time that young Jefferson was the principal author of that immortal document.

The people assembled to hear the Declaration for which the people's delegates had voted, and which some of the delegates had signed.

It was a fiery July day. The flag of the United States colonies floated here and there. The bell over Independence Hall would have again pealed in the air, but it was cracked.

The orator mounted the platform, and his voice rang out over the multitude.

“ ‘ When in the course of human events——’ ”

At the words “ all men are created equal ” the people felt that a new era had come, a new world begun.

It was carried forth by couriers to New York and Boston. These couriers rushed over the highways and crossways as thrilled with joy. Bells rang, cannon were fired.

A great assembly filled the front of the Statehouse, Boston, now the Old Statehouse. The Declaration was read from the window over the west end door. The words

“unalienable rights” were a new sound, but not a new gospel to the Boston people.

The question arose everywhere, “Who wrote that preamble?” A heart was in it, a divinely guided soul. Who had so seized upon a pen from heaven?

The cold answer was “The committee.” But committees do not write like that. Inspiration is not made, molded in a social machine.

The Declaration set the bells to ringing everywhere, but the preamble did more—it made men’s hearts beat as never before.

The Sir Knight heard them ringing, and his heart quickened.

“The whole of America must be free!”

He would intrust to the author of this charter from heaven a golden horseshoe. The star of his ideal was rising now. He knew not then that he had already made the award.

## CHAPTER XXIX

“WHO SHALL IT BE?”

JEFFERSON became Governor of Virginia. He occupied the “palace” now and sat on the once vice-royal chair of Governor Fauquier, and stood in the succession of good Governor Spotswood.

A little time after his election there rode up the mountain to Monticello the old man who had met him there before, the Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe.

The Governor greeted him heartily and he became his guest. In the afternoon Ginseng appeared on the mountain farm and greeted the Governor.

“It does my heart good to see you come to honor,” he said. “You chief now—I follow, follow you—follow you for good, to keep you from the wind’s will, the water’s will, the will of danger. I love to follow you, still, still, through the covered ways; it does my heart good. It does me good; it does you good.”

Jefferson loved expressions of sympathy from the children of Nature—from all, rich or poor, who loved him for himself.

That evening they had a family singing in the great room. These social singings were always among the delights of Monticello.

Ginseng reclined on a braided mat in the outer room before the open fire.

When the family singing was over, the old Knight of the Golden Horseshoe began to talk on his favorite theme.

"You are Governor," he said. "You have power, and the time has come for you to send a troop into the river lands. I have but one wish in my old age; it is to see you follow the steps of Governor Spotswood."

"All you say is in my heart," said Jefferson. "But we will need all of our men now, all of our thoughts and energies for the contest for human liberty. If I could I would explore the great lands of the Mississippi; they are not our own. Europe dominates them."

"Governor Jefferson, what a great thing it would be for this nation, if we could conquer the river lands."

"We have one war on our hands now. What a grand and noble destiny it would be if we could maintain our independence and then purchase the river lands of the great Louisiana and explore them!"

"That is a dream too high for any man to cherish."

"But my study of ideals is that they change into realities. I have hopes that we will not only become an independent nation, but a glorious one, and that we will be able to secure all the territory from ocean to ocean."

"When, Governor, when?"

"When France and Spain shall need money. Sir Knight, that day will come."

"I see, I see, I see with your eyes. If we gain our independence the day will come when France and Spain will need money. Then the States will purchase the vast West and you—you, Governor, will shoe your horses and

follow the steps of Governor Spotswood. It is you who are to make the great legend of Virginia true. Thus we swear to cross the mountains."

Ginseng lay in the living room by the spark-emitting fire. He traveled into the Alleghanies in search of the precious ginseng. The herb was held to be miraculous in its effects in America then, as well as in superstitious China.

He knew the import of the conversation, and he suddenly started up and stood at the door between the great room and the living room.

"I will follow you when you cross the mountain," said he. "I will follow you unseen, like the forms in Ossian, out of sight, out of your mind, I will follow you."

"It is in the air," said the old Sir Knight. "Even the Indian has caught the spirit of it. Governor Jefferson, Virginia must fulfill the dream of Governor Spotswood. You must make solemn oaths that you will cross the mountains when peace shall come. The ideal of the Golden Horseshoe must be fulfilled before America can be herself. I am like a falling leaf; there may be a higher office than governor in the colonies, and you may fill it."

"A king?"

"No, not a king, but the whole people will need one man to execute their will. But whatever you may become, you will be true to the suggestion I leave with you—Elder Leland would call it 'the pattern seen on the mount of vision.'"

Then Jefferson told the old Knight that it was he who had written the Declaration.

Jefferson had been helped in one of his ideals by Dabney Carr. He would be helped in another by the Golden

Horseshoe and its legend, "Thus we swear to cross the mountains."

The suggestion was a living thing to him, but how he would be an influence in adding an empire to the colonies now engaged in the struggle to maintain the principles of which he had been the pen he could not see.

Before a strong purpose the gate of opportunity opens, and a purpose will live and can wait in the dark. If the colonies of the West should gain their liberties, the rivers of the West must be free, and peace was the glorious way to this freedom. The Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe believed that somehow the ideal of Governor Spotswood was living in the new Governor of free Virginia. It was. It is our purpose to show the way the greater America was coming through him whose pen wrote the immortal preamble.

"The whole of America must be free,  
And her bounds extend from sea to sea."

## CHAPTER XXX

“TROOPERS, TROOPERS!”

WHILE Jefferson was Governor of Virginia Tarleton invaded the State. There were stirring events at Monticello. We must tell you of some of them, such as seem to us to best picture the times.

“The enemy are coming! Troopers, troopers!”

So exclaimed a swift rider as he tumbled from a foaming horse before the portico of Monticello.

It was a hot morning, June 4, 1781. The sun was rising red over the far hills and forests; the birds were singing in the dewy trees and the meadows and fields hung with a heavy weight of dew.

The family were rising. They heard the cry of “Troopers, troopers!” and the house was filled with alarm and confusion.

The tall form of Governor Jefferson appeared on the portico.

The rider cried out in thrilling tones:

“Tarleton’s troopers! They are on the way—they are after you—they will ruin Monticello!”

“Jouritte,” said Jefferson, “whence came you?”

“From the tavern in Louisa. I stopped there last night, when Tarleton’s men came in. They are resting there.

They are to strike Monticello to-day. I heard one of them say: 'We will surprise and capture the Governor.' Then I saddled my horse and rode up here by the old trail in the woods. You must escape."

"Have I time to pack my valuables?"

"The troopers can not be here for two hours, and they may go to the village first. They were to eat and rest and come by the main road; they can know nothing of the cross-way."

"How many are there in the troop?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

The people of the household gathered with anxious and distressed faces about the door.

"Who will stand by me now and risk everything?" asked the Governor.

"I! I—everything for Massa Jefferson!" cried Cæsar, a slave.

"I! I!" echoed Martin, a lusty negro. "My life is at your order, everything!"

The Governor looked around him. The sun was blazing over the hills. Two hours was a short time for what was to be done.

"I must have a runner," said Jefferson. "Go," he said to a member of his family, "give my papers to the negro runner; he will know where to place them. I can trust him like my own heart. I can trust you all."

"Anything, anything!" cried the servants, who held the interests of their master as dear to them as their own lives.

"Tarleton may strike Charlotteville first," said Jouritte, who had brought the alarm. "I must ride for the village."



He waved his hat and rode down the hill toward the village, which was to be clearly seen from the top of Monticello.

Strange as it may seem, the Governor ordered the household to eat their breakfast. His mind planned while he ate. He then summoned his two faithful slaves, Cæsar and Martin.

“We must hide the plate and the valuables,” he said.

“Where? In the swamp?” came the answer.

“No, here under the portico. Tear up the long plank.”

The plank came up. Cæsar crept under it, and, lying on his side, as in a grave, for the space was narrow, called:

“Hurry the plate, and I will hide them in the chinks of the foundation wall. Hurry, hurry! I can’t stant it here long; it is just like being buried—I can’t breathe—hurry! Pick up your feet lively now! It is stifling here; a person couldn’t live here—long. It is an oven!”

He lifted his head above the board to breathe while Martin “picked up his feet lively.”

The latter hurried the plate to the portico, and Cæsar hid the pieces in the wall. At times he popped up his head, saying:

“I’m snufficated. I can’t stand this much longer. Pick up your feet lively, Martin!”

The plate and valuables were hurried to the opening with all possible speed. The servants ran to and fro, bringing treasures faster than the perspiring Cæsar could hide them away.

“I’m snufficating, I am for sure!” said Cæsar at last. “Every bone in me aches, and the sweat rolls off of me like rain, and it is hotter and hotter. Hurry, hurry, or I will just give one kick and die. For de Lord’s sake, hurry!”

“Whoop,” cried Martin, “and they are coming for sure!”

“Put down the plank!” said one of the family. “Quick, quick, or they will discover all!”

Martin turned the plank quickly, for he saw the plumes of the troopers dancing among the trees. In doing so he fastened Cæsar down. A great groan arose from the cavity under the portico.

“For de Lord’s sake, I’m dead now plump sure, but never mind me. I’m a dead negro!”

“Tish,” said Martin, “they’re here! Hear the hoofs! Keep still, Cæsar. Be dead. There are a lot of dead folks, and you are only one of many.”

Martin sat down on the plank like a ceremonious porter, but began to fan himself with a brimmed hat.

An officer rode up.

“You black rascal, who are you, sitting there in the heat, waving a fan as cool as an *hidalgo*?”

“I’m de porter, sar.”

“Where is the Governor?”

“He rode away somewhere an hour ago.”

“Somewhere! Where, you lazy rascal—where?”

“I do not know, sar. He left me here to receive any guests who might call, and to offer my services to them. What can I do for you, sar?”

“Do as the Governor bid you.”

“He told me to sit right here, sar.”

“Well, sit there, and tell the men to search the house as fast as they come here from their horses. But first show me over the house.”

This Martin did. When the officer had visited the

library, he locked the room and gave Martin the key and said:

"Don't give it up to any one—say I command it."

"You are a gentleman, sir," said Martin.

Said Martin to each one who came:

"That was the captain's orders. He told me to sit here, and tell you what to do."

Each one asked: "Where is the Governor?"

"Vanished, sar," was the bewildering answer.

Martin longed to rescue Cæsar, but men passed over the portico in and out continuously. To lift the plank would be to discover the treasure.

The high noon came; the sun blazed, the heat was still and overpowering.

Past the middle of the afternoon the troopers prepared to go. The last horse disappeared in the red dawn of another morning. Then Martin lifted the plank.

Cæsar raised his head into the cool, dewy air.

"'Fore Gord, I never expected to see the light of another mawnin' on dis here planet—I never did! Help me out, for my bones are all gone, and I have broken the clapper of my heart in trying to wheeze for de last time in this skittery place."

He was dragged up and leaned against the side of the mansion.

"And here I am, smart as peppergrass again; the cocks crowing, the cattle lowing, and the Governor shipped away, the plate and valuables all as safe as in a treasury, the house standing, and the sun coming up to meet me over the fair and beautiful hills. Good mawnin', O thou sun of this June day! Thou didst not expect to find Cæsar

on the portico when thou wentest down and hid thy beams from the men of day. I hail thee, O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers! ”

Cæsar had heard the Governor read Ossian on the same portico. He thought the poems of Ossian very fine. All of the negroes liked to listen to the reading of Ossian in the cool evenings, as the family sat on the piazza.

When the Governor returned to Monticello he found his family, his faithful servants, and his house there, and he heard Martin and Cæsar tell their stories in a breathless way.

“That British captain,” said Martin, “was a gentleman, sar,” and the slave gave up to Jefferson the key to the library, where the officer supposed the valuables of the house were concealed.

## CHAPTER XXXI

### A RESTLESS BOY

THERE was born in Charlotteville, in the year 1774, a very extraordinary lad, who was destined to become a bosom friend to Thomas Jefferson. His father was rich and of heroic mold, and the family named this welcome son Meriwether — Meriwether Lewis. He is usually spoken of to-day in connection with one of his intimate friends, as “Lewis and Clark.”

He had a restless mind. He does not seem to have cared for money or fame; he wanted to see the world, but more than all else to understand the secrets of the great river system of America.

He preferred the farm to the school, and Nature to society.

The story that Selim had told of his wanderings from the Mississippi River to the Blue Ridge thrilled the adventurous young men of the time. So did the example of the Sir Knight, or the “sign.” Selim’s story followed the tales of the Knights of the Golden Horseshoe.

One night Meriwether sat by the fire of a great Virginia farmhouse with his young companions.

“The order of the Golden Horseshoe should be revived,” said one of the young men. “If Governor Spotswood made

discoveries in a short expedition that has filled the provinces with wonder, what might not an expedition do that would go back over the trails through which Selim came?"

Meriwether arose and walked the room in a nervous way, as though absent-minded and dreaming.

"What might not an expedition do that would follow the rivers to the north—to the northwest?"

He stretched out his arms.

"War is upon us," he added. "The war hawks are in the air, but whatever comes or whatever may be, there lies a greater country than we now occupy, which has never been explored. And mark you here, mark you there, the man who explores that region will be held in eternal fame. My feet are restless to go—they tingle."

"It would be likely that he would never return," said another of his comrades. "You are only a boy."

Meriwether stopped in his nervous movements, and a strange light came into his eyes.

"I am only a boy, but I am a Virginia boy. What does it matter how or when one goes out of life, when he has done something to pay him for living? I was not born to be a scholar, nor an orator. I was born to go—go. There are people who are born to break new ways for others to follow. A new order of the Golden Horseshoe is forming. The old Knight is forming it; he is giving horseshoes away. Let us join it. What would Governor Spotswood's ride to the Alleghanies be to a canoe journey up the Missouri? The Golden Horseshoe should be a sign to us. We should make an expedition to Louisiana."

He seemed to see the future in a vision.

“Louisiana, Louisiana!” he said. “He who shall explore Louisiana will lead mankind into a new world!”

The boundaries of Louisiana were then unknown. They embraced the vast territory of the Mississippi River Valley, and of the valleys of the mighty tributaries of the Mississippi. When Spain held these territories, which were once known as New Orleans and the Floridas, she did not know their extent, nor did France when the latter kingdom came to possess them.

The restless boy Meriwether Lewis began to dream of making expeditions. If Selim had seen such wonders in the vast forests through which he had been led, what might not be found farther north in the plains where the bison roamed free and the black eagles spotted the air.

Meriwether Lewis was a lively boy. He loved to live in his imagination. But these haunting dreams that made him long to go—where he did not know, but to go—were followed by mental depression. He was not like other young men.

“The Golden Horseshoe was offered as a legacy from Governor Spotswood to those who would carry forward the explorations into the wilderness that he himself had begun,” said one to him.

“The prize was offered long before I was born,” thought Meriwether, “but it was meant for *me*.”

His mother must have watched the restlessness of his mind with apprehension, and have felt that he was somehow destined to render services to the world in some unknown manner, but in that in which the suggestion of the Golden Horseshoe would prove a potent influence.

Meriwether grew to manhood, but the desire to know



the secrets of the great river countries increased with his years. He saw others going into political life, but to him to be a farmer, to own, as it were, the freedom to enjoy Nature, the passing seasons, all the sun had to bring by day and the stars by night, was the greatest of all blessings. The spring to him, with its blossoms and birds, was Demeter awaking.

Like Jefferson, and like Dabney Carr, when the latter was living, he loved to go with friends into the woods. The rocks were altars, and the giant trees sanctuaries to them.

One day he had roamed into a great and solitary stretch of woods, and thrown himself down on the moss amid the partridge berries. Magnolias loomed in glistening clouds in the burning air. Below the place under the trees a brook flowed, or ran amid patches of laurel.

He was thinking after the manner that Patrick Henry used to think in the woods, but not of the same things.

There was a patch of sunlight at a little distance; a natural clearing into which opened a narrow woodway, amid flaming dogwood and odorous pines.

A shadow came into the bright space. Meriwether started up. The shadow was a form—a human form. Meriwether gasped:

“Selim?”

The form sunk down beside him on the ginseng, and said:

“Oh, my head! I am glad to find a human heart.”

He talked good English now, and he remembered all his life.

“Selim,” said Meriwether, “like troubles make brothers of hearts. My head troubles me. I want to wander.



wander, but I would do it for some good. I wish to wander into the unknown country—the great river country. But my friends say that I am a little touched in mind.”

“Selim, too, would like to go back into the great river country. You go wander, and wander, and come back and tell the world what you have seen, and then let Selim go with you. Selim has a faithful heart.”

“I know that Selim has a faithful heart,” said Meriwether, “and to be true-hearted is more than any other thing in life. A man may have as many professed friends as an old Roman emperor, and yet his world be bounded by a few friends whose hearts are true to him. Selim went out from his own doors to be true to Him whose cross was true to the world. Selim loved this book.”



He took out of his pocket an old leather-covered Greek Bible.

*Meriwether Lewis*

“This book teaches that there is a higher law which is eternal life. Selim has eternal life. This book says: ‘If any man keep my saying he shall never see death.’ Selim will never see death. Death passed when Selim came to know the power of the divine consciousness. Selim had been fed by ravens in the wood. There are hearts that are true everywhere. Let Selim tell you a story.”

He was about to begin a story to illustrate his views when there was heard the sound of horses’ hoofs in the trail that ran past the great natural colonnades of trees.

“Hist!” said Selim. “It is the Governor—Governor

Jefferson. Look at him, in his gray suit now. How that young man has changed!"

With Jefferson rode an old man. It was the Sir Knight.

Meriwether had known Jefferson from a little child. He rose and greeted him.

"You like to travel about, my lad," said the graceful rider. "You may become a traveler—my friend here ought to know you. He has golden horseshoes for those who would travel. Perhaps—pardon the suggestion—perhaps he will give you one some day."

"He is too young," said the old man.

"Pardon me," said Meriwether, "perhaps I may some day *earn* a golden horseshoe."

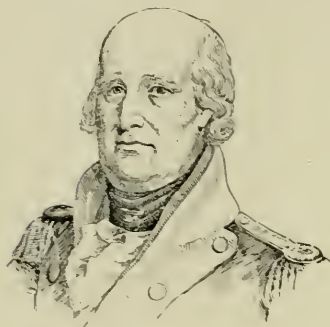
"I have given away only three so far," said the old man. He rode along, saying:

"Her bounds must extend from sea to sea."

He repeated his little poem wherever he went, as Selim said "God save ye!" to whoever he met.

He had given away *three* golden horseshoes.

Great events were occurring not only in Virginia now, and on the battlefields of the Revolution, but in the Indian countries. George Rogers Clark, a friend of Jefferson, was given the commission to restrain the Indian tribes. In doing this he was opening a new country, which became very interesting. Let us repeat some of the stories of this border country.



*G. Clark*

## CHAPTER XXXII

### THE INDIAN IN THE CHIMNEY

IN the midst of these rising struggles for liberty—leading no one knew whither at this time—there occurred a border tragedy which became, like the story of Elizabeth Zane and of Lord Dunmore's Magazine, one of the fireside traditions of the Old Dominion.

In 1774 a battle took place between the Virginians and the Indians on the banks of the Ohio River. It left a very bitter feeling between the settlers and the Indians on the border.

The Indians were fighting for the lands of their forefathers and the settlers for their homes and children, and each at last came to strive for the destruction of the other. Those were the dark days of revenge.

When war seemed impending between the Indians and the colonies certain English agents inflamed the Indians in the river countries with a sense of their wrongs. War waged along the border. The settlers had no rest; they knew not when they might hear the sound of the war whoop.

Lord Dunmore was Governor of Virginia then, and he was suspected of holding secret conferences with the Indians in the interest of the English against the colonies.

One of the great Indian warriors was Cornstalk. He

fought against the settlers, and offered them peace. He and Logan, another Indian chief, made some very eloquent speeches at this time recounting their wrongs.

Said Logan, after an English interpretation:

“ I appeal to any white to say, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not.

“ During the course of the last long bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, ‘ Logan is the friend of white men.’

“ I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan; not even sparing my women and children.

“ There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one! ”

In 1779 Cornstalk and Redhawk, another chief, resolved to visit the colonists at their new fort at Point Pleasant. It was intended to be a friendly visit, but it awakened among the English the suspicion that they were spies.

“ I am friendly to the settlers,” said the former, “ and my coming is peace. My own people, the Shawnees, turn from you, and look upon the English as their friends. I am sorry for this, but I can not control them. I may have to

go with the stream. I tell you the truth, do not think badly of me. I have opened to you the heart of Cornstalk.

“When I was a young man I went forth to battle. I used to think that I would return no more. I come to you amid the sound of war; again I am in the field of hate. You may kill me if you choose. I can die but once. It is little to me whether I die now or at some other time.”

The commander of the fort answered:

“You say that you may be compelled to go with the stream. Then I can not let you leave the fort. You must remain here as my prisoner.”

Cornstalk received the decision with a calm indifference.

Redhawk heard the word in a like spirit.

The Indians have a strong affection for favorite sons. Cornstalk had a son who was the “light of his heart,” named Ellinipsico. This son was greatly attached to his father, who was all the world to him, his joy, his pride of life.

Ellinipsico bade his father good-by as the latter went away with Redhawk to visit the fort.

He waited for his father's return. But Cornstalk did not return. The sun rose and went down day by day, but the two chiefs did not return.

Ellinipsico's restless heart could endure the separation no longer. The boy resolved to go in search of his father.

One day the officers at the fort asked Cornstalk to draw a map of his country on the sand. He stooped over to do so when a far sound rose in the air.

“Hello! Father!”

Cornstalk looked up.

The cry was repeated.

"It is my boy," said Cornstalk. "He is calling over the river."

The men's hearts were touched. They went across the river in a canoe and brought the boy to his father.

As the boy came to the fort and saw his father he was filled with joy. He rushed into his father's arms, and their two hearts beat together in a long embrace. The boy was allowed to sleep in Cornstalk's room, and the two talked together long into the night.

It was the last night they would ever pass on earth.

The next day a prowling band of Indians across the river killed a white man named Gilmore in the forest and scalped him. The tragedy filled the soldiers at the fort with rage, and they resolved to have revenge.

They brought back the body of Gilmore to the fort, the sight of which increased their fury. A cry went up.

"Let us kill all the Indians in the fort!"

A false charge was made against Ellinipsico. It was that he had led the Indians who had murdered Gilmore to the place, and that he came as a spy.

A woman, who was a friend of the Indians, went to him with the dreadful news and the suspicion.

"It is not true," said the boy. "I came to see my father. No one came with me."

He began to tremble. He saw the fate that awaited his father and Redhawk. He himself wished to live.

Cornstalk went into the midst of the soldiers and spoke like a Spartan:

"I came here among you; kill me if you will. I can die but once, and it is not for me to appoint the hour."

He saw his boy trembling.

“Ellinipsico, son of my heart, boy of the forest,” said he, “cease to feel fear. The pale faces will kill you and me. It counts for nothing when we shall die. There is One above who governs all events. The One above has sent you here to die with me. We will die bravely, as perished our fathers.”

There were angry sounds among the soldiers. Redhawk heard them and tried to escape, but he could not get away from the fort.

There was a large chimney on the fort. He rushed into the fireplace when he was not observed and climbed up into the flue of the chimney.

The soldiers came into the room where Cornstalk and his son were and where Redhawk had disappeared.

Cornstalk rose to meet them with a calm front. They leveled their guns at him, and he fell pierced with eight bullets. There was another volley of muskets, and Ellinipsico fell beside his father.

But where was Redhawk? Had he escaped? They began to look about for him.

The chief had heard Cornstalk fall, and, cramped in the chimney, awaited his fate.

There arose a cry: “He is in the chimney! The Indian is in the chimney!”

He was dragged down and pierced with bullets and his body was stretched beside those of the father and son.

Let us return from these far scenes to Jefferson.

He has been Governor of Virginia, the war has ended in the independence of the colonies, and he has come back



to Monticello. His wife is dead; his sister Jane sleeps beside her and Dabney Carr.

He came home. He wanted rest and sympathetic companionship. He had the direction of the education of two pupils whom he dearly loved—James Madison and James Monroe.

One day these pupils came to visit him, and with them Patrick Henry.

They went into the house and sat down by the open windows. The ancient Knight of the Golden Horseshoe rode up to the portico and joined the company. He had come to spend a few days at the mountain house.

They looked down on the Rivanna, as it lay in the fading twilight.

“I have a wish that I have been cherishing of late,” said Jefferson to Henry. “It is to live the life of a philosophical farmer, and to have my two pupils, Madison and Monroe, live near me.”

The old Knight of the Golden Horseshoe struck his cane on the floor, and said:

“My friend, such a wish is wrong. He is the true philosopher who sees the need of mankind in the future, and lives and dies on the field of duty.

“Friend, you must see two things: If America gain her liberty, she must become a free country from ocean to ocean, and she must resent all interference in her affairs by European powers. Train these young men who have come to you for advice to see these needs and to live to fulfill them. I am going to give them horse-shoes.

“James Madison, let it be your purpose to make this



continent united and free. Your day may come. I give to you a golden horseshoe—*four*.

“James Monroe, let it be your purpose to free this continent from foreign dominion. Advocate that. Your day may come. I give to you a golden horseshoe—*five*.

“Young men, the future will need you. You must not buy farms and settle down to philosophy; you must face the future and live. The true life is to grow.”

“You are right,” said Jefferson.

“Right? My conscience tells me so. And you? You have only begun to live in the world. Live in your purpose to make human rights universal; let your home be wherever you can do this work best.”

Jefferson had resisted the temptation to a selfish life at Williamsburg. He had turned from the gay Governor Fauquier to George Wythe.

He must do this again. He must follow the highest examples of the world—Phocion, Pericles, Cincinnatus, the Gracchi, Simon de Montfort, Hampden, Robinson of Leyden; he must seek no early rest in the garden of Virginia. A man must live for the highest power that is in him; he must do his best. Jefferson felt this.

He must set the highest example, for as he turned to George Wythe, these two young men may turn to him.

This became his final resolution. The Future beckoned him. He rose at her call, and these two young students followed him.

To live for influence is more than any other thing.

Life is tempted on many sides. One of the common temptations of life is to seek ease and to become less in influence than one should be. These three men who have

talked of making a companionable neighborhood for themselves in the garden of Virginia are to become Presidents of the United States. They are all to follow the suggestions of the Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe.

Young James Monroe purchased an estate near Jefferson's so as to be near his friend. But it was not to settle down as a philosopher, but to inspire the author of the Preamble. Jefferson had inspired this youth to inspire him, and the ideal of the Sir Knight inspired both.

"Before I resolved to retire to private life," said Jefferson, "I examined my heart to see if there were a particle of political ambition left. I became satisfied that every fiber of that passion was thoroughly eradicated."

But his law student, James Monroe, like the Knight, would not let him rest. He prodded him on and up.

He was right. Had he not done his duty by his faithful teacher, what might have been the fate of the Monroe doctrine, the consummate achievement of Jefferson's influence?

Build, if you would be builded.

The wandering Knight had given away five golden horseshoes now—to Dabney Carr, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, James Madison, and James Monroe.

He thought that he had distributed them well, and still rode about in the forest ways, repeating:

"The whole of America must be free,  
And her bounds extend from sea to sea,  
And safe from Europe ever be.  
'Tis so we cross the mountains."

He used to add: "Shall I live to see it? I wonder, oh, I wonder!"

He had refused a horseshoe to Meriwether Lewis, but that boy had said that *he* could "earn" one.

Washington was elected President of the United States and Jefferson was sent to Paris as minister to France.

The legend of the Golden Horseshoe followed him there. He there met Ledyard, the penniless traveler. This strange man had a plan of exploring the northwest by the way of Siberia and of the Bering Strait, the old way of the supposed Indian immigration to America. Jefferson listened to his plan with open heart.

Ledyard walked around the whole coast of the Gulf of Bothnia, reaching St. Petersburg in March, 1787, "without money, shoes, or stockings," having journeyed fourteen hundred miles on foot in seven weeks. He started for Siberia, but was arrested by the Russian Government on the suspicion that he was a spy.

Here was a man that, like young Meriwether, had the spirit to "earn" the golden horseshoe. But his plans failed, except as suggestions.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

### HAS HE CHANGED?

"If you love me," wrote Jefferson to his beautiful daughter Martha, who bore her mother's name, "strive to do good under every situation and to *all living creatures*."

This sentence furnishes us with a picture of the heart of Jefferson—"to do good to all living creatures" was not only the ideal of Thomas Jefferson, it was Jefferson.

He has been abroad as a minister of one of the most active powers in the world at this time. He has seen the Bastille fall, and the republic of France arise; he has mingled in courts, and shared the confidences of the greatest statésmen of Europe. He has been the guest of palaces and castles. Is he Thomas Jefferson, the farmer, with an open heart to all? Is he that still?

He is coming home again. The farmers of Albemarle are asking, "Has he changed?" His old forest friends are saying, "Does he still believe that 'all men are created equal and endowed with inalienable rights'?" The family wonder as they see his silent violin if he will ever play it with them again with the heart of old?

"There's a Sound Going forth from the Mulberry Trees and the like songs of home fires must have lost all

charm for him now," said one of the many old visitors to the house on the little mountain.

"I wonder if he will read Ossian to us again, or play the stately minuet so that the slaves may hear it outside of the windows," said another. "I fear that the black folk will never gather under the magnolias within the sound of the windows any more. He will return an aristocrat. Europe has spoiled our Jefferson."

Would he return an aristocrat?

That is what the hearts of all the thirty or more white people and twice as many slaves who looked up to Monticello as their roof were saying.

He is coming home now from France, but he is Jefferson still. Jefferson, the common farmer, in his heart and life.

"Let me go back to the heart of Virginia," he would say in effect, "and cultivate my own mountain gardens. I have no use for titles, show, hereditary rank, and irresponsible power. In America," and here we are using nearly his exact words, "the poorest laborer stands on equal ground with the wealthiest



Jefferson's seal.

millionaire, and generally on a favored one, when their rights seem to jar." What words are these for a man who has been living in the glitter of courts! Read it over again!

He is coming home, and is bringing his old young heart with him. Democracy in America is his life.

"In my country," said he just before leaving Europe, "distinction by birth or badge is no more known than a mode of existence in the moon."

He was coming home, and he was bringing his two daughters with him. They had left the mountain home when they were girls; they were young ladies now.

Was there ever such a home-coming? He had written to his friends in Virginia gardens that he was returning, and he had told them that he never loved America as much as now. "O my America, the land of all lands of all times, and of the hope of the future!" was the burden of his letters.

He had written to his friends at home that his farm on the mountain was the dearest spot in the world to him, that his home was where love called him, and where hearts were true to him, and such was the fair-skied mount of Albemarle.

All hearts were thrilling to meet him, not because he had won distinction, but because his heart was true to them.

Twenty-three days of sailing brought him back to Virginia. He landed in the Indian summer days when the woods were full of their last splendors. He hastened to Albemarle.

People who had heard that Jefferson's heart was true lined the roads for days hoping to see his carriage top looming over the hills.

He returned slowly after landing in Virginia, visiting at the plantation houses along the way. Everywhere the people were thrilled to hear him say that he was a republican and democrat more than ever before, that the words of the Preamble were his life.

Mr. James Parton, in his popular life of Jefferson, has outdone himself in vivid description in picturing this home-coming.

Says Mr. Parton in a paragraph that makes the past live again:

“ They were six weeks in reaching home. Two days before Christmas, a joyful time of year everywhere, but nowhere, perhaps, quite so hilarious as in the Virginia of that generation—all was expectation at Monticello.

“ The house had been made ready. The negroes, to whom a holiday had been given, all came in from the various farms of the estate, dressed in their cleanest attire and the women wearing their brightest turbans, and gathered early in the day about the house.

“ Their first thought was to meet the returning family at the foot of the mountain; and thither they moved in a body—men, women, and children—long before there was any reason to expect them.

“ As the tedious hours passed, the more eager of the crowd walked on; and these being followed by the rest, there was a straggling line of them a mile or two in length. Late in the afternoon the most advanced descried a carriage at Shadwell, drawn by four horses, with postilions, in the fashion of the time.

“ The exulting shout was raised.

“ All ran forward; and soon the whole crowd huddled round the vehicle, pulling, pushing, crying, cheering, until it reached the steep ascent of the mountain, where the slackened pace gave them the opportunity they desired.

“ In spite of the master’s entreaties and commands, they took off the horses and drew the carriage at a run up the mountain and round the lawn to the door of the house.

“ It was no easy matter to alight. Mr. Jefferson swam in a tumultuous sea of black arms and faces from the car-



riage to the steps of the portico. Some kissed his hands, others his feet; some cried, other laughed; all tried at least to touch him. Not a word could be heard above the din.

“But when the young ladies appeared—when Martha, whom they had last seen a child of eleven, stepped forth, a woman grown, in all the glorious luster of youth, beauty, and joy; and when Mary followed, a sylph in form, face, and step, they all fell apart and made a lane for them to pass, holding up their children to see them and uttering many a cry of rapturous approval. The father and daughters entered the house at length, the carriage rolled away, the negroes went off chattering to their quarters, and there was quiet again at Monticello.”

“‘Such a scene,’ wrote Martha Jefferson long after, ‘I never witnessed in my life.’” As late as 1851 Mr. Randall heard a vivid description of it at Monticello from an aged negro who was one of the boys of the joyful company.

A new political party was rising and growing. We must explain its meaning.

At the time of the making of the Federal Constitution and during the discussion of the adoption of the Constitution in 1788 the people who favored the Constitution were called Federalists. Washington was a Federalist, as were Adams, Hamilton, and Gay; that is, they favored a Federal union under a common constitution. There were those who opposed the Constitution; these became known as Anti-Federalists.

As years passed on the latter party grew in numbers and power; the Anti-Federalists were opposed to a strong central government, thinking that it tended to monarchy.

Washington maintained a dignified republican court.



To this the Anti-Federalists were opposed, and they watched with jealousy all measures that tended to make the Central Government more than an executive department.

Jefferson was minister to France in the thrilling events that led to the French Revolution. He had become a radical there; he was glad to see titles, ranks, and the throne itself going down before the rule of the people. The principle that he had written into the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal had powerfully influenced the French mind; he had hailed the oncoming of the great revolution, and the enthusiastic French republicans had welcomed him as the father of the democracy of the world.

In the midst of the uprising of the people of France for liberty he returned to America, expecting to find the American statesmen and people alive to the events of the new republic.

He found the public feeling noncommittal or indifferent. America viewed the French uprising with a conservative feeling, which the ardent republican regarded as indifference.

He was made Secretary of State by Washington.

He became suspicious of the leaders of the Federalist party, and especially of Alexander Hamilton, whose views he thought tended toward the creation of a monarchy or of the concentration of power in the executive departments of the Government that would be practically monarchical.

He sounded the alarm. His ears were ringing with the shouts and songs of the French republicans; he, like them, believed that every man was a citizen, and nothing more; that presidents were but servants of the people, and cabinets but the secretaries of the president; and that presidents

were elected not to govern the people, but to execute the laws. He returned as citizen Jefferson, and were he ever to be elected president of the republic he would seek to be nothing more.

Titles of rank and official dress and all court appearance were being discarded in France. He had rejoiced at the tearing off of all signs and appearance of royalty, of anything that tended to lift one man above another. The man who assumed the dress of any especial rank did injustice in his view to other men. He himself wore the garb of a common citizen; it was as a Secretary alone that he entered the Cabinet of Washington. He opposed all measures that tended to make a public officer more than a servant to the people who elected him. He scorned all self-display, and declared that all public officers must follow the will of the people as expressed by the people's votes.

In short, that all people, those in office and out of office, stood on one common level; that so it must ever be in a true republic.

These views appealed to the people. So the opposition to the Federal party grew during the administration of Washington and Adams, and the Anti-Federalists became known as the Republican party or Jefferson Democrats.

Jefferson was elected President of the United States, following John Adams, in 1800-'1.

## CHAPTER XXXIV

### FARMER JEFFERSON MOUNTS HIS HORSE AND GOES TO BE INAUGURATED

JEFFERSON desired to be inaugurated as a man of the people. There should be no military parade, no royal canopy, no "my lord" or "my lady" when he took the oath of office. He had seen the Bastile of France fall; the cry of "Liberty, equality, and fraternity," which rose like one voice from the surging sea of the people, still rung in his ears. To him it was the cry of humanity. He never so much desired to be regarded as plain farmer Jefferson as now.

He was to go from Monticello to Washington over muddy and broken roads.

One morning, a few days before the 4th of March, he ordered that one of his trusty horses should be saddled.

"The time has come for me to ride to Washington," said he. "The roads are difficult at this season of the year."

"Are you going on horseback?" asked a member of his household.

"On horseback, as a true republican President should go to be inaugurated."

"Who is to attend you?"

"No one. I know the way to Washington, and shall

find true friends and warm fires along my way. I need no attendant."

"But you would be safer."

"No one wishes me any ill. If a good farmer should ask me where I am going, I will only have to say 'To the office to which you have called me, citizen farmer.'"

It was an ardent, tearful crowd of people that gathered about the portico as Jefferson mounted his horse to ride away. The negroes stood bowing with uncovered heads.

In the gray distance among the trees, over which the dawn was flashing, a form wavered to and fro, putting aside the hollies. It was Ginseng. When Jefferson rode down the mountain the Indian disappeared and followed the solitary horseman far on his way.

Suddenly he appeared again before the lonely rider.

"Morning, Father Jefferson. And is it only to Washington you are going?"

Ginseng had heard the wayside lectures of the Sir Knight, the Sign.

"That is all, my faithful friend."

"Only to be made President?"

"Only that."

"I hoped you would have led the young horsemen down the sun ways into Louisiana. Remember the Golden Horse-shoe. These are the last words of Ginseng. Morning!"

There were no triumphal greetings as he rode along, but every one seemed to wave their hearts to him; he was a friend to all the world, and all the world was his friend. A more happy man never rode toward any capital.

As he passed through the settlements he met the old





He stopped by the way.

Knight of the Golden Horseshoe on horseback. He reined his horse.

"Going out alone on this morning of spring, friend Jefferson?"

"As I ought to go, my friend."

"To be inaugurated?"

"That is a pretentious word."

"I am disappointed. I hoped to hear that you were leading a troop into the wilderness the other way. Destiny lies the other way—to the West. But wherever you go and whatever be your duty, never forget Governor Spotswood and the Golden Horseshoe."

"I feel your meaning. The West rises before me—all things follow suggestion in this world—and I sometime and somehow hope to follow the cause that was so clear to the eye and dear to the heart of Governor Spotswood."

A log schoolhouse stood by the way. Great trees towered over it, and a brook ran by it. Here Elder Leland used to preach. He was a political preacher in Virginia; he preached the political views of Jefferson. He would ride up to the schoolhouse, singing one of his own hymns, his mind, as it were, in the sky, as—

"Oh, when shall I see Jesus  
And reign with him above?"

and

"Through grace I am determined  
To conquer though I die."

The people where Leland had preached all believed in Jefferson. So did the children.

The schoolmaster recognized the new President in the lonely rider. He lifted his hat and the children cheered.

The birds sang, the children cheered him from the doors, and Jefferson, with Ossian in his head, if the kit was not under his arm, rode on and on, and the sun blazed over the budding trees, and nightfall brought him peaceful rest at the inn.

The sun rose again over the mountains. Citizen Jefferson breathed the pure springlike air. The woodpeckers were already tapping the oaks, and the bluebirds, like rifts of the sky, were on the wing.

He must have thought of the days when at the age of twenty-one he used to ride up Monticello with Dabney Carr, when he read law, played the violin, and read Ossian.

The swollen streams ran by the way, here and there margined by the first green leaves of violets. People continued to come out of the farmhouses as he rode along on his solitary way. No guards, no servants, no attendants.

People asked who was this solitary rider.

He stopped by the way at times, and, fastening his horse to the palings of a fence, asked for refreshments. A stranger he may have been, but the gentleman characterized his figure and every movement.

A good farmer, perhaps, who did not know Jefferson, came out to his well, and took off his hat. The President-elect greeted him with like ceremony.

"Are you going to the inauguration of the new President?" may have asked the freeholder.

"Yes, yes. It will be a very simple matter, my friend; it requires little ceremony for a servant of the people to take an office of service."

"President Jefferson is a very plain man, I am told. I would like to go to the inauguration myself."



The solitary man rode on. The sun shone high again in the full splendor of spring. Did he feel the spirit of Ossian filling the woods as of old?

He rested by the way among simple people, and talked of the future prospects of a republic in which all people should have one heart and be as one man.

The Potomac came into view, and he rode into the new town of Washington, which had lately been an estate of a sturdy Scotchman by the name of Burns.

Of Jefferson's arrival Professor McMaster says, in his *History of the People of the United States*: "It has been long popularly believed that at noon Jefferson, unattended by a living soul, rode up the Capitol hill, tied his horse to the picket fence, entered the chamber of the Senate, and took the oath of office. The story, unhappily, is not true. Surrounded by a crowd of citizens and a troop of militia beating drums and bearing flags, he rode slowly on to the Capitol and mounted the steps, with the shouts of a multitude and the roar of cannon ringing in his ears. As he passed through the doorway of the Senate chamber, the Senators and Representatives present rose. Burr left the chair. Jefferson took it, rested a moment, rose, and delivered his speech." \*

Jefferson had something very definite to say. The reader would do well to weigh every word:

"Every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle. We have called by different names brethren of the

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\* This account is, of course, based on contemporary evidence, and Professor McMaster refers to the *Aurora*, March 11, 1801, and a little book called *The Speech of Thomas Jefferson, delivered at his Installment, etc.*, published in Philadelphia in 1801.

same principle. We are all Republicans; we are all Federalists. If there be any among us who would wish to dissolve this union or to change its republican form let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it. I know, indeed, that some honest men fear that a republican government can not be strong—that this Government is not strong enough. But would the honest patriot, in the full tide of successful experiment, abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this Government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest on earth. I believe it the only one where every man, at the call of the laws, would fly to the standard of the law and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern.”

But the flag that blew over the new Capitol in the fresh spring air stood for the citizenship of the people; not only for the people of the republic of America, but for all people.

The inaugural address was an appeal for magnanimity, for all men to rise above partisanship and to cherish one common sentiment for the welfare of all people. May the flag ever stand for all that it stood for on that immortal day!

## CHAPTER XXXV

### THE GREAT CHESHIRE CHEESE

THE story of the simplicity of the inauguration of Jefferson should be held among the choicest of legends of the republic, with the incidents of like spirit in the lives of Servius Tullius, Phocion, Pericles, Cincinnatus, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, the Gracchi, the Scipios, with those of all the great and good who have loved the people more than themselves, and the liberties of the people more than any other political cause. Jefferson had come to the capital not to gain anything from the people, but to give all he had to the people; he was destined to die poor with all of his great Virginia estates, for he never used public office for private gain.

We have told you how that when he was a student and had been introduced to Governor Fauquier's gay circle of friends at the palace he turned from these influences to one of the best men of the times for an example—to the noble, learned, and virtuous George Wythe. When tempted to do things that might lessen his moral power or impair the sensitiveness of his conscience he would ask: "What would George Wythe do under such circumstances?" And that which he thought that this man would do in each individual case he himself did.

Was there any one to whom he could now turn for an example—he who held right doing above everything in life, he who had written the preamble of the Declaration of Independence, who had stood by the French people when the Bastille fell, who stood for the principle of human equality, and had ridden out of the Virginia wilderness alone to be inaugurated President of the republic? To whom save Washington could such a man turn for an example now? Did he not himself embody the highest political virtues?

Yes; but there was one man to whom he could yet turn and follow as another George Wythe—a man of incorruptible life, over whose head honor hung like a star.

That man was a very old man then. He lived in Boston. The children loved him and followed him in the streets. His statue may be seen in Boston to-day, and on that statue is written: “He *organized* the Revolution.”

In my book *The Patriot Schoolmaster* I told in a form of fiction the story of this man. It was he who said, when an agent of General Gage offered him a title and emoluments that he might make his peace with the King: “Sir, I trust that I long ago made my peace with the King of kings, and no power on earth can make me recreant to my duties to my country.” It was he who, when he heard the first guns at Lexington on Woburn Hills, said to Hancock: “What a glorious morn is this for my country!”

This man was a Cato. He had grown rich in the service of his country, but had been kept poor by it; Massachusetts had given the office of Governor to him in extreme old age, but he honored the office more than the office him. He was a very old man in appearance; his beautiful and beneficent

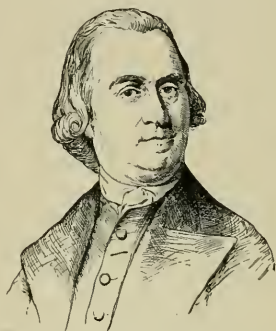
face bent over his staff. His fading years were almost spent.

When the simple inaugural was over the heart of Jefferson turned to this man who "organized the Revolution," and who waited the angel of death with empty hands—Samuel Adams.

He sat down and wrote to him. And he told him a secret of his life; he told him that it was his example, that he had put into his heart to follow. This was the same course that he pursued in youth; it is the course that every student may well pursue.

Mark you the words that farmer Jefferson, citizen President, wrote to this tottering old man of Boston town:

"I addressed a letter to you, my very dear and ancient friend, on the 4th of March; not, indeed, to you by name, but through the medium of some of my fellow-citizens, whom occasion called on me to address. In meditating the matter of that address I often asked myself: 'Is this exactly in the spirit of the old patriarch Samuel Adams? Is it as *he* would express it? Will he approve of it?' I have felt a great deal for our country in the times we have seen, but individually for no one so much as yourself. When I have been told that you were avoided, insulted, frowned upon, I could but ejaculate, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!' I confess that I felt an indignation for you which for myself I have been



*Sam Adams*

able, under every trial, to keep entirely passive. However, the storm is over, and we are in port. The ship was not rigged for the service she was put on. We will show the smoothness of her motions on her Republican tack."

He added in golden words that made him more than a king: "How much I lament that time has deprived me of your aid. It would have been a day of glory which should have called you to the first office of the administration. But give us your counsel, my friend, and give us your blessing."

With what joy, with what prophetic hope for the future, must the venerable patriarch of Boston have read these lines! They were like coronation. There are tributes to worth that are more than wealth or fame.

The new President would follow the spirit of Samuel Adams now to the end.

The simple inauguration was followed by a gift that was truly republican in its simplicity, one that put the whole country in a merry mood.

You will remember the story of Elder Leland, the forest preacher. After preaching long in the forest ways of the Old Dominion, he settled in Cheshire, Massachusetts.

He once set out to preach in Virginia again, but he returned because he felt that Cheshire needed him more. This anecdote is very pleasantly told in a local history:

"He started early in the fall on a tour to Virginia, preaching and performing the work of an evangelist. A throng of people followed him for a number of miles listening to his words and bidding him at last tearful good-bys. Appointments were made for a long distance ahead, but, becoming more and more impressed regarding the people he had left behind, he finally canceled his engagements and

returned, declaring that he could not preach to Virginia with the sins of Cheshire on his back. He reached the residence of a certain Deacon Wood at midnight, and awakened them from deep sleep by singing in his sweet, thrilling voice:

“ ‘ Brethren, I have come again,  
Joseph lives, and Jesus reigns,  
Praise him in the loudest strains.’

“ They arose and admitted him, and from that day the work went on. Long years afterward, when Mrs. Wood was an old lady, to her children’s children she often told the story of the old hymn as it sounded from out the fall night, breaking their slumbers and proclaiming the arrival of their beloved friend and teacher.”

In Cheshire he not only preached the Gospel, but also the republicanism of Jefferson. In both the people followed him.

That was a thrilling day when the news, that Jefferson had been elected President, reached Cheshire. We must tell you a story of those days, for it will again picture republican simplicity.

Elder Leland was full of joy, and the people whom he had instructed were almost beside themselves for gladness.

“ We must make him a present,” said the great preacher.

“ What joyful sound is this I hear,  
Fresh from the mulberry tops ?”

What should the present be?

A good woman of Cheshire said: “ We are cheese-makers; let us make him a cheese—a good large one.”

“ The biggest cheese that ever was made,” said another.  
“ He ought to have it—he wrote the Declaration.”



The news flew.

The good women of Cheshire agreed to make for Jefferson the largest cheese that ever was pressed in all the cheese presses of the world.

A local history thus tells the story of it with rural simplicity:

“In every era and among every people since the race began we find men who leave the impress of their character on all associated with them—men born to rule their fellows and to mold the thoughts and opinions of state and nation.

“Such a man was Elder Leland. Not only in the sparsely settled districts of old Virginia, where his influence was sought when a great measure was before the people, but also among the sturdy farmers of this little village, his political views were heartily and unanimously indorsed.

“A strong Jeffersonian himself, the whole people were admirers of Jefferson also. When he was chosen to fill the presidential chair their exultation knew no bounds, and, impelled by a desire to pay him some tribute of respect, the original thought occurred to them that from so famous a dairying community what could be more appropriate than a mammoth cheese, the result of their united contributions. In investigating the history of the manufacture of this cheese we find a diversity of opinion as to the place of making, some of the older people claiming that the curd was mixed at Elisha Brown’s, on the farm now occupied by William Bennet, and there pressed, then brought down to Captain Daniel Brown’s to be cured and dried. In support of this theory we copy from the Hampshire Gazette of September 10, 1801, the following quaint account of its making and journey.”



Here follows an odd account, after the manner of the Hebrew Chronicles. We know of nothing more quaint in the humors of history:

“THE CHESHIRE PARABLE OF THE GREAT CHEESE

“And Jacknips said unto the Cheshireites: “Behold the Lord hath put in a ruler over us that is after our own hearts.

““Now let us gather together our curd and carry it into the valley of Elisha unto his wine press, and there make a great cheese, that we may make a thank offering unto that great man.”

““Now these sayings pleased the Cheshireites, so they did as Jacknips had commanded.

““And they said unto Darius, the son of Daniel, the prophet, “Make us a great hoop, four feet in diameter and eighteen inches high.” And Darius did as he was commanded, and Asahel and Benjamin, the blacksmiths, secured it with strong iron bands, so that it could not give way.

““Now the time for making the great cheese was on the twentieth day of the seventh month, when all the Jacobites assembled as one man, every man with his curd except John, the physician, who said: “I have no curd, but I will doctor the Federalists; send them to me and I will cure their fed-ism.” But Jacknips said: “Behold Frances, the wife of John, the Hillite, she is a goodly woman, and she is wont to make good cheese; now she shall be the chief among women.”

““Now, when all these things were ready, they put it in Elisha’s press. Ten days did they press it; but on the eleventh, Jacknips said unto the Cheshireites: “Behold, now

let us gather together a great multitude and move it to the great house of Daniel, the prophet, there to be cured and dried." Now Daniel lives about eight furlongs from the valley of Elisha.

" ' So they made a great parade and mounted the cheese on a sled and put six horses to draw it.

" ' And Jacknips went forward, and when he came to the inn of Little Moses he said unto Moses, " Behold, the great cheese is coming." And Moses said unto Freelove, his wife, " Behold the multitude advancing; now let us kill all the firstborn of the lambs and he goats and make a great feast."

" ' And they did so, and the people did eat meat and drink wine, the fourth part of a hine each, so they were very merry. And Jacknips said: " It shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, ' What mean you by this great cheese?' ye shall answer them, saying: ' It is a sacrifice unto our great ruler, because he giveth gifts unto the Jacobites and taketh them from the Federalists.' "

" ' And Jacknips said: " Peradventure within two years I shall present this great cheese as a thank offering unto our great ruler, and all the Cheshireites shall say ' Amen.' " " "

Says a local account, with a tone of true republicanism:

" Each good wife set her milk in her own dairy, and on the appointed day brought the curds, and these were mixed and salted by the most skillful dairy women. It was pressed in the cider mill, and one month from the day of its making it weighed twelve hundred and thirty-five pounds. From the fact that at a later period a larger cheese was made in the same town, weighing about fourteen hundred pounds, doubtless arises the conflicting statement. In the

early fall the cheese was carefully packed, and, in the care and escort of Elder Leland and Darius Brown, it was drawn to Hudson, and from there shipped by water to Washington."

This presents an ideal picture. The same account continues:

"Through the kindness of Mr. Daniel B. Brown (son of Darius), we are able to give the presentation speech:

"*To Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States of America:*

"Sir: Notwithstanding we live remote from the seat of our National Government in an extreme part of our own State, yet we humbly claim the right of judging for ourselves.

"Our attachment to the national Constitution is indissoluble. We consider it as a definition of those powers which the people have delegated to their magistrates to be exercised for definite purposes, and not as a charter of favors granted by a sovereign to his subjects.

"Among its beautiful features the right of free suffrage to correct all abuses, the prohibition of religious tests to prevent all hierarchy, and the means of amendment which it contains within itself to remove defects as fast as they are discovered, appear the most prominent.

"Such being the sentiments which we entertain, our joy must have been exquisite on your appointment to the first office in the nation. The trust is great. The task is arduous. But we believe the Supreme Ruler of the universe, who raises up men to achieve great events, has raised up a *Jefferson* at this critical day to defend republicanism

and to baffle the arts of aristocracy. We wish to prove the love we bear to our President not by words alone, but in *deed and in truth*.

“ ‘ With this address we send you a cheese, by the hands of Messrs. John Leland and Darius Brown, as a token of the esteem which we bear to our Chief Magistrate, and of the sense we entertain of the singular blessings that have been derived from the numerous services you have rendered mankind in general, and more especially to this favored nation over which you preside. It is not the last stone of the Bastille, nor is it an article of great pecuniary worth, but as a free-will offering we hope it will be favorably received. The cheese was procured by the personal labor of *freeborn farmers*, with the voluntary and cheerful aid of their wives and daughters, without the assistance of a single slave.

“ ‘ It was originally intended for an elective President of a free people and with a principal view of casting a mite into the even scale of Federal democracy.’ ”

Elder Leland helped cart the cheese to Washington, and we are told that he “ went preaching all the way.” He probably went singing *There’s a Going in the Tops of the Mulberry Trees*, which curious hymn meant the breath of prayer, or some like hymn, for he drove oxen singing, and when he rode the highways he sung.

The Republican President must have indeed felt the heart of the people when he saw the great cheese coming, and Leland with it.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

### “ REPUBLICAN SIMPLICITY ”

THE new Government began in a Samuel Adams like spirit and simplicity. The administration of Jefferson lasted from 1801 to 1809, and was a period of contentment—the golden age for which the administrations of Washington and Adams had prepared the way. Jefferson never forgot that he was called from the farm to serve the people; he never forgot the heart life and lessons that he had so well learned from his associations with Dabney Carr.

Aristocracy disappeared. Worth made men, and worth seeks no trappings. He sought the best men for office, and the most unselfish. “ I am anxious,” he said, “ to make the best possible appointments.” “ Recommend to me the best characters,” he said to a statesman. He refused to appoint any relative to public office, lest it should be said that he used public office indirectly for private advantage. Merit should govern all things.

He dismissed no good man from office on the ground of difference of political views. He wished every man to talk of his convictions freely, and to vote his conscience on every occasion.

There was one question that he once asked of a political

leader which to-day would be worthy of a debating society, for it pleads for the unrestricted freedom of opinion:

“What is the difference,” he asked, “between denying a man the right of suffrage *or of punishing him for exercising that right by turning him out of office?*”

He would allow no court ceremonies. He held two receptions or levees—one on July 4th and the other on New Year’s day. He wore no state costume on these occasions, had no retinues of servants. Any one was welcome to walk in and offer his hand to him, and he received such people in the order in which they came; they were all citizens to him, and he was farmer Jefferson, serving the state.

One day the grand people of the old party determined to force upon him a levee in court manner. They came to the executive mansion in the habits of old. They found that the President had gone out to ride on horseback.

Jefferson at last came riding home. He saw the coaches, the grooms, the moving hither and thither of people in grand costumes, like a masque of old.

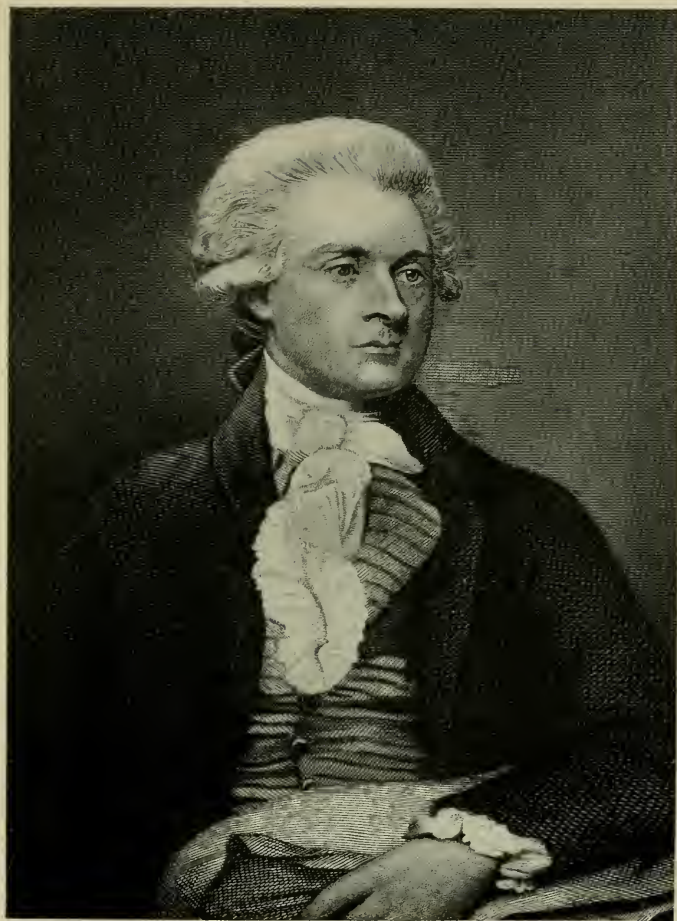
He did not hasten to his dressing room.

He dismounted his horse, and with riding boots and his horsewhip in his hand, entered the house and stood among the velveted and brocaded company, saying, “You are all very welcome,” offering to all his hand.

His appearance in this way made the purpose of the assembly ridiculous. It was the last of the levees in those days of republican simplicity.

He abolished the old ceremony of precedent, by which titled people should be seated at dinners in order of their rank. To him worth was rank, and worth seeks no special





*Th. Jefferson*





favours. When the people are brought together socially he maintained that all should be perfectly equal.

There crossed the sea at this time some English people of distinction, among whom was the famous poet Tom Moore, who came to write near Norfolk the famous ballad *The Lake of the Dismal Swamp*.

“They’ve made her a grave too cold and damp  
For a heart so warm and true.”

With the company came Mr. Merry, the English minister. Moore was accustomed to the polite etiquettes of courts, and Mr. Merry knew no other society.

Both were astounded at their reception in the republican city that was breaking the wilderness.

Mr. Merry thus in part told his story to polite Josiah Quincy, of Boston:

“I called on Mr. Madison, who accompanied me officially to introduce me to the President. We went together to the mansion house, I being in full official costume, as the etiquette of my place required on such a formal introduction of a minister from Great Britain to the President of the United States. On arriving at the hall of audience we found it empty; at which Mr. Madison seemed surprised, and proceeded to an entry leading to the President’s study. I followed him, supposing the introduction was to take place in the adjoining room. At this moment Mr. Jefferson entered the entry at the other end, and all three of us were packed in this narrow space, from which, to make room, I was obliged to back out. In this awkward position my introduction to the President was made by Mr. Madison. Mr. Jefferson’s appearance soon explained to me that the

general circumstances of my reception had not been accidental, but studied. I, in my official costume, found myself, at the hour of reception he had himself appointed, introduced to a man as President of the United States not merely in an undress, but *actually standing in slippers.*"

Tom Moore was more shocked than Mr. Merry at what he saw when he called upon the citizen President. He was introduced to Mr. Jefferson by Mr. Merry.

"I found him," the poet records, "sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers, and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him, much to that formal minister's horror, when waiting on him in full dress to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken to the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was an event not to be forgotten."

The poet wrote satirical lines on the President and held him up to public ridicule.

Some years afterward Jefferson chanced to meet with Moore's Irish Melodies. They were not the poems of Ossian, but he admired the national spirit in them, and he sympathized with the Irish race.

As he studied the poems he said to a friend:

"Why, that was the little man who made fun of me. He is a poet, after all."

Moore became one of his favorite poets.

"What should be the etiquette between a governor and the President?" asked a governor of Jefferson one day.

"There should be no etiquette, sir. The two are alike in their stations."

He would not allow his birthday to be celebrated. He declined to receive presents while in public office.

He was as generous as he was simple. We should tell you a story to illustrate this virtue of his character.

Among his grandchildren was a student by the name of Thomas Jefferson Randolph. He used to go to Philadelphia to attend a course of scientific lectures. His means were restricted, and he carried a very simple outfit for his student life.

He went to the city by the way of Washington, and he stopped there to call on his illustrious grandfather. Jefferson saw at a glance the purpose and the means of the ardent and worthy student. He wished at once to better provide for him, and to do this without wounding his pride.

“You will need many things in Philadelphia, my son,” said the President. “I know the wants of student life better than you. Come, let us go out shopping together.”

The student was very much surprised. .

The President went with his grandson from shop to shop, and the former purchased such things as he thought the latter would need.

They came back and the student repacked his trunk or portmanteau. He would never forget the day when the President of the first republic in the world went shopping for him.

After they had returned from shopping the President seemed to be anxious about some other matter.

“Have you a pocketbook?” asked the President.

“Yes, grandfather.”

“May I see it?”

The young man handed his grandfather his pocketbook.

"It is thin, rather thin," he thought, if he did not use the exact words.

He turned it over and over, went to his secretary per-



Natural Bridge, Virginia.

haps with it, and after some little delay handed it back to the student. It was not thin then.

So it was in the days of Jeffersonian simplicity. The President's house was the people's house, and over it the flag floated for the people.

Washington, the city of the Potomac wilderness, grew,

and for eight years the land had rest, the cities grew, and farms grew, and the wonder of a government by the people grew. That was a golden age, like the age of Phocion or Cincinnatus.

On the mountains of the Blue Ridge when he rode to the Natural Bridge with Dabney Carr, which was now a part of one of his own estates, he used to wonder, as we have shown you, what treasures of unexplored regions lay between those mountain tops and the far Pacific.

He did everything in his power to disclose the secrets of the vast empire now. He inspired Astor to build Astoria. As President he could now do many things that tended to fulfill his visions when as a youth he haunted the mountain tops above the Rivanna with the poems of Ossian in his head and sometimes with his kit under his arms.

But there was that restless boy, now a restless young man, in whose face was the future, whom his heart could not forget. It was Meriwether Lewis.

He called him to Washington, and made him his private secretary.

The young man still hoped to earn the golden horseshoe.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

### LOUISIANA—THE MARCH THROUGH THE “DROWNED LANDS”

SELIM, unconsciously to himself and others, fulfilled a mission that only those of other times could see. Time alone can aid us in seeing influences.

When Selim had learned to talk English well he became a kind of a wandering parable—like the “Sir Knight,” a sign. He loved to tell the story of his plantation life in Louisiana when he could speak but a few words that could be understood. He desired for some time to have his revenge on the overseer of slaves who had dealt him the unfortunate blow that had injured his brain. Subsequent experiences changed this feeling, as we shall see.

But his experience in the river country led him to speak of Louisiana as a land of wonder. What forests were there—what mountains! If Virginia could settle the vast Louisiana country, what a state she would be!

The Indian tribes in this country were few, and they were friendly until incited to war against the settlers by the English themselves.

Selim could read Greek well, and he used to go to Charlottesville to study Greek books with an old professor there.

Among the wonderful men of Virginia—and how many

of them there were!—was George Rogers Clark, of whom we have spoken, born in Albemarle County, not far from Jefferson's home, in 1752. Like Washington he learned surveying. He was sent to the river country for the pacification of the Indian tribes in 1778.

The English had incited the Indians to war. Clark took possession of Vincennes on the Wabash, as a post for his work among the Indians. The commander of the British post at Detroit captured the place when Clark was absent.

To recapture the post led Clark to make one of the most wonderful campaigns in history. He left the Ohio River in the dead of winter with one hundred and seventy-five men to penetrate the wilderness.

The expedition came to a vast open country covered with ice and shallow water. It was called the "Drowned Lands."

Nothing could hinder this resolute man. He looked forth over the glimmering "Drowned Lands," saw all that his men would have to undergo, and led the way into the winter ice. The water in some places was three feet deep.

"We must go on until the water reaches our armpits," said the intrepid leader.

They found the cold ice water so deep as to reach to their armpits at last, but still they marched on.

The "Drowned Lands" were passed at last and the men found firm land again, but hungry and chilled. They reached Vincennes, February 18, 1779.

They blackened their faces with gunpowder and crossed the Wabash.

When the English and Indians saw this black army coming they were as surprised as though it had risen up from the earth or had come down from the skies. They



surrendered on February 20th, and Clark set the Stars and Stripes over the fort, the Wabash, and the "Drowned Lands." It was the march through the "Drowned Lands" that gave them the victory.

The work of Colonel Clark at last made the frontiers safe. He accomplished a silent but decisive service for his country which was never rewarded. He died, like many patriotic Virginians, poor in purse but rich in mighty influences. When Virginia voted him a sword he said, "I needed bread."

His wars with the Indians did not end his influence. He had a brother who began to dream of the wonderful territory of Louisiana. When the war of the Revolution ended the people inquired much about the resources of the valley of the Mississippi.

Jefferson, who had dreamed of this vast empire as he saw the sun going down from his mountain home, was re-awakened to its value now. He could talk with Dabney Carr no longer. He had fulfilled his young friend's hope of declaring the rights of man, but another destiny hung over him. He saw America's opportunity as Washington had done. What might not the United States become if they could honorably possess the Mississippi Valley and the Pacific mountains?

The legend of the Golden Horseshoe followed him. The wanderings of Selim with his wonder tales, the work of George Rogers Clark, and the thrilling tales of independent travelers and the French *voyageurs* on the Mississippi were as foregleams. One thing Jefferson *had* done: he had begun the emancipation of mankind; another thing he now desired to do: it was to add to the new nation of independent men



the midcontinental territory, and to lead a movement that would make the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico the natural outlines of the Federal Union, the real boundaries of the federation. The new nation must extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Jefferson saw it, and he was ready to hail the hour when this could be done with justice and honor.

The day was coming. Right purposes wait fulfillment, but the hope of the author of the Preamble was not long to be deferred. The strange events in Europe were preparing the way for American extension, and would soon open the door.

After the adoption of the Constitution by the States Louisiana was the march of destiny; but it must be accomplished in honor, with justice to all. The flag must be forever the safeguard of the free.

The colonies were States now, and the States were free, but their boundaries did not stretch from sea to sea. He had fulfilled the prophecy of the Golden Horseshoe only in part.

The west was a waiting world.

His young secretary, Meriwether Lewis, was still restless. He wished to explore the vast country, and to earn the golden horseshoe.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

### “ THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE ”

THE vast empire on the Mississippi River which was once known as the Floridas, called now Louisiana, had been ceded by Spain to France, and Napoleon Bonaparte, First Consul, in effect dictator of France, desired to settle this French territory, to fortify the island of New Orleans, and to control the navigation of the Mississippi River. He prepared an expedition to go to this territory and to begin a new empire for France. There were then some eighty to ninety thousand inhabitants in the territory, of which the present State of Louisiana then formed an important part.

The middle West was growing.

The control of the Mississippi by a foreign power, with a military port at New Orleans, alarmed the people on the Ohio, Cumberland, and Missouri Rivers. Should France be able to prevent in time of war their commerce from going to the Gulf, or to exact tariffs in time of peace?

One sentiment filled the hearts of far-seeing Americans—America must control the Mississippi.

Jefferson saw this. The peaceable acquirement of the empire through which flowed the Mississippi became the one thought of his life. Not to control the Mississippi and

its commerce gathering arms was to be menaced by a foreign power in the expanding parts of the United States.

It was manifest destiny that the United States should control her river system.

How?

Jefferson loved pacific measures and justice always, and he hoped that the empire might be acquired by purchase.

But the Constitution seemed defective in enabling him to so fulfill the will of the people. It would be the “consent of the governed” to secure this territory, as the American settlers on the Mississippi desired, it was thought, to unite their fortunes with the United States. But Napoleon’s ambition now was to make a military empire on the mighty river, and he was preparing to do it on a colossal plan.

Before his plans had matured war broke out between England and France. Napoleon needed money for the war. To wage war successfully with England was now a vastly greater event than the settlement of a foreign empire in America.

Mr. Jefferson instructed his minister in France to do his uttermost to secure the purchase of the Louisiana territory at this critical time. He saw the opportunity, knew that the sentiment of the people was with him, and that the nation would sustain him in securing so great results at the critical hour. He resolved to follow the unwritten law and to secure, if possible, the French territory by purchase. It was an hour of destiny; he must act.

“In Europe nothing but Europe is seen,” wrote Jefferson to one whom he had asked to act in the interests of the United States in France. This is largely true to-day.

Louisiana faded from the dreams of Napoleon and the conquest of England rose in his ambitions; to this everything should be tributary; to subdue England was to conquer the world. To sell Louisiana was not only to gain money, but to prevent England from attacking New Orleans.

Mr. Livingston, the American minister to Paris, was assiduous in asking for a treaty which would secure New Orleans as a port of the United States, so as to hold and protect the American commerce of the river. Into such a negotiation entered Mr. Monroe, of the Virginia Horseshoe ideal, afterward President, who had been sent to Paris by President Jefferson.

Napoleon listened willingly to these claims at last.

One day Mr. Livingston was surprised to hear M. Debois, Napoleon's representative in the matter, announce:

"Napoleon is willing to treat with the American representatives for the sale of the whole of Louisiana."

How did Napoleon arrive at this decision?

He had considered the matter long. He did not part with the scheme for the colonial empire willingly at first, but he did so with enthusiasm in the end. The price of Louisiana would, in his view, help render invincible his armament against England; and to humble England was more than any other thing.

Here is the story of the pivotal hour:

In the dark of a certain morning, April 11, 1803, Napoleon summoned the Marquis Barbé de Marbois, who had been a member of the French legation at Washington, into his presence. He had received news from England through the secret service. England was preparing for mighty war: the hammers were ringing in her dockyards; her fleets were

manœuvring on the sea; statesmen were thundering defiance. A contest of nations was at hand.

Napoleon was excited in that dark morning hour. His language, as reported by Marbois, was like the ringing of a trumpet.

“I renounce Louisiana,” said he. “It is not only New Orleans I will cede, it is the whole colony, without any reservation. I know the value of what I abandon. The price of all these things is due to us, and must be paid. Still, I will be moderate, in consideration of the necessity which compels me to make the sale. But keep this to yourself. I want fifty million francs,” he continued, “and for less than that sum I will not treat. To-morrow you shall have your full powers.”

He said to his ministers:

“It is my intention to cede Louisiana to the United States. I have not a moment to lose in putting it out of the power of the British to seize New Orleans and assert their claim to the whole of North America west of the Mississippi. Indeed I can hardly say that I do cede it, for it is not as yet in our possession. If, however, I leave the least time to our enemies I shall only transmit an empty title to those republicans, whose friendship I seek.

“They only ask me,” he continued softly, “a single haven in Louisiana; but I look upon the colony as already and irretrievably lost. It appears to me that in the hands of this young power it will be more useful to the policy of France than if I should attempt to keep it.”

“Sire, can you sell nations?” asked Marbois, whose conscience had been quickened by residence in the States.

It was a bold question.

Napoleon replied with raillery:

"You are giving me, in all its perfection, the ideology of the law of nature and nations; but I require money to make war on the richest nation in the world. Send your maxims to the London market. I am sure they will be greatly admired there; and yet no great attention is paid to them when the British occupation of the finest regions of Asia is in question."

Marbois met the American agents and secured sixty million francs, instead of the fifty million asked.

"You should have secured eighty million," said Napoleon, whose ambitions were never satisfied.

He saw in part the future.

"This accession of territory strengthens forever the power of the United States, and I have hereby given to England a maritime rival who will sooner or later humble her pride."

The position of Jefferson in this matter was peculiar, and it is one that to-day is much discussed by debating bodies. The Constitution did not seem to warrant his making this treaty so advantageous to America, nor did it forbid it.

Some of the people of the territory may have wished to continue the French rule, but there would be no protest against the change to America from the people as a whole. The change did not in this respect violate the grand words of the Declaration.

The people of America as a whole would hail the treaty with rejoicing. Congress sustained Jefferson.

There were certain statesmen who belonged to the Federal party, to which Washington had belonged, but which

had now been defeated by the Republican party of progressive ideas, who would criticise the treaty on the ground that a president should never act without constitutional authority. They would argue if a noble president could do this for worthy ends, an ambitious president could do so for unworthy ends.

This argument would have force, but the people knew that Jefferson was acting from conscience and a love for the welfare of the nations and of the future, and not from any ambitious ends.

They could trust the farmer President, who asked everything for others and nothing for himself. He was giving himself to humanity, as we will be proud to repeat; he left Virginia rich to die poor; he put no empty words into the great Declaration.

The boundaries of Louisiana were unknown. To make a draft of the treaty it was necessary to use the old description of the Spanish treaty with France ceding the territory, as indicating dimensions.

So came to the United States the Mississippi empire and the Mississippi Valley, which was to blossom with cities and help feed the world. So it was that the great system of American rivers was made free.

Dabney Carr, Jefferson, Patrick Henry, and James Monroe had indeed fulfilled the suggestion of the Golden Horseshoe.

Madison followed Jefferson in the presidency in 1809, and in him was completed the forest dream to the Sign, the Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe.



## CHAPTER XXXIX

### HOME AGAIN

PETER CARR, a young man now, was waiting by the brook again.

The heart of Jefferson was always returning home. His wife had been a noble and lovely woman; he had refused a foreign appointment for her sake when she was ill. His two families of children were close to his heart; all of his great company of slaves loved him. Slaves they were not to him; his soul was full of plans to free all the slaves in the colonies.

After the Louisiana purchase his heart turned home again. He had told his family how he had written the Declaration on a former visit, and had heard them read his words by the household fires. No praise is like that of home.

The people had hoped that he would be another Governor Spotswood of the Golden Horseshoe. He had now fulfilled the glowing visions of the trooping Governor.

He would meet the old Knight again.

It would make his heart glad to tell the story of the purchase to Peter Carr.

If he were to meet Selim by the way, or Elder Leland, who sometimes was expected back, it would be supreme



moments of happiness to gladden them by the news. He had gained the rivers.

And Ginseng—how the news of the purchase would thrill his heart! He had seen the rivers.

So a post was sent to Peter Carr: "I am coming home during the holidays. Expect me. Meet me on the road."

Peter Carr watched for his uncle's return during the mild December days. He had told the slaves the news, and they were making green garlands. The old slave women were doing their best at the ovens, for "Massa Jefferson was comin' back."

The news ran through the forests as on mental wires.

Peter Carr rode down the mountain day by day and watched for the President's horse at a brook by the way-side. Witch-hazels grew there that bloomed in the fall. There violets appeared early in the spring.

The young man had seen Jefferson ride away for Philadelphia, and had met him on the road on his return and heard him tell the secret of his heart: that he had written the Preamble with his own hand.

He had seen him ride away to be inaugurated President, and never had his heart so glowed with admiration as then.

He was coming back again—he whom the Western World delighted to honor, and whom it filled his young manly heart with joy to love.

An old man came down a cross road on horseback with a crutch under his arm. It was the ancient Sir Knight.

"You are waiting for Governor Spotswood," said he to Peter. "So am I, and I always thought I would live to see him coming back again."

"The President you mean," said Peter.

"Ah, yes—the President. Who did I say? I will hasten up the hill to meet him. He is on his way. I heard so at Charlotte. I didn't know that I would ever be able to ride again, but I find I can. I will hurry up the hill so as to be there when he comes."

As Peter Carr was riding up and down the way near the brook at the close of a still December day he saw a movement in a cluster of bushes. Was a deer there? He rode near the place, but the bushes stood still.

A horse appeared in the lonely way.

"He is coming!" said Peter Carr.

The bushes began to shake again. Their tops rustled.

"Who is coming, friend Peter?"

It was the voice of an Indian. It came from the bushes. A shadowy form came out of the bushes and peered up the way. It was Ginseng. He was watching, too.

Peter Carr rode up the way to meet his uncle. What news might he be bringing now?

The two horsemen met in the road.

"I have good news for you, Peter," said the President. "It is a secret in Washington. *Louisiana is ours*. So I feel like Governor Spotswood coming back again."

"That will make your name a star forever," said the young man. "I am so glad—not on account of the glory that it will bring you, but because father loved you. The news makes me happy—happy for life. There are some things make us happy for life."

The two rode up the hill. The chimneys were smoking there. A conch shell blew behind them as from the air. It was Ginseng. The sound of the conch shell echoed on the hills covered with bare trees.

As Jefferson approached the portico he found the slaves waiting to receive him. There were twice forty arms and half as many beating hearts gathered about his door, impatient to inclose him in a circle. Home lights gleamed in all the rooms. Every one seemed more than happy.

Amid the thrilling company the ancient Sir Knight of the Golden Horseshoe appeared, bent and leaning on his cane. He held in his trembling hand a silver snuffbox.

Jefferson dismounted, to be covered with kisses, embraces, and welcomes. He was almost borne into the house by loving arms.

"We will have a family singing to-night," said his daughter, "and you shall again play the violin as of old."

As he stood in the great room before the crackling fire the ancient Sir Knight held out to Jefferson the silver snuffbox.

"President Jefferson," said he.

"I am farmer Jefferson here," said the President. "I would rather be farmer Jefferson than to have all the titles of Europe." \*

"Farmer Jefferson," said the ancient rider, "you do well to say that. You have done well in life so far. I hope that I will live to see you come home some day and form an expedition to follow the good example of the old Virginia rider. I saw you start out to be President. I hope I will live to see you turn your horse's head toward the West—Governor Spotswood's way. My limbs are tottering; I must be past my hundredth year. Governor Spotswood saw the Alleghanies. I want you to lead a troop

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\* Jefferson's own words on a like occasion.

toward the Mississippi. America must have Louisiana. I do not feel that I can die until then, though I am a hundred years old."

"My good friend, rider with Governor Spotswood, I have come home to tell a state secret this time. I have been wanting that you should hear it—*Louisiana is ours.*"

The old man raised his hands.

"Then I will go home to-morrow and die. But, Thomas Jefferson, let me hear you play the violin once more—let me hear you play one of the preachers' songs as you used to do."

"I will be the servant to you all after tea. Let me sit down to the table beside you, Sir Knight. You have inspired me."

The rooms were filled with lights after the meal.

Jefferson took up his violin again from where he had laid it down when years before Peter Carr had welcomed him back from his public service, waiting for him in the valley.

He played for the delighted old Knight one of the forest melodies, such as Elder Leland used to sing, then Mozart's beautiful music as before, and ended with the always charming Don Giovanni minuet, when he found himself amid beating hearts encircled in the arms of his family again.

"I long for the time," he said, "when I can come back and live with you all, and be a common farmer. To be a farmer after having served the state is my dearest wish in life. It is the best estate in all the world. I am happy to-night. In a few years I can come home; my heart has never left it."

The ancient Knight looked up to him and said:

“You are Governor Spotswood come back again.” He tottered to the door. “I am so happy for what I have lived to see that I think I shall never see you again. The world is going away from me fast, and I am willing to go to whatever awaits me.” He lingered. Then he touched his forehead, and said, “What was it? Oh—

*“A golden horseshoe I gave to thee.  
The whole of America must be free,  
And safe from Europe ever be.  
'Tis so we cross the mountains.”*

He clutched the side of the half-open door. “Farmer Jefferson, whatever became of that boy we met in the woods? He had a good name—Meriwether.”

“I have sent him with the brother of my old friend Clark to explore the river country—Louisiana—from ocean to ocean. Lewis and Clark are to lead an expedition all the way to the Pacific Ocean.”

“Farmer Jefferson, you will have to protect this vast empire from Europe.”

“So I have said to James Monroe,” said the President.

“Farmer Jefferson, those two adopted boys of yours may be presidents yet. I saw destiny in them when I gave them golden horseshoes. My Knights are all doing well. I used to say, ‘I wonder, oh, I wonder!’ I wonder now that I should ever have said that. They were words of doubt. Doubt does not become a Knight. I am going.”

The door closed behind him, and a negro led him to his horse.

He came back again, holding a golden horseshoe in his thin hand.

“I refused a horseshoe to the boy Meriwether Lewis,”

he said, "because he was a boy. But he shall have one now. I leave it here in trust. It is he who is going to remap America, and to help make Governor Spotswood's dreams come true. The Governor rode but a little way; he will ride all the way, and see the waters that flow into the Pacific.

"What would the Governor have said to have seen those rivers! Nations will settle there. Ho, ho, ho! the greater America lies beyond the Mississippi River. There lies the East again—there China and India.

"Suggestion is extension, and who may limit that? Do not say that I have had no work in the world to do. I have ridden over Virginia, and with me has ridden the thoughts that have come to pass. I shall stable my horse and hang up my bridle now."

He closed the door again, leaving the horseshoe.

"Let me help you," said a colored servant.

But he mounted the horse and disappeared in the forest.

The horseshoe never gladdened the heart of Meriwether.

The explorer showed the world the western empire, but he had sensitive nerves, and the "sword was too sharp for the scabbard." He was returning from his great expedition, when a dispatch brought by a courier caused him great anxiety, and he sunk down under the nervous shock and his young life went out.

He was one of the six men who fulfilled the idea and ideal of the great Virginia Governor.

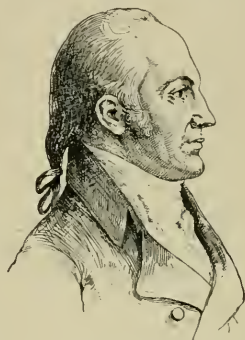
Suggestions are seeds—they grow. One wave lifts another; one taper lights a thousand lamps; one blast of the bugle sends an army to victory.

We live in others, and we repeat for this a purpose of

our story—that no true ideal is ever lost. An empire was the end of the mountain ride of the Virginia Governor, and his Golden Horseshoe is a theme forever worthy of historian, poet, and painter.

Liberty made Spotswood's final ride in the person of Meriwether Lewis possible, and his look toward the west from the mountain peak on which he wrote his King's name gave him a thought whose extension was a new America.

In 1823 James Monroe asked Jefferson, now long in retirement, "Shall I announce the doctrine of the non-interference of Europe in American affairs?"



Jefferson answered: "That is the most momentous question since the Declaration of Independence. *That* made us a nation; this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. And never could we embark upon it under circumstances more auspicious. Our first and fundamental maxim should be never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cisatlantic affairs. America, North and South, has a set of interests distinct from those of Europe, and peculiarly her own. She should, therefore, have a system of her own, separate and apart from that of Europe. While the last is laboring to become the domicile of despotism, our endeavor should be to make our hemisphere that of freedom."



So the "Monroe doctrine" was proclaimed, and America was made safe from European dictation.

Aaron Burr, the Vice-President with Jefferson, attempted to establish an independent empire in Louisiana, and was arrested and tried for treason. Judge Marshall sat at the trial, and his unselfish spirit calmed the excitements of the times. Randolph, of Roanoke, criticised Jefferson; but his fierce words softened at last, and ended in praise.

After these events there followed years of prosperity, interrupted somewhat by the embargo and the War of 1812. But the administrations of Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe are looked back to as among the golden eras of the republic. Those were times of pure and simple democracy, twenty-four years in which the influence of Jefferson lived—years of republican simplicity.

## CHAPTER XL

### SELIM'S RIDE IN A SEDAN CHAIR

SELIM became a wanderer at times—a pilgrim. He visited the planters and was made welcome to their estates. If he had one home more than another it was a windmill on the estate of John Page, who was one of the early friends of Jefferson. He had a great affection for John Page, who had a feeling heart, and when Mr. Page went to the Continental Congress at Philadelphia he followed him all the way there. He was as a parable to Jefferson, for he illustrated what latent worth there may be in a man.

There lived in Virginia many patriots whose noble characters have not been made well known outside of their own neighborhoods. They sacrificed all they had for the cause of liberty, and looked for no reward. Among those noble men was Thomas Nelson, of Yorktown, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, who pledged his wealth to the patriotic cause so liberally that he himself died poor.

John Hancock wrote to Washington during the siege of Boston, "Burn Boston if need be, and leave John Hancock a beggar." Mr. Nelson sent a message to Lafayette, during the siege of Yorktown, when his stately mansion had fallen within the British lines, "Destroy my house if it shelter the enemies of my country."

Lady Nelson, a lovely woman, who lived to be ninety years old, had a sedan chair. The chair had shafts or poles in the old-time way, and two men used to carry it by these shafts or poles. It was in this manner that the good lady was carried about Yorktown in her handsome dress. It was considered a very dignified custom to ride in a sedan chair. The men at the poles took it up and put it down at the order



Thomas Nelson.

of the person who rode in it, and so became a kind of human horses. They dressed in picturesque way, as became their station in the service of people of quality. The sedan chair used to be given a place before the house; it was not stabled.

Selim in his wanderings came to the stately house of "Governor Nelson," as the patriot was called, and seems to have been greatly interested in the sedan chair. He had probably seen such curious vehicles abroad in his travels.

The people kindly treated Selim when he visited the Yorktown home of the Nelsons, and wished him to meet good "Lady Nelson," as the wife of the patriot was called.

"Go in, go in, the lady will welcome you," said they. "She has heard of you—how you went over the sea to preach to your kin."

"My head, my head!" said Selim. "God save you! God save her! But trouble dwells in houses, and Selim carries everywhere a pain in his head. It came from the blow. I could not bear it but for Christ's sake. I can bear everything for his sake."

The servants gathered around him, the work people, white and black.

Two men in the service of the household came into the yard. They knew that Lady Nelson would like to have a talk with Selim.

“Get into the chair, Selim,” said they—“get into the chair, and let us carry you around.”

They seated him in the chair. How odd he looked, like a dervish or an Oriental patriarch!

They lifted him and bore him about among the trees in a kind of triumphal march.

Presently they turned and entered the house, and sat down the sedan chair and Selim in the apartments of Lady Nelson. Selim was greatly surprised.

The good woman was delighted to find Selim within doors. She welcomed him graciously. He was like a Christian martyr to her.

What would he say to her?

The people all wondered what he would do.

Selim felt the kindly feeling in the hearts of the people around him. It made him happy. His heart glowed; he must sing.

There was a song that he loved. It appeared in a little book which was very popular at that time—Watts's Divine and Moral Songs. He had learned it and its simple music, and he sang it when he was very happy.

He rose up from the sedan chair, lifted his hands, and turned his face upward and filled the mansion with this song, which began, “How glorious is our Heavenly King!”

His voice was full of emotion; his spirit seemed to feel every word and to know the power of the Divine Being to

whom he was singing. The people all felt that the spirit of God was in the song.

"We have never heard the hymn sung like that before," said Lady Nelson and all the good people.

He went out into the open air after the song to ease the pain in his brain, but Lady Nelson dreamed that she had been visited by a messenger from another world.

John Page, who was born to the plantation aristocracy, owned the largest and probably the most beautiful house in Virginia.



*John Page*

This house was situated on the York River, and the estate was called Rosewell. Mr. Page at first was a royalist, and, strangely enough, he was a candidate for Governor against Jefferson. Jefferson was elected, and their political differences did not break their friendship.

Jefferson was a friend for all weathers. He liked to visit Mr. Page at the stately mansion looking down on the York River. On the top of the house there was a kind of roof garden. Jefferson and Page used to spend evenings here in the cool under the moon and stars and talk religious philosophy. After Jefferson became President Page himself was elected Governor of Virginia. He had long before accepted Jefferson's views of political life.

Governor Page had a kindly heart, and it won Selim.

One evening, as the two statesmen were talking, possibly





"The crescent moon!"



of the philosophy of Leibnitz, or on some kindred topic, a dark face appeared above the roof.

It was Selim. He had brought up some fruit for the philosophers. He uncovered his head and said, "God save ye, gentlemen," set down the fruit, and pointed to the sky.

"The crescent moon!" said he. "The morning moon that I used as sign language in the Shenandoah was not the crescent moon. I am following the Crescent moon now. The Cross is the Crescent to me!"

He stood as rapt for a moment, then disappeared.

"Selim is as a parable of life to me," said Governor Page. "He is always willing to sacrifice himself for another or for a principle."

"His head is not right?" asked Jefferson.

"But his heart is right."

"How can you know?"

"Did he not follow me all the way to Philadelphia when I was a member of the Congress?"

"His heart is right," said Jefferson. "Say what we will, think what we may, there is true nobility in every man. I am glad to have his example to verify my own theory. Selim has been a silent help to us all in this cause."

And here we take leave of Selim. What became of him? He probably died in advanced years, possibly at the windmill at Rosewell. His story is one of the most interesting of the old plantation legends. Life may be eloquent without a roof or words.

We like to meet the name of Governor Page for his kind care of Selim. It was not his fault that Selim slept in the windmill.

## CHAPTER XLI

### POOR—IMMORTAL

JEFFERSON had given his life to mankind, as befitted the author of the preamble of the Declaration. He had been born rich; in early life he had cantered from farm to farm of his own estate, even eighty miles to the plantation of the Natural Bridge.

He was about to die poor now. Why?

In the office of the presidency he had given himself to the public service; he seems never to have thought of himself.

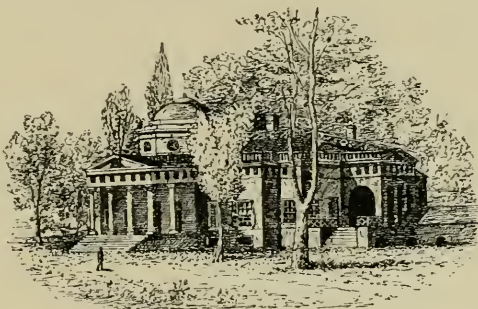
Near the 4th of March, 1809, as the end of the second term of his presidency was drawing near, he turned to himself and began to look into his affairs. To his horror he found that he had been running heavily in debt. He asked for a loan on the Richmond bank, and of this he said to the person to whom he thus applied, "My intervening nights will be almost sleepless, as nothing could be more distressing to me than to leave the capital with debts unpaid."

He secured the loan, but when he rode home from Washington the specter of Poverty rode after him. The embargo, a measure of his own for the public good, had ruined the incomes from his estates.

He was so generous that every one who knew him and

had small resources seemed to try to live upon him. Captain Bacon, who managed his estates for him for many years, thus describes the condition of the philosopher's household after his retirement from public life:

“ After Mr. Jefferson returned from Washington he was for years crowded with visitors, and they almost ate him out of house and home. They were there all times of the year; but about the middle of June the travel would commence from the lower part of the State to the springs, and then there was a perfect throng of visitors. They traveled in



Monticello, the home of Jefferson.

their own carriages, and came in gangs—the whole family, with carriage and riding horses and servants—sometimes three or four such gangs at a time. We had thirty-six stalls for horses, and only used about ten of them for the stock we kept there. Very often all the rest were full, and I had to send horses off to another place. I have often sent a wagon load of hay up to the stable and the next morning there would not be enough left to make a hen's nest. I have killed a fine beef and it would all be eaten in a day or two. There was no tavern in all that country that had so much

company. Mrs. Randolph, who always lived with Mr. Jefferson after his return from Washington and kept house for him, was very often greatly perplexed to entertain them. I have known her many and many a time to have every bed in the house full. I finally told the servant who had charge of the stable to give the visitors' horses only half allowance. Somehow or other Mr. Jefferson heard of this—I never could tell how, unless it was through some of the visitors' servants. He countermanded my orders. One great reason why Mr. Jefferson built his house at Poplar Forest, in Bedford County, was that he might go there in the summer to get rid of entertaining so much company. He knew that it more than used up all his income from the plantation and everything else; but he was so kind and polite that he received all his visitors with a smile, and made them welcome. They pretended to come out of respect and regard to him, but I *think* that the fact that they saved a tavern bill had a good deal to do with it with a good many of them. I can assure you I got tired of seeing them come and waiting on them."

Hard times came in 1819 and 1820. His estates shrank in value. Then he did an act of generosity that ruined him. He indorsed a note for a friend, hoping to save him from failure; but the indorsement did not save him, and Jefferson faced poverty.

There went out through the country the surprising intelligence that the author of the Declaration was about to lose his home, Monticello, which had been gladdened by so many thrilling scenes and by the feet of illustrious visitors! The people's hearts united in sympathy for him who had impoverished himself for others, and a subscription was

started in the principal cities for the saving of the mountain home. The roof was saved to him, but as an act of charity.

And there where he had lived for mankind death brought to him his summons on July 4, 1826.

A clock stood in his room by his bed. He had been accustomed to rise as soon as he could see the time of day by the coming of the morning light on the clock's face.

During the still night of July 3d he lay dying. If he were conscious of the near approach of death he listened to the ticking of the clock that had told the hours for years. The pendulum moved to and fro, to and fro, and would never again be regulated by his hand.

Eleven o'clock.

One of the young members of the family was watching by his side.

He feared that the patriot would expire before the Fourth, and watched the retreating of the tide of life.

Suddenly Jefferson aroused.

"Is it the Fourth?"

"Not yet, not yet," said his relative.

The clock of Monticello ticked on. The magnolias were still. The great oak spread its arms over the graves of those the patriot had loved in the light of the moon and stars.

He revived again.

"Is it the Fourth?"

The hand had passed the hour of twelve. The watcher said:

"It *is* the Fourth!"

The dying man's face lighted. He lingered some hours. At twenty minutes to one in the afternoon the heart stopped,

but the clock of Monticello ticked on, beginning his years of immortal fame.

They laid him down beside his beloved wife and Dabney Carr.

He lives forever; the marbles will ever bloom for him; the soul of the Preamble will never take its flight from the world till justice shall lead the world to peace and peace to the final struggles for mankind that seek only the elevation of the soul.

He died poor, but few men ever left so large a legacy to mankind as farmer Jefferson, who thought of himself last, and who was "for himself nothing, but for others all."

His estate would not pay his debts. Happily he did not know it as he listened to the clock for the last time.

"I resign my soul to God and my daughter to my country," he said in his last hours.

The legislatures of two States provided for his penniless daughter. She had the whole country for the choice of a home. All doors were hers—the "preamble" included all. She had only to say "I am the daughter of Jefferson."

One thought, and we are done.

Thomas Jefferson, when a young man, used to ask in matters of conscience, "What would George Wythe have done?"

When President, "What would Samuel Adams do?"

Reader, to preserve American institutions you must vote your conscience. In the new questions that will arise, may it not be well for you to ask, "What would Thomas Jefferson have done?"

He voted according to his conscience in every event, as all true men do, and as you must do if you would fulfill the ideals of the Declaration.

## APPENDIX

### CHASTELLUX'S DESCRIPTION OF MONTICELLO.

A CHARMING picture of Monticello and its inmates at that day is found in *Travels in North America*, by the Marquis de Chastellux. This accomplished French nobleman visited Jefferson in the spring of 1782. After describing his approach to the foot of the southwest range of mountains, he says:

“ On the summit of one of them we discovered the house of Mr. Jefferson, which stands pre-eminent in these retirements. It was himself who built it, and preferred this situation; for although he possessed considerable property in the neighborhood, there was nothing to prevent him from fixing his residence wherever he thought proper. But it was a debt Nature owed to a philosopher and a man of taste that in his own possessions he should find a spot where he might best study and enjoy her. He calls his house *Monticello* (in Italian, Little Mountain), a very modest title, for it is situated upon a very lofty one, but which announces the owner's attachment to the language of Italy, and, above all, to the fine arts, of which that country was the cradle and is still the asylum. As I had no further occasion for a



guide I separated from the Irishman, and after ascending by a tolerably commodious road for more than half an hour we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault. It consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes, ornamented with pillars. The ground floor consists of a very large lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same form; two small wings, with only a ground floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story, over which runs a terrace.

“ My object in this short description is only to show the difference between this and the other houses of the country; for we may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather.

“ But it is on himself alone I ought to bestow my time. Let me describe to you a man, not yet forty, tall and with a mild and pleasing countenance, but whose mind and understanding are ample substitutes for every exterior grace. An American, who, without ever having quitted his own country, is at once a musician, skilled in drawing, a geometrician, an astronomer, a natural philosopher, legislator, and statesman. A Senator of America, who sat for two years in that body which brought about the Revolution, and which is never mentioned without respect, though unhappily not without regret; a Governor of Virginia, who filled this difficult station during the invasions of Arnold, of Phillips, and of Cornwallis; a philosopher, in voluntary retirement from the

world and public business because he loves the world, inasmuch only as he can flatter himself with being useful to mankind, and the minds of his countrymen are not yet in a condition either to bear the light or suffer contradiction. A mild and amiable wife, charming children, of whose education he himself takes charge, a house to embellish, great provisions to improve, and the arts and sciences to cultivate—these are what remain to Mr. Jefferson, after having played a principal character on the theater of the New World, and which he preferred to the honorable commission of minister plenipotentiary in Europe.

“The visit which I made him was not unexpected, for he had long since invited me to come and pass a few days with him in the center of the mountains; notwithstanding which I found his appearance serious, nay, even cold; but before I had been two hours with him we were as intimate as if we had passed our whole lives together: walking, books, but, above all, a conversation always varied and interesting, always supported by the sweet satisfaction experienced by two persons who, in communicating their sentiments and opinions, are invariably in unison, and who understand each other at the first hint, made four days pass away like so many minutes.

“This conformity of opinions and sentiments on which I insist because it constitutes my own eulogium (and self-love must somewhere show itself)—this conformity, I say, was so perfect that not only our taste was similar, but our predilections also; those partialities which cold, methodical minds ridicule as enthusiastic, while sensible and animated ones cherish and adopt the glorious appellation. I recollect with pleasure that as we were conversing over a bowl of punch,

after Mrs. Jefferson had retired, our conversation turned on the poems of Ossian. It was a spark of electricity which passed rapidly from one to the other; we recollected the passages in those sublime poems which particularly struck us, and entertained my fellow-travelers, who fortunately knew English well, and were qualified to judge of their merits, though they had never read the poems. In our enthusiasm the book was sent for, and placed near the bowl, where, by their mutual aid, the night far advanced imperceptibly upon us.

“ Sometimes natural philosophy, at others politics or the arts, were the topics of our conversation, for no object had escaped Mr. Jefferson; and it seemed as if from his youth he had placed his mind, as he had done his house, on an elevated situation, from which he might contemplate the universe.

“ Mr. Jefferson,” continues the Marquis, “ amused himself by raising a score of these animals [deer] in his park; they are become very familiar, which happens to all the animals of America, for they are in general much easier to tame than those of Europe. He amuses himself by feeding them with Indian corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat out of his hand. I followed him one evening into a deep valley, where they are accustomed to assemble toward the close of the day, and saw them walk, run, and bound; but the more I examined their paces the less I was inclined to annex them to any particular species in Europe. Mr. Jefferson being no sportsman, and not having crossed the seas, could have no decided opinion on this part of natural history; but he has not neglected the other branches.

“I saw with pleasure that he had applied himself particularly to meteorological observation, which, in fact, of all the branches of philosophy, is the most proper for Americans to cultivate, from the extent of their country and the variety of their situation, which gives them in this point a great advantage over us, who, in other respects, have so many over them. Mr. Jefferson has made with Mr. Madison, a well-informed Professor of Mathematics, some correspondent observations on the reigning winds at Williamsburg and Monticello.”

#### JEFFERSON'S REVIEW OF HIS EARLY LIFE

“In 1769 I became a member of the Legislature by the choice of the county in which I live, and so continued until it was closed by the Revolution. I made one effort in that body for the permission of the emancipation of slaves, which was rejected; and indeed, during the regal government, nothing liberal could expect success. Our minds were circumscribed within narrow limits by an habitual belief that it was our duty to be subordinate to the mother country in all matters of government, to direct all our labors in subservience to her interests, and even to observe a bigoted intolerance for all religions but hers. The difficulties with our representatives were of habit and despair, not of reflection and conviction. Experience soon proved that they could bring their minds to rights on the first summons of their attention. But the King's Council, which acted as another house of legislature, held their places at will, and were in most humble obedience to that will; the Governor too, who had a negative on our laws, held by the same

tenure, and with still greater devotedness to it; and, last of all, the royal negative closed the last door to every hope of amelioration.

“ On the 1st of January, 1772, I was married to Martha Skelton, a widow of Bathurst Skelton, and daughter of John Wayles, then twenty-three years old. Mr. Wayles was a lawyer of much practice, to which he was introduced more by his great industry, punctuality, and practical readiness than by eminence in the science of his profession. He was a most agreeable companion, full of pleasantry and good humor, and welcomed in every society. He acquired a handsome fortune, and died in May, 1773, leaving three daughters; the portion which came on that event to Mrs. Jefferson, after the debts should be paid, which were very considerable, was about equal to my patrimony, and consequently doubled the ease of our circumstances.

“ In the spring of 1760 I went to William and Mary College, where I continued two years. It was my great good fortune, and what probably fixed the destinies of my life, that Dr. William Small, of Scotland, was then Professor of Mathematics, a man profound in most of the useful branches of science, with a happy talent of communication, correct and gentlemanly manners, and an enlarged and liberal mind. He, most happily for me, became soon attached to me, and made me his daily companion when not engaged in the school; and from his conversation I got my first views of the expansion of science, and of the system of things in which we are placed. Fortunately, the philosophical chair became vacant soon after my arrival at college, and he was appointed to fill it *per interim*; and he was the first who ever gave in that college regular lectures

in ethics, rhetorie, and belles-lettres. He returned to Europe in 1762, having previously filled up the measure of his goodness to me by procuring for me, from his most intimate friend George Wythe, a reception as a student of law, under his direction, and introduced me to the acquaintance and familiar table of Governor Fauquier, the ablest man who had ever filled that office. With him and at his table, Dr. Small and Dr. Wythe, his *amici omnium horarum*, and myself, formed a *partie quarré*, and to the habitual conversations on these occasions I owed much instruction. Mr. Wythe continued to be my faithful and beloved mentor in youth, and my most affectionate friend through life. In 1767 he led me into the practice of law at the bar of the general court, at which I continued until the Revolution shut up the courts of justice.

“When the famous resolutions of 1765 against the Stamp Act were proposed I was yet a student of law in Williamsburg. I attended the debate, however, at the door of the lobby of the House of Burgesses, and heard the splendid display of Mr. Henry’s talents as a popular orator. They were great indeed—such as I have never heard from any other man. He appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote. Mr. Johnson, a lawyer, and member from the Northern Neck, seconded the resolutions, and by him the learning and logic of the case were chiefly maintained. My recollections of these transactions may be seen on page 60 of the Life of Patrick Henry, by Wirt, to whom I furnished them.”

If the reader would like to follow this interesting period more closely, we would refer him to the eloquent Wirt.



## JEFFERSON'S MAXIMS

TO THOMAS JEFFERSON SMITH

(Written shortly before his death)

This letter will, to you, be as one from the dead. The writer will be in the grave before you can weigh its counsels. Your affectionate and excellent father has requested that I would address to you something which might possibly have a favorable influence on the course of life you have to run; and I too, as a namesake, feel an interest in that course. Few words will be necessary, with good dispositions on your part. Adore God. Reverence and cherish your parents. Love your neighbor as yourself, and your country more than yourself. Be just. Be true. Murmur not at the ways of Providence. So shall the life into which you have entered be the portal to one of eternal and ineffable bliss. And if to the dead it is permitted to care for the things of this world, every action of your life will be under my regard. Farewell.

MONTICELLO, *February 21, 1825.*

THE PORTRAIT OF A GOOD MAN BY THE MOST SUBLIME  
OF POETS, FOR YOUR IMITATION

Lord, who's the happy man that may to thy blest courts  
repair—

Not strangerlike to visit them, but to inhabit there?

'Tis he whose every thought and deed by rules of virtue  
moves;

Whose generous tongue disdains to speak the thing his heart  
disproves.



Who never did a slander forge, his neighbor's fame to wound;

Nor hearken to a false report by malice whispered round.

Who vice in all its pomp and power can treat with just neglect;

And piety, though clothed in rags, religiously respect.

Who to his plighted vows and trust has ever firmly stood;

And though the promise to his loss, he makes his promise good.

Whose soul in usury disdains his treasure to employ;

Whom no rewards can ever bribe the guiltless to destroy.

The man who, by this steady course, has happiness insured,

When earth's foundations shake, shall stand by Providence secured.

A DECALOGUE OF CANONS FOR OBSERVATION IN  
PRACTICAL LIFE

1. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

3. Never spend your money before you have it.

4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap;  
it will be dear to you.

5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

6. We never repent of having eaten too little.

7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

8. How much pain have cost us the evils which have  
never happened.

9. Take things always by their smooth handle.

10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

JEFFERSON'S INSCRIPTION FOR THE TOMB OF DABNEY CARR

Here lie the remains of  
DABNEY CARR,  
Son of John and Jane Carr, of Louisa County,  
Who was born                         , 1744.  
Intermarried with Martha Jefferson, daughter of Peter  
And Jane Jefferson, 1765;  
And died at Charlottesville, May 16, 1773,  
Leaving six small children.

To his Virtue, Good Sense, Learning, and Friendship  
this stone is dedicated by Thomas Jefferson, who, of all men  
living, loved him most.

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